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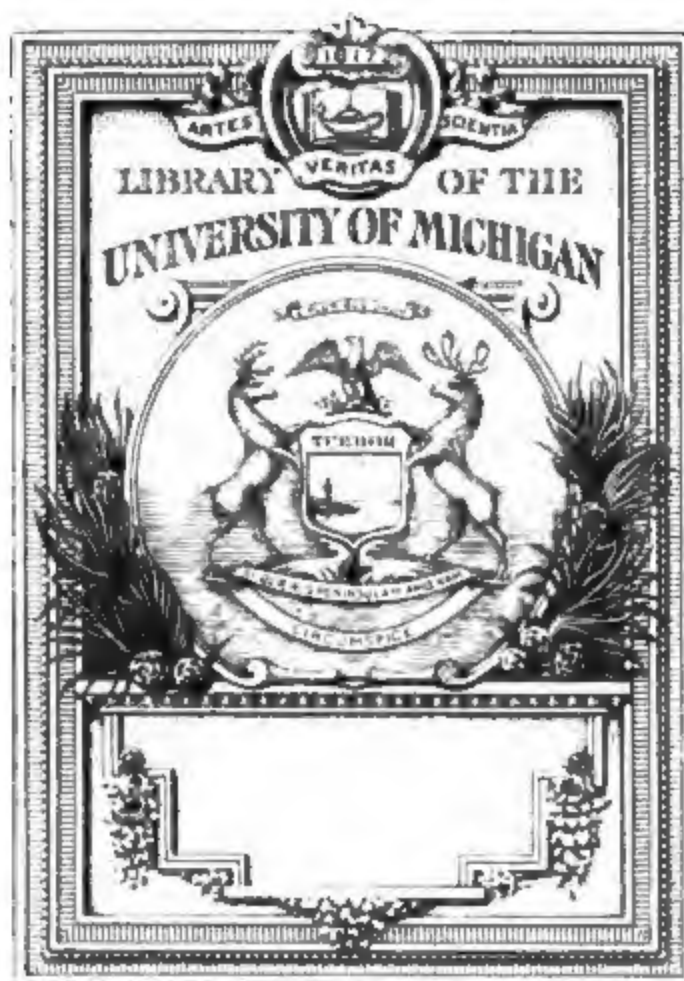
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A VIEW OF FORT MERRILL,  
AND OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE NAHANT RIVER.

Printed and Published by J. H. Smith.

# THE Analectic Magazine

July to December  
18 18.



*Com. Moulton's Farm House on Cumberland Bay, Lake Champlain.  
In the distance the American Forts and the British Camp on the opposite shore.*

PHILADELPHIA  
Published by W. Thomas

John's Head, No. 12 Chestnut St.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

**THE**  
**ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.**

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**VOLUME XII.**

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**FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1818.**

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**EMBELLISHED WITH A VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE.  
AND FIVE OTHER ENGRAVINGS.**

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**PUBLISHED BY MOSES THOMAS, (JOHNSON'S HEAD,)**  
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**1818.**

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*Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.*



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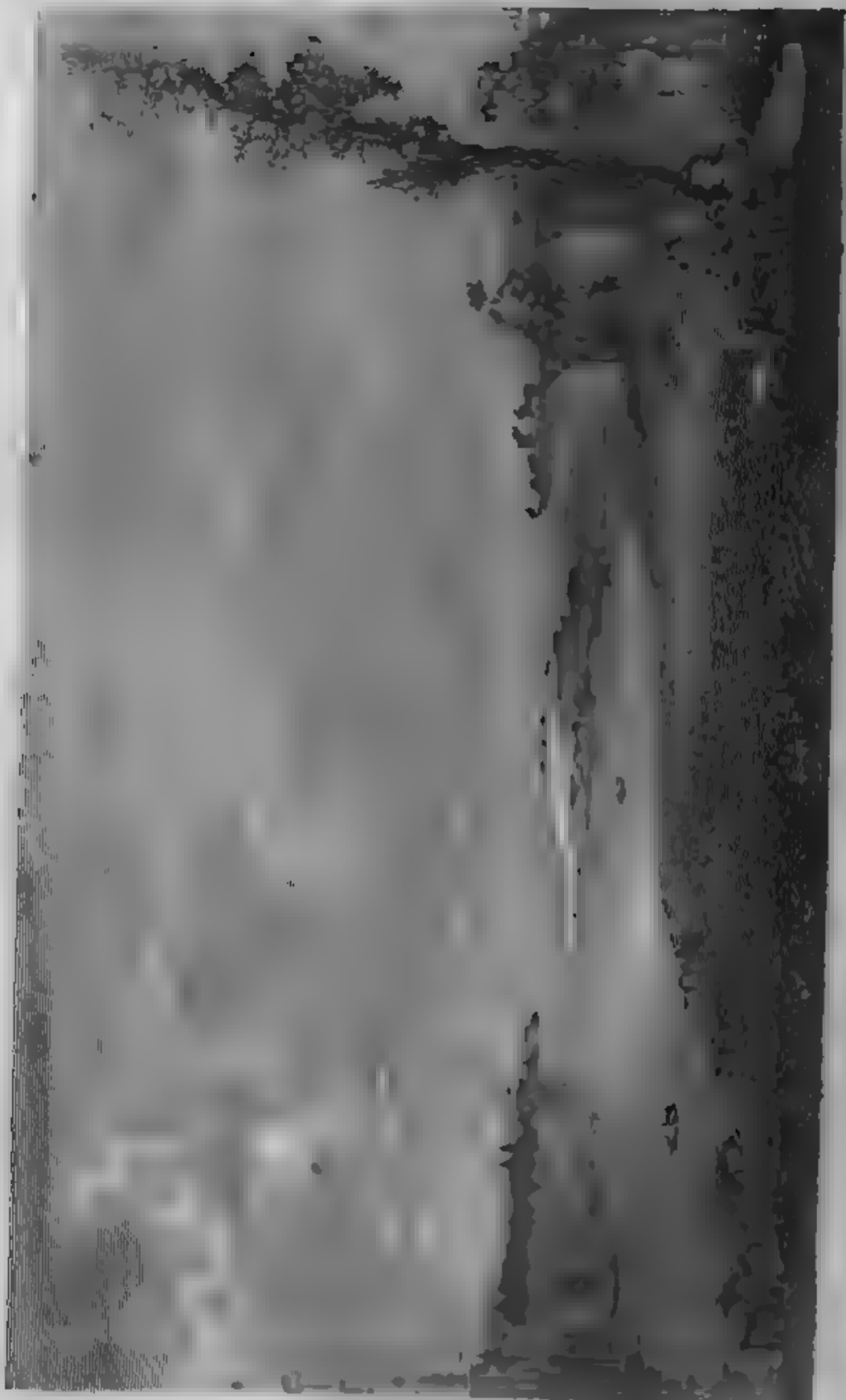
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VIEW OF RIVER AT HENRY,

UNIV.  
OF  
MICH.

# THE Dialectic Magazine

July to December

1858.



From "Mason's Farm House" in Dorchester Co. Md. (thought to be the first in the American Republic & the first house in the country where the first American Republic was founded.)

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THE  
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1818.

ART. I. *Rambles in Italy, in the Years 1816-17*; by an American.  
Baltimore 1818.—

*Remarks on Antiquities, Arts and Letters*, during an Excursion in  
Italy, in the years 1802-3; by Joseph Forsyth, Esq. from the  
second London edition.—Boston, 1818.

*Rome, Naples, and Florence*, in 1817; by the Count de Stendhall.  
London 1818.

**T**HE historical works of Roscoe have been reprinted and much  
read in these States;—Shakspeare, whose muse alights so of-  
ten and fondly beyond the Alps, has, perhaps, more devotees here,  
than at home;—the Latin Classics are by no means confined to the  
colleges of the atlantic coast, but form a considerable part of the  
business of all the great schools with which even the basin of the  
Mississippi now abounds;—and yet it may be asserted with con-  
fidence, that there is no portion of Europe in which Americans  
in general take less interest than in Italy. The fine arts, of which  
she continues to enjoy the palm, have hitherto touched them but  
feebly;—in looking abroad, they have been, as was natural, en-  
grossed by the countries with which their relations of politics and  
trade were most important; and, in truth, ancient literature and  
history, though constituents of their education, are rarely so taught  
and studied with them, as to create a spirit of philosophical inves-  
tigation, or perpetuate a liberal curiosity.

We have many reasons for wishing the attention of the present  
generation of our countrymen to be attracted to modern Italy. It  
would incessantly carry them back to the Roman philosophy and  
character, the strength, solidity, and elevation of which are so  
congenial with our institutions;—it would produce a taste and zeal  
for that branch of the fine arts, architecture—which seems to be-  
long especially, by inheritance and affinity, to a republican people:  
If it should, according to its natural tendency, the more speedily  
bring all those arts into favour and activity, we need not say how  
much would be gained on the score of refinement and reputation.

The Italy of the middle ages,—when liberty had no other tem-  
ple, and gave her four centuries of sway and glory,—is a most in-



teresting field of instruction for an American citizen. Her republics of that period\* furnish unique examples of the character and part which the merchant and tradesman may sustain in free governments; of the exalted ends to which their pursuits may be rendered subservient. In her lapse into servitude, in her present abjection, she may be still contemplated with profit, and be instrumental in checking that treacherous security to which a nation, so happily situated as the American, must be ever prone.

Altogether, the Italian Peninsula has more magnificent annals, various trophies, and choice gifts, than any other portion of the earth remarkable as the theatre of moral greatness. The destinies of Greece were, indeed, splendid; her achievements prodigious; the creations of her fancy unrivalled: But her history has not the sweep, majesty, variety, and instructiveness of the Roman; it begins, properly, with the establishment of the laws of Lycurgus, and ends with the death of Alexander:—She had no resurrection. Italy fills in some sort all ages, since the formation of the Roman power; she re-appears dispensing light and Christianity, after she had ceased to dispense laws, to the universe; she takes the lead among the nations of the west, and reclaims Europe from barbarism; she establishes a new and mighty influence over mankind, and, in restoring the literature of the ancients, produces one of her own, not unworthy of them, or of being compared with the best of the modern. In her present reprobate state of morals and politics, hers is still the empire of the arts; she cultivates the exact sciences with brilliant success; possesses a vast body of erudition; is strong in numbers and not deficient in wealth; retains her physical advantages, and receives from nature the same rich endowments of mind: She draws to her from every quarter the enlightened and the curious, as much on account of what she is as what she was,† and inspires not a few of them with hopes of her regaining the energies which would soon replace her in the first rank of independent nations.

After what has been said, we scarcely need suggest that it gave us infinite pleasure to see the travels of Eustace and Forsyth republished and circulated in this country. Eustace envelopes his

\* We do not know any more useful addition that could be made to our stock of books, than a good translation or judicious abridgment of Sismondi's history of those republics. It is to be regretted that none of our public libraries possesses a complete collection of the modern *Latin* poets of Italy, who, as Eustace remarks, restored the pure taste of antiquity. We should have access to the works of all the fine geniuses celebrated in the 16th and 17th chapters of the 3d volume of Roscoe's *Leo* 10th.

† And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
 Of all art yields, and Nature can decree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other clime's fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory. *Canto IV. Childs Harold.*

readers, if we may so express ourselves, with classical learning, Roman history, and the *beau idéal* of the arts. They cannot escape from him without kindred impressions and emotions of a generous and purifying enthusiasm. If this author is verbose, somewhat oppressive in his descriptions, and too much of a panegyrist, he raises you with him to a lofty pitch of sentiment, and kindles a fruitful admiration of the nobler parts and exploits of the human mind. You cannot follow him long, without being disposed, if you have never visited the scenes which he paints, to exclaim and vow as does the poet Delille after dwelling on the beauties of the *Æneid* and *Georgics*,

Hélas! je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanté  
Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté;  
Mais, j'en jure et Virgile, et ses accords sublimes  
J'irai, de l'Appenin je franchirai les cimes,  
J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ses vers sacrés  
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

We could wish not only that our fleets should ride proudly in the Mediterranean, recollecting what Duillius and Lutatius accomplished, but that our youth should frequent in every part, the vast museum of monuments of genius and public virtue, which it washes. It is there\* that they would most deeply imbibe the spirit, and the tastes by which the whole region is doubly immortalized, and through which they might give a like immortality to their own land. Setting out at an age when the principles and habits appertaining to a sound American education should have taken root, and being committed to faithful mentors, they would be inaccessible to the contagion of those degenerate morals and manners which we shall presently notice.

We could wish, too, that on their return home, they would report to the world what they had seen and felt. The ambition of authorship would occasion a better preparation,† and inspire greater eagerness, for observing; and the instruction conveyed in native productions might be expected to work more efficaciously upon the public mind. We should be glad if the course here suggested were pursued by those whom the American government employs to represent it abroad; and this could be easily done so as to consult at the same time the reserve becoming their station, and the

\* *Naturane nobis datum dicam, an errore quodam, ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoriâ dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam si quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus?—Cicero.*

† The preliminary discourse of Eustace contains some excellent advice on this head. We would recommend particularly to our youthful countrymen who may be disposed to visit Italy, *Wilcock's Roman Conversations*, a work which is at the same time an excellent moral, classical, and topographical guide. Lalande's '*Voyage d'un François en Italie*' in 1765–66, was altogether the best book of travels in that country, before the appearance of '*The Classical Tour*' of Eustace. The travels of Millin, Mallet, and Châteaueux, recently published in Paris, may be consulted with advantage.

advancement of the literary intelligence and repute of their country.

An American liberally educated, and happily gifted, is, perhaps, the only person competent to produce a book on Italy, or any of the primary nations of Europe, which would have, in fact, the merit of novelty in the composition and seasoning. We would not wish him to write ambitiously; or to play the *virtuoso* in elaborate delineations of scenery and monuments on which a host of cognoscenti and artists have already exhausted their sagacity and vocabularies: we would ask him merely to digest from his tablets the impressions, in their original vivacity, which he had received abroad; to state his own peculiar views of institutions, morals, manners, characters and events. If he connected with such an exposition those personal anecdotes of dramatic effect which can never be wanting to an active tourist; statistical details throwing light on the principles of political economy in general, or of useful application to that of his own country, and the embellishments of unaffected, pertinent scholarship, he would, besides furnishing to his countrymen points of view, veins of sentiment, judgments of criticism, and even forms of expression, at once novel, just, and captivating, fix ere long the attention of the readers of Europe, and do more towards establishing a literary reputation for us there, than could be done at present by any effort of the American pen in another department.

The volume of 'Rambles' of the gentleman of Baltimore, of which we shall now proceed to speak particularly, does not fulfil our wishes, nor could we reasonably expect so much from it, on weighing the circumstances ingenuously stated in his preface. He professes to give only a series of loose sketches, and occasional remarks on the political condition of Italy. He does not aspire to the praise of considerable novelty in his matter, or curious refinement in his manner. As we consider the precedent of mere publication as of no little value, we should, on this score alone, heartily thank his friends for having overcome his reluctance to appear, though we had found much more to condemn, and less to applaud in his work.

While we bear at once emphatic testimony to the tone of lofty and amiable feeling which pervades it; to the elegant studies and tastes which it implics; to the classical complexion which it wears in almost every page; to the accuracy and acuteness of many of the political remarks; to the opulence and elevation of the style; we must be permitted to take some exceptions both to the plan and the execution.—In restricting himself to so narrow a field of topics, the author has, we think, done injustice to his means of observation and the resources of his memory. He has incautiously suffered the greater part of his volume to be occupied by descriptions of the monuments of architecture, painting and sculpture, which Eustace and Forsyth, and indeed all their numerous predecessors,

have minutely described and analyzed. In Europe he will fall under the suspicion of having merely adapted their tissue to his loom, or translated from some *Guida de' Forestieri*, or repeated what he heard from those fluent commentators, the Italian *Ciceroni*. We are ourselves far from believing or meaning to insinuate that any thing of this is the case; but, on the contrary, are disposed to allow him great credit for the interest he has contrived to impart to his representations of objects already so familiar in description. We only complain that they fill an extra space which should have been devoted to the moral phenomena of Italy—such as must have presented themselves to the notice of so intelligent a wanderer even on his passage from city to city, and temple to temple. We would rather that he were more *personal*, and had less the air of writing set-dissertations—that he proceeded more in the true spirit of the communicative traveller, expressed in the lines of Tasso,

Mi giovera narrar altrui  
Le novita vedute, e dir, io fui.

We can make due allowance, and have no disrelish, for the intumescence of youthful and classical enthusiasm; but it is too frequent with our author and betrays him, from time to time, into a vague and hyperbolical sentimentality. Under the same influence his diction is too uniformly poetical; his tone too romantic; his digressions too wide. He moralizes and muses in common places which it may be very natural to indulge, but which it would be always much safer to avoid. Some of the faults of manner which we here venture to reprove, are, probably, the result not only of an overflowing sensibility, but of too close a familiarity with the warm visions of the *Corinne*, and the sparkling rhapsodies of Dupaty:—*gemina pestes* where the aim is to present realities to the understanding.

We wish sincerely that he had studied more, one of the works which we have coupled with his own at the head of this article. Forsyth is not so circumstantial, methodical, comprehensive, elegant or imposing as Eustace; he is, to a certain degree, cold and cynical—a temper of mind which none of us like in a guide through Italy. But he makes amends by the variety of the nutritive information which he compresses into a small compass; the vivacity of his brief descriptions; the acuteness and independence of his criticisms. He is entirely free of ostentation in exercising his discriminating taste and profound learning, of which a sturdy common sense, and a quick moral sense are the inseparable companions. There is a resolute scepticism about him—the offspring of superior knowledge and penetration—which is sometimes distressing from the havoc it makes of the false, but endearing colours and attributes with which antiquarian ingenuity, and poetic fancy had invested certain objects. If we were compelled to choose between his 'Remarks' and the 'Classical Tour,' we should be in-

elined to fix upon the former as the work most suitable, in point of utility, for general circulation. We congratulate our countrymen upon having both within their reach. When the volume of 'Rambles' does not afford us what we may wish to submit to them with respect to Italy, we shall quote from Forsyth, and avail ourselves also, of the '*Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817*' of the Count de Stendhall. This is, indeed, a flippant and desultory traveller, but he is more acute and entertaining than the Scottish critics would allow him to be. His passion is music, and he pursues it *amore perditissimo*. The actual state and eminent professors of this art in Italy have a large share of his book.

The first section of the 'Rambles' is devoted to the general physical aspect of Italy contrasted with that of North America. The author is at pains to account for what might seem scarcely possible,—the indifference and even dislike with which an American may at first survey the Italian scenery. The following are parts of the glowing picture which he takes occasion to draw of that scenery.

'Every where it exhibits scars of human violence;—every object announces, how long it has been the theatre of man's restless passions:—every thing bears evidence of its complete subjection to his power.'

'The land of Sicily and Calabria, composed as it is for the greater part of lava, wears, at a distance, an appearance of sterility. But this illusion is corrected upon examining more narrowly the properties of the soil, and the rich variety of plants and flowers it spontaneously produces. A drapery more luxuriant would be prejudicial to its beauty; extensive forests would obstruct the view of the outline of the distant mountains, or conceal the surface of a country, gracefully diversified by hills and vallies, and dressed by the hand of cultivation.'

'In this land, where the works of art and human policy are bowed beneath the weight of years, nature is still as youthful as in the golden age, and, as if she delighted to display her creative energy, and her imperishable dominion on the very spot where time has levelled the structures of art; the ruins of palaces and temples are dressed in the choicest offerings of Flora, and the twice blooming rose of Pæstum\* glows with undiminished beauty, in the midst of scenes of decayed magnificence, and smiles on the brow of desolation.'

'The dark luxuriant foliage of the orange, intermixed with the pale verdure of the olive, and the large flowering aloe, which displays its broad leaves upon the summits of the nearest hills, form the principal features of the Sicilian shores, while opposite, Calabria stretches to the foot of the snowy Appenines, its rich fields and vineyards, gay with country houses and villages. Contrasted with these scenes of delicious repose, is the busy city of Messina, its port crowded with Levant ships, and its mixed population diversified with Moorish and Asiatick costumes, collected in groups on the quay, or basking in the sun.'

'I have heard Italians say that the beauty of the Sun and Moon in Italy was alone worth the attractions of all other countries put together. Making due allowance for a portion of national enthusiasm in this re-

\*Biferique rosaria Pæsti.

mark, it is far from being wholly destitute of foundation. Nature has not only moulded the features of Italy with peculiar delicacy and grace, but has taken pains to exhibit her favourite work in the happiest and most alluring lights. Italy derives additional charms from its sun, its moon, and atmosphere. The air of its mountains is blue, and the rays of the sun glowing through a mass of transparent vapour, gild all objects with tints that almost realize the visionary light with which the imagination of Virgil has illuminated the ideal scenery of his Elysium—

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit,  
Purpureo.'

Even while kindling with rapture in the midst of these beauties, his patriotism predominates, and he rests it upon that solid foundation from which we wish never to see it transferred.

‘The young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his native home. His imagination presents to him, its untrodden wilds,—its waste fertility, as an image of man unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary-headed prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and superstition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur, she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains, it is because the peaceful vales beneath have never owned the sway of feudal or monastick tyrants.’

‘Italy, vain of the lustre of her acquired fame, timorous and slothful, in a state of inglorious indolence, contemplates her fading splendour. While America, active and daring, emulous of solid greatness, is vigorously employing all her resources, moral and physical, in the construction of such a fabrick of power and of social refinement, as shall surpass every masterpiece of political skill, that has hitherto existed.’

The second section is taken up with general speculations and opinions, which are, we think, open to contravention. Montesquieu’s theory of the influence of climate which the writer adopts without qualification, has been strenuously combated, and is pretty generally admitted to be too broad. It is hazarding much to assert, as our author does, that, in warm countries the penal *code* ought to be more *sanguinary* than in those situated under colder latitudes. The wisest economists and most practised administrators have doubted whether a sanguinary code was ever expedient in any climate, and whether it did not become every where, in proportion to its severity, the less conducive to the desired end.—The spectacle of the rack was, until very lately, common throughout Italy; capital punishments were exceedingly frequent, and viewed by the people with the same feelings as they witnessed the bull-baitings at the tomb of Augustus.—At no period in the history of that country, had the effusion of human blood any terrors for its inhabitants, or has it served any other purpose



than to gratify their avidity for strong emotions. 'Here' says Forsyth, speaking of the Coliseum, 'sat the conquerors of the world, to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the blood of the gladiators which a few hours sport shed in the imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery, and when glutted with bloodshed the ladies sat down in the wet and streaming avenue to a luxurious supper.'

Our traveller follows out the moral character of the Italians, exemplifying with it—somewhat arbitrarily and fancifully—the diversities produced by climate in the dispositions and productions of the human mind. We are, ourselves, sensible of the operation of this great agent upon the general happiness of human life, and are satisfied that our philanthropists suffer for the most part gratuitously, when they lament over the condition of the lower classes of Southern Europe, compared with that of our independent and well-fed labourers.—They do not bear in mind the quantum of positive enjoyment secured in the one case by the climate and state of society, and the positive suffering and wearisome monotony necessarily undergone in the other. 'Under the refulgent skies and balmy atmosphere of Italy,' says our author, 'bare existence amounts to positive enjoyment, and life glides away in a succession of voluptuous impressions. The rustics of Calabria march to the labours of the field with a musician at their head, and stop occasionally on their way to dance, &c.'—'Here in Naples,' remarks Forsyth, 'even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of satisfying every appetite, a conscience which gives no pain. Here tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to them who are born to it, and a few fingerings of Maccaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day.'

The American traveller is anxious to put his readers on their guard against confounding the Italian and French character. His predilection for the former leads him to deduct too much from the opposite scale. If he refers to the mass of the French nation, we cannot concur with him as to the *heartlessness* of their gayety; nor can we admit that "there is no country in which so little moral sensibility exists as in France." The opinion will, we are sure, be immediately rejected by every one who has mixed with the agricultural and provincial population of that country, and with particular circles of her metropolis. If vanity be predominant in the French character, we cannot easily believe that it is without sway in the Italian, looking merely to the excessive fondness for titles, which has prevailed in Italy. Thirty years ago, says Sismondi,\* you could not write to your shoemaker without addressing him very illustrious, (*molto illustre*) and there was no small

\* *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du moyen age*. Vol. xvi. Paris, 1818.

gentleman, no little officer of militia, who was not mortally offended if you styled him, by mistake, *very celebrated and excellent*; (*chiarissimo e eccellentissimo*) when he claimed "*the most illustrious*," (*l'illustrissimo*.) No people are more addicted than the Italians to personal finery and the affectation of expense, or more in the habit of trenching upon private comforts to make a figure in public.

Our countryman is in an error if he supposes that a headlong impetuosity of spirit, fierce and unbridled passions, are favourable to ingenuousness of character in the true sense. This precious trait can be habitual only with temperate and retiring natures. The dissimulation, perfidy, caprice, deliberate vindictiveness—all directly opposite features—which are charged upon the southern nations of Europe, have a close connexion with the complexional vehemence of their passions. We must confess that we should prefer, with a view to dignity as well as morality, a system of society even repressive of "the more exalted virtues," to one giving unbounded license to the gratification and exhibition of the worst propensities. If, as our author will have it, love is in France, a cold, calculating sentiment, the creature of social convenience, we cannot help viewing it still, with more favour than the same passion, in the shapes which he assigns to it in Italy—"a devouring flame that bursts from the restraints of decency;—a tremendous divinity stained with human gore, &c." He certainly does not exaggerate in this description; nor does Forsyth in the following passage which we extract from his account of Naples, in order to put France upon a higher vantage ground in the comparison. "That secret devotion of the heart, that exclusion of mankind, that pure, incorporeal tenderness, which enters into the composition of love in our climates, all pass for mere fables in a society like this, where every object is referred to direct pleasure, and where quantity of pleasure becomes a matter of calculation. Here gallantry enjoys all the privileges that a rake can desire. Even neighbourhoods convey rights of this kind. I have seen ladies gesticulating love up and down the streets, to the gentlemen residing within a certain distance from their windows, and new settlers, if handsome, are soon admitted to the benefit."

Our American traveller observes, that "the *abandon de soi meme*, the forgetfulness of one's self, which is so often met with in Italy, is a stranger to the higher circles of France, and that, hence, the Italians have been accused of a want of shame." The quotation which he makes from Dupaty in illustration, is certainly not happy. If there be no scandal attached in Italy to the dancing of the priests with the young girls, no particular modes of dress, no *bienseance* to distinguish and separate the sexes, classes and ages, it is a state of things which few at a distance will admire. We have never known the higher circles of France taxed, before, with prudery, and had always thought that they were justly chargeable with the re-

verse, both under the old and new *regime*.\* Yet they do not carry the *easy* and *natural* quite so far as it is pushed in Italy, as the following extract from Forsyth's account of Florentine manners will testify.

“An Englishman arriving here fresh from the delicacies of decorum which he left at home, will be apt to stare on his first introduction to the ladies. In England, the reserves of education, and perhaps, a certain cleanliness of thinking, tend to throw an elegant drapery over the female mind; but here it appears in all the nakedness of honest nature. Indeed, the female character is, in every country, half the work of men, and where gentlemen require no delicacy in the sex, ladies of course affect none. The fair Florentines still persist in habits which have been long banished from English society. You will see very elegant women take snuff, spit on the floor, blow their resounding noses in dirty handkerchiefs, clap gentlemen on the thigh, keep conversation continually fluttering on the brink of obscurity and often pass the line. The awful region of the anatomical preparations, which should be sacred to men of science, is open to all. The very apartment where the gravid uterus and its processes lie unveiled, is a favourite lounge of the ladies, who criticize aloud all the mysteries of the sex. *Cecisbeism*, though perhaps as general, is not so formally legalized here as at Naples, where the right of keeping a gallant is often secured by the marriage contract. Yet here no lady can appear in fashionable company or before God without such an attendant. She leaves her husband and children at home, while her professed adulterer conducts her to church, as if purposely to boast before heaven the violation of its own laws. This connexion is generally ludicrous, where it is not wicked. The *cecisbeo* seems vain of the servilities which his mistress studies to impose on him. I once saw a lady bid her Signor Cavaliere stir up her fire. ‘Attizzate il mio fuoco.’ At the word of command, he put his hand under her petticoat, removed the chafing-dish; stirred the coals with a small silver shovel which he kept in his pocket, replaced the pan and re-adjusted her dress. Let no man tell me that Italian manners should not be tried by English laws. Virtue is of no country. Infidelity is every where vice; nor will its frequency excuse individuals, for individuals have made it universal.”

This is sound doctrine, and we would say in like manner that delicacy in civilized life is of no country: it is something positive; it can be relative only in a slight degree. We may be squeamish and old-fashioned, but we hardly conceive, in regard to female manners, when it can deserve the epithet *false*. It is, for women of the higher ranks particularly, a real ornament and a necessary

\* On this point we would refer, for the old *régime*, to the correspondence of De Grimm, and the Memoirs of Madame D'Épinay;—and for the new, to the experience of all who have lived in Paris since the beginning of the revolution.

defence. In truth, the settled respects—the peculiar observances in appearance and demeanor, which distinguish sex, age and condition—the command, not forgetfulness of one's self—the comprehensive decorum, which prevail in the social systems opposed to the Italian, are more or less essential to virtue and social order. They are to them what certain political forms are to liberty; and we no more expect to see a permanently moral and respectable community without such accessories, than a permanently free one without checks and balances.

Our countryman does not, we believe, mean to condemn 'the exterior decencies;' but he might be misunderstood when he discourses slightly of artificial restraints. The Count de Stendhall corroborates in 1817 all that Forsyth relates; but he speaks of the Italian *abandon* and the opposite order of things, quite in the spirit of a Parisian moralist, liberalized by southern travel. It is instructive to listen to him.

"At Milan they laugh and joke with the most perfect tone of *bonhomie*; at Venice, every thing is gayety and lightness of heart. The son of the Doge is no less gay than the gondolier; his amours are no less public. Any one in giving news of another, never fails to mention the lady whom he *serves*.—When a party is mentioned, which took place, perhaps ten years ago, to Fuzina or elsewhere, the speakers never fail, even in the presence of the husband, to commemorate that the *Pepina* was there served by such an one, that it was at the time when Marietta was jealous of Priuli. At Venice and at Boston, the gayety and happiness are in the inverse ratio to the goodness of the government." \* \* \*

"The prudery of the women at Geneva is incredible and truly ridiculous. Nothing can be more curious than to see how the face is drawn up, if, by chance, an observation is introduced, coming spontaneously from the heart and perfectly natural. I found that I had been guilty of a breach of their decorum, when I spoke of love abstracted from marriage. The women are handsome, though this incredible prudery is to be traced even in the expression of their countenances. I readily believe the numerous virtues ascribed to Geneva; it is the town of all others in Europe, in which I am fully convinced there are the fewest husbands deceived; but, nevertheless, I would not, for all the gold in the city, take a wife from it. In spite of my horror, at the state of morals in Naples, I prefer it to Geneva; it is, at least, more natural. *Indecency* is only a relative term. What is only *amiable* at Paris, is *indecent* at Geneva; this depends entirely on habit."

The Count informs us also that you might pillage all the sentiment possessed by all the ladies of Paris and London, yet not form such a character as a young Italian woman of the heroical order: and that the sensibility that reigns in Italy seems an absolute absurdity to the inhabitants of the North. God preserve us from such a race of heroines, and from the natural manners with which that sensibility

so incomprehensible to northern dullness, is appropriately accompanied! Whoever wishes to understand it, as it rages in the men of Italy, should peruse the life of Alfieri, her great dramatic poet, written by himself. We know not that we were more ashamed of human nature in reading the confessions of Rousseau, than the tale of the extravagancies of the other madman; and to neither can we consent to extend any indulgence, let their genius and their works, (to the merits of which we are no strangers,) be as admirable as they may.

Nothing, we should think, can be more evidently just than the accusation of a want of shame preferred against the Italians. It is the necessary correlative of the absence of an overruling public opinion, and betrays itself in many particulars besides those which we have noticed. Of the Neapolitans, Forsyth says, "they are, perhaps, the only people on earth that do not pretend to virtue. On their own stage they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue.\* If detected in theft, a *lazzarone* will ask you with impudent surprise, how you could possibly expect a poor man to be an angel." Numerous instances to the same effect could be quoted from this author with respect to the other parts of the Peninsula, Florence particularly. The following anecdote from de Stendhall, is also in point. "The driver of my *sediola* from Parma, entertained me on our route by relating without the least shame, that he got the twenty-seven Napoleons with which he purchased the carriage and horse, by *the trade of a robber*. We passed three spots where he told me with the utmost simplicity, as if there was no harm in the thing, that he had stopped travellers."

We are informed by the American traveller himself, and he is vouched by others, that the peasantry of the ecclesiastical states, not unfrequently mix with troops of banditti, and after a season resume the character and occupations of peaceful villagers. "Assassination," says Sismondi, "is, indeed, no longer imposed by public opinion, as a duty in the case of an affront, but it is not a disgrace. It is an idea with which every one is incessantly familiar; and which all view more in the light of a misfortune than of a crime." What the same writer calls the redoubtable science of poisons—*la redoubtable science des poisons*—is still openly professed.

Under all circumstances then, and admitting even that the licentiousness of the *Parisian* society is, though more disguised, as profound as that of Italy; yet we cannot comprehend how our countryman could assert it as a proposition not to be denied, that the *nations*, the Italian and French, are equally advanced in corruption. Some doubt on this point may be produced, by the quotations which we have already made, and more will grow out of

\* This trait is not altogether peculiar to the Neapolitans. The Scotch, very different in character, not only bear, but are delighted, with Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, on the stage of Edinburgh.

those which we propose to make in the sequel. But there are general features in the social and political institutions of Italy, which would conduct us, *a priori*, to the conclusion of her being in a much "lower deep" of depravity than France. We shall notice only two as the most obvious. The first is *cecisbeism*, of which Forsyth has given our readers a faint idea,—a monstrous bigamy, not merely tolerated, but honoured and caressed, throughout the whole Peninsula. Gallantry may be common in France, out of Paris; but it wears no form there which can be compared with this fashionable one of Italy, as a source of immorality, and domestic misery, and general degradation. Sismondi, who is perhaps, more deeply versed than any man living in the history and concerns of Italy, describes *cecisbeism* as one of the great public calamities which she has to deplore; as being, for her, the principal memento of the seventeenth century in which it took its rise; as the most universal cause of the private sufferings of all her families; as the main instrument of the enervation of her genius and the prostration of her national spirit. He admits that libertinism and adulterous intrigue were by no means unknown in the time of the republics; but denies that common disorders of this kind could exert the same pernicious influence over the general morals and national character. "It was not because some women had lovers, but because no woman could appear in public without her lover, that the Italians ceased to be men."\*

Another fatal innovation of the seventeenth century, was the establishment of a rigid law of primogeniture and entail, by which the younger sons and daughters of the higher classes were cut off from any share in the parental estate. The younger sons had assured to them, only the *piatto*, or subsistence at the family table.† Poverty and pride condemned them to idleness and celibacy, and there was thus created a host of parasites whom the want of occupation, and the sense of debasement almost forced into habitual dissoluteness. As a sort of compensation to this pestilent class, and in order to amuse the leisure of a new nobility and body of courtiers, as well as to facilitate the complete subjection of the nation to their yoke, the foreigners who had erected their dominion over her, devised, according to Sismondi, "the absurd rights and duties of *cavalieri serventi*."

We must not overlook the circumstance that this scourge, *cecisbeism*, had for its elements, two maxims adopted as laws by the *beau-monde*; that no woman could, with propriety, appear alone in public; that no husband could, without ridicule, attend on his wife.

\* Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen age. Vol. 16. c cxxiv.

† Forsyth says, speaking of the neighbourhood of Sienna, 'the villages are necessarily large to accommodate the swarm of bachelors which must result from the system established among the nobility. In general the uncles and brothers of the heir, inherit, as their patrimony, a right to board and lodge in every house belonging to the family.'



These axioms of Italian fashion are not unknown to the *haut-ton* of other countries; and it cannot fail to be perceived that conjugal infidelity and wretchedness are every where in proportion to their influence. They soon descended, with their fell brood of ills, upon the bulk of the Italian people; and if they have not found favour with the mass of the French and English, after having gained ground among the beau-monde of those nations, it is from peculiar causes which it is not material for us to explain.

The author of the “Rambles” landed in the winter at Trieste, “the richest city of Italian Illyria, and now the most promising and flourishing port in the emperor of Germany’s dominions.” He describes thus its general appearance and character:

‘Daylight showed us the city of Trieste, with its country houses rising one above another on the sides of the neighbouring hills. Every object wore the melancholy livery of winter. On our left rose the Alps of Tyrol—their peaks glowing with purple stains of light, were mingled with the rich colouring of the clouds, that rested upon them. The snow upon the hills,—the leafless vineyards that covered their sides,—the smoke hovering over the city,—its buildings, constructed with a view to comfort more than to beauty, conveying an idea of the honesty, plainness, and solidity of the German, rather than of the pleasures and elegance of the graceful and ardent Italian.’

‘The *Bora* is the rudest of all the Alpine blasts, that infest the Adriatick. Collecting in its passage over regions of snow their icy particles, it sweeps down upon Trieste with the fury of a levanter. It does not blow uniformly and steadily, but in *puffs*, which shake to their foundations the most solid edifices. Ships are, however, in danger of being driven by it from their stations, and carried to sea with inconceivable velocity. But in summer, when the Adriatick is resigned to the dominion of the zephyrs, its tranquil surface throws an air of softness and repose over the landscapes on its shores, which then become the resort of gayety and pleasure. The *promenade* called *St. Andrea*, made by the French government, extends from the city along the edge of a breezy precipice. Here parties assemble to enjoy the beauty of the prospect and the freshness from the water. Greeks and Albanians are seen carelessly lying on the very brink of the precipice, or reclining on beds of flowers watching some arrival from their native country.’

‘The manners of Trieste and those of the Italian cities, do not essentially differ. Its annexation, indeed, to Austria, should its present political relations prove permanent, may in the course of time, lead to the introduction generally of German manners and German opinions; but in all other respects at present, Trieste is an Italian city. Like all the other ports of the Adriatick, it contains a very mixed population, and displays a great variety of costumes. This intermixture of Asiatics, Africans and Europeans, is not unpleasing to a mind, conversant with the Romances of the East, to which this infusion of foreign dresses and manners suggests pictures that have amused the fancy of childhood. Commerce has here brought together the sun-burnt Saracen, and the

fair complexioned sons of the north. It is not unusual to see a rich Constantinopolitan merchant attended by a black page, attired in cashmere and muslin, mixing with the cheerful concourse, which in the evening crowd the haunts of fashion.'

He is particular in his account of the opera and the carnival of this motley city. He remarks, and justly, in speaking of the opera, that the highest degree of perfection attainable in the art of pantomime may be looked for among the Italians, who appear to possess beyond any other people, the requisites for it; muscular flexibility of countenance, vivacity of imagination, and a forcible and impassioned style of gesture. Hence the Italians are without rivals in buffoonery, which Forsyth pronounces to be one of the principal appetites of the nation. Of the masquerades of the carnival, our countryman speaks in a spirit and language which have our hearty approbation.

'The hour of assembling is midnight; and the opera house, the temple of those impure rites and nocturnal mysteries, which "the bitter day would quake to look on." The mask is no sooner put on, than the veil of modesty is laid aside. Women and men abandoning themselves to the intoxication of pleasure, appear to be ready to engage in unexampled feats of libertinism. An impure fire that is contagious, appears to infect the very atmosphere of the room, and to cheat the senses with illusions. The endearing expressions of *cara* and *bella mascherina*, pronounced in a soft *falsetto* note, vibrate sweetly upon the ear. The understanding is subjugated by the power of music, and the voluptuous dances of the *waltz* and the *manfrino*, exalt the spirits to that giddy height, which accomplishes the destruction of many a fair Belinda, although encompassed with all her ærial guards.'

'The influence of *masquerades* upon the moral and social habits of a people, is of sufficient importance to point it out, as an object of solicitude, to every government, but more especially to those with whose political and moral institutions, the principles of liberty are interwoven. Even under monarchies, where, perhaps, the practice cannot be eradicated, its noxious luxuriance may, and ought to be repressed. It would be entirely subversive of the morals of a republic, and if introduced into America, would infallibly banish those virtues which in point of manly morals and social comforts, justly entitle this country to the foremost rank among nations.'

'The profligate manners of the higher and lower orders in the great cities of Italy, no doubt spring from this source, as well as from its voluptuous climate, and the want of objects to call into activity the moral and intellectual energies of the nation. The brilliant carnival of Venice accelerated the fall of that republic. The Venetian nobility, whose policy it was to debase the minds of the people, by offering to their love of pleasure its appropriate nourishment, withdrew their passions from higher objects, and unfitted them for exercising a control over the higher classes.'

We cannot follow our traveller in his investigation of the comparative operation and popularity of the French and Austrian do-



minion over Trieste and the Illyrians. He makes several interesting and striking observations; of the justness of some of which, we are not, however, perfectly satisfied. It would seem from his statement, that the Austrian government is far from being popular in the Adriatic, though not quite so actively oppressive as the French had been. Buonaparte emptied the pockets and paralyzed the commerce of the Triestens; but he amused them with festivals and illuminations; swept away their beggars; suppressed some antiquated abuses, and constructed public works of ornament and utility. The Austrian monarch has more of the character of King Log; he does not devour, but then he does not move. He will not divert the interior trade from the ports of the Elbe to those of the Adriatic; he has left the police in all its despotic vigour, and his financiers and tax-gatherers are not in the least abstemious. What with their exactions, a depreciated paper currency, the failure of considerable manufactories, the inertness of the Austrian cabinet—the commerce of Trieste and Fiume languishes, that of Venice is threatened with total ruin, and misery and discontent overspread generally the Austrian dominions situated around the head of the Adriatic. Our traveller cannot believe, judging from what he learned and witnessed there, that even the German provinces of the empire are in as flourishing a condition as they might be.

We think,—without being admirers of the structure and spirit of the Austrian government,—that he has allowed himself, both at Trieste and Venice, to see, with respect to its administration, only the dark side of the picture. The prior condition of the Adriatic territories, the character of the inhabitants, their municipal institutions, should be well considered and understood, before censure is hazarded for tardiness in great reforms, or the continuance of abuses even of apparently easy correction. If we might found an opinion upon the reports of late travellers, and the ample, authentic work of *Marcel de Serres*, entitled, *Statistical and Geographical Essay upon the Empire of Austria*, we should be inclined to believe that her German provinces, though not at their maximum of prosperity and happiness, are administered in a way well adapted to the genius of their population and the development of their resources. The Emperor Francis has credit with the world, for an anxious attention to the commercial prosperity of his Adriatic ports; and our traveller ascribes to him the best intentions; marred, however, as he alleges, by too pliable a temper. We can conceive that there may be inherent difficulties in the alleviation and renovation of his Italian dominions, and suspend our judgment, therefore, as to the irresolution of his counsels.

The introduction of any foreign dominion into Italy, is greatly to be deplored:—the spirit of ambition which prompted, and of tyranny which accompanied it, is to be for ever detested. But as she was destined to become a prey to her rapacious neighbours,

it was fortunate for her that a considerable share of her territory fell to Austria. The Austrian rule was not only much less mischievous and unjust than the Spanish or French, but in several respects highly beneficent, considering the helplessness and comparative ignorance into which the Italians themselves had sunk. It is to the Spaniards that they may ascribe their worst vices and heaviest misfortunes. No one is ignorant how much the house of Lorraine accomplished for Lombardy, and how much Tuscany owes to Leopold,—more, says Sismondi, than any state of Italy to any sovereign, foreign or domestic. As to Venice, whose condition in the hands of Austria, our traveller so bitterly laments, and so deeply shadows,\* it was France that extinguished her independence, and sacrificed her to Austria. The French either plundered or destroyed the stores and shipping and defaced the edifices of the Arsenal; exhausted her resources and despoiled her of her trophies of arms and arts.†

Our American traveller offers the following as the general result of his inspection and inquiries.

‘The state of the public mind in this quarter of Europe, as it fell under his observation in the years eighteen hundred and sixteen and eighteen hundred and seventeen, indicated a temper by no means favourable to a state of lasting repose; and causes were continually occurring still more to exasperate and inflame it. The impetuous and fiery disposition of the Italians; urging them at every opportunity to express their contempt for the Austrians, whom they consider a dull and spiritless nation, without the heart to conceive, or the hand to execute any daring or generous enterprise of policy or ambition. The Austrians, on the other hand, regarding the Italians as a degenerate race, long habituated to the yoke of a foreign power, always cherishing the idea of emancipation, but never ripe for action, and in whom the spirit of liberty evaporates in vain boast and menaces.’

We pass over the many engaging pages which he has devoted to the Italian theatre and music, and to the works of the eminent dramatic writers, Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri. It was exceedingly difficult to say any thing new on these hackneyed subjects, and it is a great deal to have invested them with any degree of fresh attraction. We pass over, too, in order to arrive with him the sooner at Venice, the rich description and sound philosophy with which he fills the remainder of his second section.—He presents the queen of the Adriatic to his readers with much felicity and truth of detail.

\* Lord Byron has turned her decline to good account in his fine poem—

‘empty halls

Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must  
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,  
Have flung a desolate cloud o’er Venice’ lovely walls.’

*Canto 4th, Childe Harold.*

The poet’s illustrator, Mr. Hobhouse, has furnished in one of his notes an easy clue to the disaffection of the Venetians. ‘To those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation.’

† See on this head, Eustace, page 74, vol. i.

‘ I embarked for Venice in the month of May. The rocky coast of Istria, clothed with spring, presented a variety of cultivated and savage prospects. Gardens and country-houses climbing up the sides of the neighbouring hills, and intermixed with vineyards, and *boschetti*, afforded a pleasing contrast to the rocky scenery, with which they were interspersed.

‘ A light breeze wafted us across the Adriatick. In the course of our voyage, we gazed with wonder upon the neighbouring Alps, which rose from the margin of the sea, and showed themselves in their grandest forms. But our attention was soon attracted by another object no less marvellous and striking; for Venice began to appear with all her towers, domes and palaces, floating upon the waves, over which she still seemed to reign undisputed mistress; but when we entered her deserted harbour, the evidences of ruined grandeur, reminded us that the trident she once triumphantly wielded, was fallen from her grasp.

‘ We landed upon the quay of St. Mark, among its mountebanks and *marionettes*. Groups of women and children, stood laughing at the comic feats of *Polichinello*. The idle *gondolieri*, basking in the sun, called out to us as we passed, or disputed among themselves with all the caustic wit and vehemence of gesticulation, characteristic of Venetian vivacity. A sort of *improvisatore*, stood in the midst of a circle, with the impassioned gestures of an orator, recounting anecdotes of Joseph the second, and episodes and adventures from Tasso and Ariosto, to which he gave a colouring and imagery of his own. The Venetian florists displayed the fairest offerings of the spring upon the quay. Orange trees and myrtles perfumed the air, and near the shade of these, the bird-fancier hung his cages of goldfinches and nightingales. Glasses and jars filled with water, were disposed upon neat tables, and intermixed with perfumes and cordials, and “*chi vuol acqua,*” was vociferated from twenty places at the same time, with importunate vehemence. Persons of the lowest condition were to be seen frequently approaching these tables, and purchasing a glass of water, for which they paid a *centesimo*. In St. Mark’s square, near the arcades, were erected beautiful tents, as a shelter from the rays of the sun under which a people were assembled, whose countenances were marked with no indications of laborious thought, but who appeared to be enjoying in these seats of delicious repose, those vague illusions of the fancy, which the soft climate of the South, and the thousand amusing objects around, were calculated to inspire.’

So many magnificent objects, so many admirable monuments of the arts, as this amphibious city contains, so many glorious recollections, and awful reflections as its history awakens, open a vast field for an ambitious writer. Our countryman expatiates at large, and indulges, we think too freely, his propensity for description. We shall not accompany him through the noble churches with which he was surrounded, nor among the master-pieces of the pencil and chissel, with which her fairy palaces abound; but attend to her actual moral world and altered fortunes. The following passages are culled at random:

‘ The intoxication of sensual delight, appears to have transformed human life at Venice, into something little better than the vision of a waking dream. Yet this life, the surface of which appears so unruffled,

is subject to the most violent and tumultuous agitations. The character of this people exhibits a strange mixture of libertinism and superstition, of energy and imbecility. Although their mode of life affords a complete exemplification of the doctrines of epicurism, the apprehension of death overpowers them with an insupportable horror. They are terrified at the slightest indisposition, which they are apt to interpret as a summons to the grave.'

'From what you see of the Venetians in their favourite *rendezvous* of pleasure, you would suppose them the happiest people in the world; but follow them to their homes and the scene is entirely reversed. A wretched half furnished apartment, the windows of which look upon the sullen waters of a lonely canal, whose solitude is interrupted only by the occasional appearance of a black gondola, is often the abode of some ruined family, once high in the ranks of nobility.'

'In contemplating the fall of a city once so illustrious, we are naturally filled with compassion, and we eagerly inquire if there are no means left, by which she may yet be rescued from complete destruction? To hear the Venetians talk, you would suppose their desires had no object, but the salvation of their country. Their imaginations are kept in a state of continual inflammation by the vision of the past, of which they are perpetually reminded, by what remains, or by what has vanished of their former glory. But that elevation of soul, which despises pleasure, which unites labour with zeal, and which reaches its object by the dint of regular and patient efforts, is a quality of mind to be found I fear at Venice only among a very few. The Venetians, however, are a lively and passionate people, and the occasional flashes of eloquence and enthusiasm which irradiate their conversation, encourage a hope that under the auspices of a liberal and active government, they might recover those energies which have for so long a time lain dormant, and which are not likely to be awakened in the stagnant gloom of Austrian despotism.'

'In a city so rich in genuine specimens of the arts, we might expect to find a proportionable degree of zeal and industry evinced in their cultivation. Yet notwithstanding the multitude of objects which Venice contains, to stimulate the genius and to cultivate the taste of the artist, painting and sculpture maintain here only a feeble and languid existence.'

'Music appears still to be the delight and solace of the Venetians. If we except the opera of *St. Carlo* at Naples, and that of *La Scala* at Milan, there is no part of Italy where this public amusement is more brilliant than at Venice.'

'As there exists at Venice no Hyde Park, no *Champs Elysées*, even no streets, there can of course be no room for the display of brilliant equipages, no field for the adventurous exploits of the charioteer and the equestrian. But the *elegantes* of fashion, dressed like *gondoliers*, with rose-coloured sashes, display their skill in managing the gondola before a numerous concourse of all ranks of people on the quay. The grace and address with which they propel the gondola through the water, and the suddenness with which they stop it in its full career, are regarded with admiration by crowds of spectators.'

'In sailing down the canal, which is bestrid by the celebrated *Rialto*, the traveller beholds on each hand those sumptuous palaces, where the Venetian nobles sunk in the lap of pleasure, forgot their

country and themselves. On entering these scenes of patrician grandeur, halls hung round with faded tapestry,—defaced pictures,—hangings of splendid damask—gilded chairs and sofas, mutilated and enveloped in dust and cobwebs, attest the former splendour and opulence of a family now perhaps extinct, or forced to perform the inglorious office of parasites at the board of some plebeian lord. Their superb vestibules and staircases polluted with filth, and exhaling the most offensive odours, are the more remarkable, as the visitor contrasts them in imagination with the voluptuous and delicate race of beings who formerly inhabited them; who once reposed here in all the languors of luxury.'

'Wretches, with famine in their look, are now seen soliciting charity among the gay circles of St. Mark. Its carnival, which formerly drew crowds from different parts of Europe, has lost its attractive brilliancy, and the *Bucentaur*,\* despoiled of its decorations, lies rotting in the arsenal.'

The number of indigent persons in Venice, calling themselves noble, is noticed by almost every traveller. I have been repeatedly stopped by genteel looking persons in the place of St. Mark, calling themselves *poveri nobili*, who received with thankfulness the most trifling gratuity. In passing through the streets and public squares, my attention has been frequently arrested by decent females, their faces concealed by a veil, and kneeling for hours together. All these, as my guide informed me, were *povere-nobile veneziane*.'

The picture of mendicity contained in the two last paragraphs, is not, we are sure, in any degree overcharged. Rome is even more cursed in this respect, as the following striking passages from Forsyth will show.—'Every beggar is distinguished by his own attitude, tone and variety of the pathetic, while altogether they present a strange climax of wretchedness.'

'In the morning comes a Marchesa to your lodgings, recounts the misfortunes of her noble house, its rank, its loyalty, its disasters, its fall, and then relieves "your most illustrious excellency" from embarrassment by begging one or two pauls. An old Abate steals on your evening walk, and twitching you with affected secrecy, whispers that he is starving. On the dirty pavement you see *Poveri Vergognosi* kneeling silently in masks. In the coffee houses stand a more unfortunate class who watch the waiters' motions to dart on your change. In the courts of palaces you meet wretches gnawing the raw roots gleaned from the dunghill, and at night you will sometimes find a poor boy sleeping close to his dog for mutual warmth.'

The Austrian government extends, according to our countryman, no encouragement to the trade of Venice, and has wholly neglected the labours necessary for her harbour and famous mole. This once mighty emporium of commerce and manufactures does not now, he adds, reckon more than three or four respectable mercantile houses. Forsyth furnishes some analogous particulars as to Florence.

\* The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,  
The *Bucentaur* lies rotting unrestored.

‘ You discover here, on the very surface of things, how greatly commerce has degenerated in a country which gave it birth, and language and laws. The counting houses are in general dirty, dark, mean vaults; the legers stitched rather than bound, and covered with packing paper. All commodities are weighed by the old steelyard: the only balance that I observed here was held by the statue of Justice. In trades no regular apprenticeships are requisite; nor are the usual appropriations of sex observed. In the same street, I have seen men sewing curtains, and women employed at the loom and the awl.

‘ The Italian shopkeeper only calculates downwards: His sole object is to cheat his customers. He does not remount to the first sources that supply his shop; he abandons the general state of his own line to his merchant.’

In consequence of the closeness with which Venice is built, its narrow lanes and canals are rarely visited by sunshine. A moisture which is never exhaled renders the streets continually filthy, and creates along the surface of its canals a sensation of dampness. In stating these circumstances, our traveller admits, that fatigued by the dreary and lonely vistas of the canals, the stranger at length becomes impatient to enjoy a prospect more expanded, and breathe a purer atmosphere. Milford, who was there in 1815, declares, that such was the sombre, melancholy air of the exterior of the city, that he was glad to quit it after a few weeks. I acknowledge, says Forsyth, its aquatic advantages, and the cheap convenience of its gondolas; yet with eight theatres and a proportionate quantity of private amusement, with large libraries and well stocked markets, Venice is the last residence I should choose in Italy.

The most startling memento of the departed greatness of Venice is her Arsenal. Its vast extent, its massive structures, its magazines, founderies, armouries, rope-walks, work-shops, bespeak what she was as a naval power. All is there now, a dead silence and undisturbed decay. It is, indeed, a full century since this republic, falsely so called, withdrew into a merely negative existence. History scarcely deigns to notice her\* after her peace of 1718 with the Turks, although in her naval combats with them, of the year preceding, she vindicated her ancient renown. How proudly she bore the trident, and challenged the fears and the admiration of Europe before the sixteenth century!† With what a grand array of resources and resolution she withstood the famous league of that

\* Laugier’s History of Venice terminates at 1750.

† Sismondi speaking of her as she was at the close of the fifteenth, calls her *le plus puissant et le plus sage, des Etats Italiens:—elle seule gardoit contre l’empire ottoman l’Italie et tout l’occident, &c.* (Histoire des Repub: It: Vol. 13.)

And Lord Byron—

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The “ Planter of the Lion,” which through fire,



century, and, notwithstanding all her disasters, re-appeared in the seventeenth to assert alone Italian independence! Her war of twenty-five years, begun in 1634, with the Sublime Porte, then the terror of Christendom, though unfortunate, is highly glorious. The second of fifteen years with the same enemy, begun in 1684,—in which she retrieved her losses, is of a most brilliant and imposing character. By the degenerate policy into which she afterwards fell, of submitting to every wrong and outrage rather than resort to the sword, she had nearly forfeited all title to commiseration when Bonaparte ‘liberated’ her in 1794, to throw her into the mass of equivalents at the treaty of Campo Formio.

From Venice our traveller proceeded to Padua, and describes the country visible on his route as having the appearance of being decorated for a *fete champetre*. All who have surveyed it must sympathize in the admiration which he expresses for the beauty and animation of the scene. The desolate and ruinous condition of many of the noble mansions erected in the days of Venetian grandeur, throws, as he justly remarks, a shade of melancholy over the brilliant landscape. Padua, we are told by him, is in a state of depopulation and decay, notwithstanding the prosperity of the neighbourhood. Her inhabitants do not exceed thirty thousand in number; her streets are narrow and lonely; her whole aspect is sombre and languid. But this city contains several magnificent structures, bearing testimony to the genius of Palladio; and her renowned university, though possessing no longer the sixteen thousand students of which it could once boast, is by no means reduced to insignificance. Our countryman states, that its halls of dissection, its anatomical exhibition, its philosophical apparatus, its botanical garden, all correspond with the universal fame of the institution; and Forsyth represents it as having, when he inspected it in 1802, professors highly eminent in science, and being well supplied with chairs, libraries, museums, and all the implements of learning.

Petrarch’s Villa lies at the distance of a few leagues only from Padua, and was eagerly visited by our traveller. We shall copy his account of the excursion, though another devout pilgrim, Eustace, has described the hallowed spot in greater detail.\*

And blood she bore o’er subject earth and sea;  
Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
And Europe’s bulwark ’gainst the Ottomite;  
Witness Troy’s rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye  
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto’s fight!  
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

\* And Lord Byron has now strewed it with flowers from his “ pictured urn.”

‘ There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear’d in air  
Pillar’d in their Sarcophagus, repose,  
The bones of Laura’s lover: here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. &c. &c.

*Canto iv. Childe Harold.*

‘ At *Albano* we inquired the road to Petrarch’s villa. Our landlord informed us that the intermediate country, afforded no road for a carriage, and that unless we travelled with a guide it would be impossible to find our way to the village of *Arqua*, where exist the tomb and last residence of the poet.

‘ He then chose for our guide, a respectable looking old man. We left *Albano* before sunrise. The scene was not one of those glowing landscapes of Claude Lorraine, where a sultry morning is bursting in dazzling effulgence upon the extensive *Campagna*, and exhaling rapidly the dews. The appearance of the sun was preceded by refreshing breezes. The only luminous objects visible, were the eminences of the Vicentian Alps, while a deep shade still involved the Euganean hills. As we passed along, we were exhilarated by the notes of the lark, towering above our heads, and refreshed by the breath of wild flowers that grew upon the sides of the road, which winded among hills and vallies where even the genius of Petrarch might have gathered happy materials for poetry. Sometimes it lay along the confines of a lordly palace, and gardens peopled with statues and murmuring with fountains. At another time, it passed through a miserable village, where a half-clothed servile population instantly gathered round us, and in their eagerness to kiss our hands and to obtain some boon of charity, nearly threw themselves beneath our horses’ feet.

At length we arrived at the little town of *Arqua*, romantically situated upon a hill, on one side of which stands the mansion of the poet. We found it in a state of lamentable decay, and it was not without concern, we viewed the ruinous condition of the hallowed residence of Petrarch. Yet objects consecrated by worth and genius, have an inspiring influence, and a place so often visited by poetick inspiration, can hardly fail to excite in a mind of the least taste and sensibility, many tender and pleasing associations. Adjoining the house were a few acres of grain, interspersed with fruit trees and skirted by a wood.’

‘ The house consists of an antichamber which is used as a kitchen, a hall, a smaller apartment and a study. In the hall remain some faded frescoes, in which the visitor recognises the figure of Petrarch, in his canonical habit. The subjects of these old paintings relate to incidents in the history of that passion which consumed his life, and gave birth to those pure and exquisite effusions of poetry, which place the name of Petrarch above that of any of the ancient or modern amatory bards. The smaller apartment is connected with the study, and a tower from a balcony, in which there is a prospect of the neighbouring vallies. Over the sides of this ruin, the honeysuckle mixed with the ivy, wanted in gay luxuriance. The interior walls are covered with Italian and Latin inscriptions, left here as a tribute to the memory of the poet. In the study remain his ink-standish and the arm-chair in which he expired. The old woman who inhabited the house handed us a large album containing the names of all the persons, who, from an early period, have visited this sanctuary of genius, each name accompanied with some tributary effusion in verse or prose.’

In the approach to the Roman territories, the country wears a much less flourishing appearance in point both of population and culture. Our traveller found Ferrara still more forlorn and stag-



nant than Padua.\* The people, he observes, appeared to move along the streets more by mechanical, than any other impulse. "In the seats before the coffee-houses, were persons in whose looks were painted all the miseries of *ennui*." The same array is, however, witnessed at Paris. It is only commerce that can completely exclude this spectacle of listlessness in some considerable part of the population of a large city. The demon of *ennui* stalks abroad in the most brilliant capitals of pleasure, and even of science. There is a most interesting association of ideas in the case of Ferrara, and one cannot but sigh over the truth of the Count de Stendhall's pert observation,—that the pope's legate might feed a regiment of horse, with the grass that grows in her streets.

The environs of Bologna are rich and gay, and the interior of the city presents a scene not so widely dissimilar, though still one of much general poverty: its houses are furnished with continued arcades; "under shelter of which you walk from one extremity of the city to the other without being incommoded with rain or sunshine." The streets are narrow, but well paved; and many of the palaces and churches are in a style of splendid, if not pure architecture. As Bologna was the second school of painting in Italy, not to say on a level with Rome and Florence, it has a multitude of fine pictures, from which our countryman cannot disengage himself for several pages. We like better the despatch of Forsyth in this particular, on the same spot. "Here are," says he, "Guido's two apostles, a picture considered as the finest left in Italy. I can conceive no excellence beyond the figure of Peter. Indeed, so excellent is art in this case, that it disappears, and gives up the work to sentiment. I might heap technical phrases on this divine picture, but I could not convey my own impressions."

Academical degrees were invented and first conferred in the university of Bologna. Her present learned institutions, as our countryman informs us, are not unworthy of her early eminence. The library, observatory, cabinet of natural history and anatomy, and chemical laboratory, distributed through the splendid pile allotted to the institute, are all well furnished. It is observed of Bologna by Forsyth, that notwithstanding all the learning in its bosom, it has suffered its dialect—which Dante admired as the purest of Italy—to degenerate into a coarse, thick, truncated jargon, full of apocope, and unintelligible to strangers. To this we may add, that there has been a similar degeneracy in others of the different dialects of the Peninsula, which amount perhaps to twenty strongly individuated.

Our traveller proceeded by Florence to Rome.

'As we descended the Apennines, there was a sensible change in the face of the country, which no longer presented the wild and uncouth

\* Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude, &c.—

features of the mountainous solitudes we had passed, but was highly cultivated and populous. The fair landscapes which Tuscany now presented, corresponded with the idea I had formed of the beauty and fertility of Italy. Nor did the manners and aspect of its inhabitants inspire sensations less gay, than its smiling scenery. They approached and saluted us, in the pure and harmonious language of their country.'

'The peasant girls are animated, and sometimes beautiful, and the smartness of their looks, is not a little improved by a hat and plume, and their graceful manner of wearing it. The better class of them, load themselves with a profusion of jewelry. The diamonds they wear are, to be sure, not of the first water, nor the pearls of the most brilliant whiteness, or of the finest shape, but what they want in quality, they make up in quantity. Their manners are courteous, and the turn of their expressions, as has frequently been remarked, is sprightly and graceful. As I was admiring a rose in the dress of one of them, she said to me *m'a regalato un giovinotto di sessant'anni*; it is a present from a youth of sixty years of age. The vivacity, which characterizes the peasantry of Tuscany, has an influence on the mind, not less delightful, than the unrivalled beauty of its climate, and the gay embroidery of its fields and meadows.

'When they go abroad or visit on festival days, they make a ludicrous exhibition of their wealth, in the ornaments of their persons. The family of a rich Tuscan farmer was pointed out to me, in a barge on the *Brenta*. The good man himself wore two golden watches, with immense chains that hung half way to his knees. The large arms and hands of his dame, sparkled with rings and bracelets, and as many old fashioned pearls and diamonds, were displayed on the persons of his daughters, as would have furnished a common jeweler's shop.

'As I approached *Florence*, an atmosphere perfumed with flowers, and the scenery of the *Arno*, which was in all its beauty, realized the most flattering pictures my imagination had previously formed of this enchanting vale. On entering the city by the *Porto di St. Gallo*, I admired the long and spacious streets before me, which had nothing of the heaviness of those of Bologna, and the edifices I passed indicated a purer taste in architecture, than I had yet seen exemplified in the cities of Italy.'

We cannot accompany him while he passes in review the numerous monuments of the fine arts, upon which he has fixed among the countless treasures of the kind which this celebrated city contains. The gallery particularly is a track so much beaten, that there is something of indolence in pursuing its details. He expresses himself, moreover, so formally in the third person, that he has the appearance of being intent upon the *catalogue raisonnée*, rather than of speaking from the fullness of his own vivid recollections.

A chapter similar to that of Forsyth, on the manners of Florence, would, we must confess, have been more acceptable to us than all the glowing description and episodic discussion which we have in its stead, although these possess, apart, strong claims to our approbation. We shall extract what little seems to us to bear upon the character of the Florentines.

‘At Florence there is a class of poetasters, who, when a stranger arrives, wait upon him and present him with a copy of verses, celebrating his visit to the banks of the Arno. The morning after my arrival, the *cameriere* entered my apartment, and desired to know if I would allow him to introduce to me one of these sons of Apollo. The poet made his appearance and addressed me with all the courtesy characteristic of a Florentine, and the purport of his discourse was to explain to me the nature and object of a little book which he held in his hand, and which he begged me to accept. Upon opening it, I laughed to find my name inscribed in the title page, with many appellations of honour prefixed to it, and my character exalted with every extravagant epithet of verse.’

‘A serene sky that darted its beams into my apartment, and a softly undulating atmosphere, announced one of those fine mornings, not unusual in Tuscany. I directed my steps to the borders of the *Arno*, and joined the multitude that was passing through the *Porta al Prato*. I arrived among the groves that shade the borders of the river, and hailed the stream, to whose murmurs Milton used to listen with delight, and upon whose banks shaded by poplars, and strewn with violets, he was wont to lay and court the Tuscan muse,

Canto del mio buon popolo non inteso,  
E’l bel, Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

As I proceeded onward, I perceived tents erected, and tables covered with refreshments, and old men and women with flowers in their hats, and children gambolling before them upon the green; with these were intermixed dancing groups, whose graceful and debonair steps were expressive of light hearts and animated feelings. The aristocracy of wealth and fashion drove up, in their splendid equipages, to this scene, and contemplated it from the windows of their carriages, or descended among the dancers upon the green.’

‘That proud fastidiousness, with which the noble and opulent of other countries are apt to look down upon the amusements of the lower orders, and which is not less characteristick of a want of taste, than of an unnatural insensibility, which refuses to sympathize with the pleasures or sorrows of the poor, is a trait which does not mark the higher classes in Italy, however, some circumstances may seem to favour the supposition of such a feature in their character.’

We have already quoted from Forsyth respecting the manners and morals of Florence.—The following passages from the same author more fully convey his impressions:

‘Though the modes of society have lately changed, the general character of the Florentines remains the same. In tracing some lines of that character, I must, in gratitude, begin with their civility; which springs, I do believe, from a sincere desire of obliging, though it is often too much loaded with protestations. But they are more than civil; they are naturally humane; this I should infer, not from the readiness of their tears alone, but from their extensive private and public charities.

‘The virtues of the Florentines are, however, all of the passive, christian kind. Their sturdiness of spirit vanished with the republic. They have exchanged the more turbulent virtues, for the qualites that can adorn a slave.

‘ The Florentines have ever been remarked for their curiosity. This formerly led them to mobs, bloodshed and insurrection, and now it degenerates into the silly gape of a village.

‘ A stranger entering Florence on a holiday, would greatly overrate the wealth of its inhabitants. All ranks live in a state of ambitious poverty; of splendor abroad and penury at home; or, as the French termed them on their disappointment, “*habit de velours et ventre de son.*”

‘ A Florentine of the frugal class will suffer no luxury in his possession to remain idle. When he does not use it himself, he contrives to let his carriage for the day: if he cannot attend the theatre, he lets his box for the evening; and would let his wife for the night, but Signora secures that perquisite for herself.

‘ They carry the same economy in parade to their establishment of servants, whom they affect to call the *famiglia*, as the Romans did their slaves. Indeed, the old contention for numbers, the “*questio quot nascit servos,*” still prevails among rich Italians. Here the footmen, if numerous, are generally selected from among mechanics; and, when their appearance is not required in livery, they are kept working for the family as upholsterers, tailors and shoemakers; for so easily satisfied is the love of cleanliness, that one man’s broom is sufficient for a whole palace.

‘ In every great house there are two confidential servants; the widow, who is employed in all commissions of delicacy, and consulted on every point where propriety is doubtful; and the secretary, who is the more necessary here, as few noblemen are capable of writing a letter.

‘ How degenerate the patricians of the present day from their accomplished ancestors? for more than three ages did the Tuscan nobility surpass all Europe in literature and science, as poets, as physicians, as professors. The six greatest Tuscans that ever lived, were all noble. After this the class of goldsmiths produced the most celebrated names.’

According to Eustace, the neighbourhood of Florence presents as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as the environs of any capital in Europe; Naples excepted. The city is seated in a vale intersected by the Arno,\* and bordered by mountains of various forms, rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil, redoubled by the industry of its cultivators.

‘ The environs,’ says Forsyth, ‘ owe their beauty to a race of farmers who are far more industrious, intelligent and liberal, than their neighbours, born to the same sun and soil. The peasantry pass the year in a vicissitude of hard labour and jollity. Negligent of their own dress,

\* But Arno wins us to the fair white walls  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps,  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls;  
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn—  
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps, &c.

Canto iv. *Childe Harold.*

they take a pride in the flaring silks and broad ear-rings of their wives and daughters. These assist them in the field: the farms are labour-ed in the patriarchal style by the brothers, sisters and children. Few of the proprietors round Florence will grant leases; yet, so binding is the force of prescription, so mutual the interest of landlord and tenant, and living in the sight of each others turrets, so close the intertexture of their property, that removals are very rare, and many now occupy the farms which their forefathers tilled during the republic. In addition to our objects of husbandry, the Tuscan has to learn all the complicate processes which produce wine, oil and silk, the principal exports of the state.'

This extended husbandry and the peculiar agriculture of Tuscany and of Lombardy—the ingenuity, beauty and productiveness of which, are so much and so justly celebrated, may be traced to their peasantry of the republican era. Stimulated into life and energy by the action of free institutions, this race of men was distinguished for intelligence and the spirit of improvement, while all of the same class throughout the rest of Europe, presented, in the thralldom of villanage, a totally opposite character.\* They substituted the rotation of crops to the old system of fallows; revived the practices of irrigation and terracing, and set generally the example of that persevering industry, and picturesque neatness in tillage which are now displayed by their descendants, and not excelled in the best cultivated countries.

We may pass from the agriculture of Tuscany and Lombardy, to every thing that is majestic and beautiful, there and in Romagna, and will still find that all belongs to the age of Liberty. The nearly unbroken series of magnificent cities, churches, palaces, and villas, from Novara to Terracina—the master-pieces of art with which they are filled—the noblest productions in the various departments of literature,†—the statesmen and warriors, who make part of the “long array of mighty shadows,” in Italian story, are of the era of Italian Independance which finished with the capture of Florence by the generals of Charles V, in fifteen hundred and thirty. “The truth is,” says Eustace, “that the tide of prosperity which has left so many traces behind, not only in Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, but in almost every town in the northern parts of Italy, such as Mantua, Cremona, Vicentia, and Verona, was the effect of *republican* industry, and most of the stately edifices which still adorn these cities whether public or private, sacred or profane, were raised by *republican* taste and magnificence.” Forsyth refers to the republican times of Lombardy, not indeed in so solemn a strain as Eustace, but with a view to the same striking lesson. “Though confined within narrow territories, and separated by the domains of barons who held them at defiance, the principal Lombard Republics, those ambitious apes of Athens and Lacede-

\* ‘On retrouve dans l’agriculture Florentine le siècle de la plus haute civilisation.’ Chateaufieux—*Lettres écrites d’Italie en 1813*.

† Except the Jerusalem Delivered, which was published in 1581. Tasso was the last of the inspired race.



mon, found means to flourish in the midst of continual hostility, and filled the annals of two centuries with their impertinent battles."

These facts, taken in connexion with the history and condition of Italy since the sixteenth century, are to be deemed an important accession to the mass of inductive proof in favour of popular government as the most fruitful source of national prosperity. We, as American citizens, may contemplate such results with a double confidence in the future, since our institutions, besides combining all the beneficial principles and tendencies of the republican systems of Italy, provide the safe-guards for *civil* liberty which they wanted. The Italians were protected in their persons, property, honour and opinions, by no direct guarantees, no formal legislation—they were secure in these points only so far as such security was incidental to their fundamental maxim of the sovereignty of the people, and to the eligibility of numbers to the supreme power. Their political magistrates were elected by the citizens at short intervals, and responsible to them at the expiration of the prescribed term of authority: but this authority had no precise limitations; the freedom of the press and of public debate, and all regular representation were equally foreign to their ideas and practice. Hence the domestic oppression and disorders which proved fatal to their liberty and national independence.\*

We are inclined to yield assent to the opinion of Eustace that these Italian Republics of the middle ages may sustain, in nearly all respects, an advantageous comparison with the states of Greece; and that the history of the former is quite as eventful and instructive. Florence has annals so brilliant; exhibits relics of her meridian, so imposing; can unfold such a list of titles to the gratitude and admiration of the world; is seen at the commencement of the 16th century in such a blaze of genius—with such a galaxy of magnanimous patriots, profound philosophers, and elegant scholars, that in surveying her under all aspects, we are as much dazzled, as by the glories of Athens.

The commonwealth in which the greatest number of citizens may hope to get into the administration of affairs, will ever be the most active and intelligent, and on the whole, the most ably administered. Florence exemplified this truth. Her councils were renewed by lot every two months, from a list consisting entirely of merchants and tradesmen—Of the eighty thousand inhabitants whom she numbered in the days of her freedom, two or three thousand were thus called in quick succession to the first offices of state. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the rotation, and the de-

\* 'The world may not have seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed.' Notes to Canto iv. of *Childe Harold*.—We have in our hands the able essay here mentioned, and shall take an opportunity of dwelling upon the theory of the ancient, and Italian republics, in reference to the 'happier constitution' of the United States, which Sismondi has overlooked.

scription of the incumbents, 'they conducted affairs,' says Sismondi, 'with such wisdom, dignity, and firmness as to secure to their republic a rank among the powers of Europe out of all proportion to her share of population and wealth; they gave lessons of prudence and justice to the cabinets of kings and the senates of aristocracies.' Might not this example teach the folly of that contempt which is too commonly entertained or affected in Europe, for the government of this country, on the ground of its being composed of *bourgeois*?

Our American traveller makes a quick transition from Florence to Rome. The desert and mephitic *campagna* checked his enthusiasm as he drew near to the eternal city, but he soon caught, when arrived, the inspiration which the glorious shrine radiates, as it were, for every true pilgrim. He gives an interesting account of his particular situation and feelings, when he found himself, at twilight, alone and unknown, carried by the crowd down the *Corso*, a narrow, dark street, which is the fashionable promenade of the Romans.—One is inclined to smile in thinking of the difficulty which tourists have in breaking the ice in their account of Rome. We have before us the travels of a Mr. Sass,\* whose exordium is as follows. 'Rome!—The subject is so overpowering that I know not how to begin; my mind is distracted by a thousand different thoughts.—But I have seen St. Peter's—St. Peter's! contemptible—St. Peter's cannot bear a comparison with the ruins of ancient Rome, &c.' Our countryman gets over the difficulty with but one exclamation, and soon sets out 'with a *vasi* in his hand and a *cicerone* at his elbow' to survey the hallowed ruins, and the wonders of a city which he represents truly to be the queen of all others, as respects the architectural beauty of her edifices, and particularly the magnificence of her churches. We can easily pardon him for being here absorbed by the remains of antiquity, and the *chefs d'œuvre* of the fine arts. There are few men of classical education, who, at Rome, can attend to her present concerns.

The city has a population of not more than 160,000, and is said to occupy about one third only of the scite of the mistress of the world.—'In the inhabited quarters,' says Forsyth, 'you will find palaces and churches, columns, obelisks, and fountains, but you must cross the capitol or strike off among the mounts, before the genius of ancient Rome meets you amid its ruins.' One of the first inconveniences of the modern city, which strikes travellers, is the absence of cleanliness, a virtue which would seem to prevail scarcely any where in Italy. Our countryman speaks of his having passed through a succession of narrow and dirty streets

\* A journey to Rome and Naples performed in 1817—by Henry Sass, student of the Royal Academy of Arts. The book is puerile, and the author resembles Morris in Rob Roy, from his incessant horrors about being way-laid. His narrative proves, however, that the condition of the Papal and Neapolitan States, the last year, was truly frightful as to the prevalence of high-way robbery and murder.

on his way to the capitol. Forsyth tells us—"whatever road you take, your attention will be divided between magnificence and filth; and the objects which detain you longest are almost inaccessible from ordure." The Count de Stendhall makes the same complaints. 'Rome and its inhabitants,' says Mr. Sass, 'are worse, in respect to dirt than any Italian city, except Naples. The principal fault seems to be a want of care in their own persons, and a neglect in their houses of the use of water, which is seldom or never employed.—The consequence is, that no place is free from vermin. The rooms of the Farnese palace are in so foul a state as to make one shudder in passing through them.'

The most populous part of ancient Rome is now but a landscape. According to Forsyth, Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, is inhabited only by a few friars. How impressive and graphical is the same author's picture of Vespasian's amphitheatre, that mighty structure in which fifty thousand spectators could find seats. 'As it now stands, the *Coliseum* is a striking image of Rome itself:—decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand:—half gray and half green—erect on one side, and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure and to pray.\*

Our countryman remarks, as all strangers are disposed to do, upon the comparative dreariness, and solemnity of the 'lone mother of dead empires.' 'The superb mansions of the Italian nobility have a solitary and melancholy air.—The delicious villas that surround Rome exhibit the unsubstantial nature of human enjoyments;—their possessors appear to have fled away in quest of more tumultuous pleasures. Rome, where every object invites to reverie and thought, would be insupportable to one who had only breathed the atmosphere of Paris.' This last observation is exemplified in the case of the Parisian dilettante—Count de Stendhall, who avows his feelings with characteristic *naïveté*.—'Every thing here at Rome marks decline; all is recollection; all is dead;—for active life we must go to London or Paris. One of those days that I am altogether attuned for sympathy, I would be at Rome, but residing there plunges the soul into a sort of stupor. There is nothing like alacrity; nothing like energy to be seen, every thing drawls and languishes. The most important news at Rome is that Camoccini has just finished a picture. In truth, I prefer infinitely the active life of the north, and the bad taste of our humble dwellings.'

Yet the Count found many theatres in the stupifying city, with much good music in them, and Forsyth says that in no part of Italy are the *conversazioni* more elegant, more various, or more

\* And Lord Byron—

My voice sounds much—and fall the star's faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bow'd—  
A ruin—yet what ruin! &c. &c.



free from aristocratical stiffness. ‘Whether general gayety, or literature, or the arts, gaming or music, or politics, or buffoonery be your object, in one house or other you may be gratified every evening. Whatever be your pretensions here they will be allowed. Rome is a market well stocked with the “commodity of good names.” ‘Praise you may command even to a surfeit, &c.’ This statement is correct, although it does not correspond with the representation of Eustace. It might have served as a caution to our countryman against the general declaration—that the worship of the muses restrains in Rome all except pleasures of an intellectual nature; and that people of figure and fortune who seek there the distractions of a great city, have no other amusement than that of exhibiting themselves in the evening in their carriages upon the *Corso*. No doubt, however, but that the mere man of fashion or pleasure must find Rome in the end *a shocking bore*, if it were only on account of the classical mantle and antique rust which cover its exterior.

The best description of this exterior is, unquestionably, that of Eustace, and indeed he has left nothing to be gleaned in relation to any of the monuments of his adored ‘*deorum domicilium*.’ We read, nevertheless, with pleasure, what our countryman has brought together respecting them, and would have satisfaction in quoting somewhat largely from him, if we were not restrained within limits too narrow for the purpose. He has omitted to notice (and who could indicate every treasure in such an inexhaustible repository?) some objects to which we cling with especial reverence—Trajan’s column, for instance, that “immense field of antiquities;”—the obelisk in the middle of the Piazza del popolo, of red granite, first erected by Sesostris at Hieropolis, and brought to Rome by Augustus:—the sculptured wolf of which Forsyth says—‘no object in Rome appeared to me so venerable as this wolf. The Etruscan stiffness of the figure evinces a high antiquity; its scathed leg proves it to be the statue which was ancient at the death of Cæsar, and it still retains some streaks of the gilding which Cicero remarked on it.’\*

But we must not plunge into the sea of antiquities, and can single out only a few of the prodigies of modern art. The greatest of these—the church of St. Peter, has been depicted and celebrated by Eustace in a manner to throw into despair all who would make it a subject of particular description. Our countryman has not been deterred by the gorgeous, panoramic exhibition of his predecessor, from stating his own general impressions, and passing in review some portion of the ‘rich marbles’ and ‘richer paintings’ with which the stupendous pile is decorated.—The effect of the *coup d’œil* upon him, is thus given:

\* Lord Byron has made it the subject of a magnificent apostrophe in his 4th Canto.

And thou the thunder stricken nurse of Rome,  
She wolf! &c. &c.

‘ At the end of the street at the left of the bridge of St. Angelo, the church of St. Peter opened in all its magnificence.

‘ The two great fountains, that murmur perpetually in the piazza, and from which the water is discharged in so gaseous a form, that it mixes with the atmosphere, were encircled with rainbows. Before it an obelisk rose an hundred and thirty feet in height, and the colonnade, on each hand which encloses the piazza, was an object as beautiful, as that to which it lead, was grand and imposing. I ascended the vast steps before the church, and entered its vestibule. The *cicerone* drew aside for me the curtain that covers the door, and I passed into the interior of the church. I cannot well describe the emotions of awe and delight I felt, at the entrance of this glorious temple. It expelled every ignoble passion from the breast, and like the starry expanse, or the boundless ocean, inspired the purest and highest sentiments of the sublime. It is sometime before these impressions are worn off the mind of the visitor, to leave it in a state sufficiently dispassionate, to examine its beauties in detail. After he has surveyed the majesty and proportions of the wonderful dome, suspended four hundred feet above his head, after he is satisfied with contemplating the matchless splendour of the great altar beneath it, he may then proceed to examine in succession, its paintings and tombs.’

Forsyth speaks of St. Peters in rather a more subdued tone of admiration than Eustace, and criticizes with his usual boldness; but it is evident that he can, with difficulty, refrain from overstepping the wariness of his nature, by breaking out into more loquacious raptures. We relish his manner so much, that we must make an extract. ‘ The general mass grows magnificently out, in spite of the hideous vestry which interrupts it on one side, and the palace which denies it a point of view on the other. The nave is infinitely grand, and sublime without the aid of obscurity; but the eye having only four pillars to rest on, runs along it too rapidly to comprehend its full extent. The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration; viewed either as a whole or a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on. St. Peter’s no where unfolds its dimensions so strikingly as on the roof, where cupolas form streets, which are elsewhere lost to every eye but the bird’s, and the dome appears itself one immense temple, encircled with magnificent columns. No architecture ever surpassed, in effect, the interior of this pile when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory—all the gradations of light and darkness—the fine or the fantastic accidents of this *chiaro-scuro*—the projection of fixed or moving shadows—the sombre of the deep perspectives—the multitude kneeling round the pope,—the groups in the distant aisles—what a world of pictures for men of art to copy or combine! What fancy was ever so dull, or so disciplined, or so worn, as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene! I freely abandoned mine to its illu-

sions, and ranging among the tombs, I sometimes mistook remote statues for the living.'

Adjoining St. Peters is the Vatican, which next engages the attention of our American traveller. Upon this vast shrine of the arts, twelve millions sterling were, it is said, expended, and from its commencement to the period of its finishing, three hundred years elapsed and thirty-five pontiffs reigned. Several of the master-pieces which it contains are noticed in 'The Rambles,' but not that which we have always considered as, perhaps, the finest production of the pencil, in expression, interest, and moral grandeur—we mean Raphael's Schools of Athens. Our author has not, however, overlooked in his walks through the palaces of Rome, the *Aurora* of the Ruspigliosi pavilion, on which, as Forsyth observes in his quaint manner, you gaze till your neck becomes stiff, and your head dizzy. 'What,' exclaims Eustace, in reference to this fresco of Guido, 'can equal the grace, the freshness, the celestial glory of that matchless performance; which combines in one splendid vision all the beautiful features and accompaniments ascribed to the morning by the poets. Homer and Virgil seem to have presided over the work, and Ovid and Tasso given the picture its finishing touches.'

About the living world of Rome very little is told in 'The Rambles.' With respect to its society, the author says, that the multitude of distinguished artists gives an agreeable tone to the conversation of the higher classes, and that they talk of the paintings of Benvenuti, and the works of Canova, with the seriousness that they talk at Paris of the opera and of the rival pretensions of the actresses. To Canova he does homage, in common with all men of taste,\* as to the first sculptor of modern times—a supremacy fairly earned by the one hundred and fifty perfect works of his chissel.

The unrivalled importance attached in society at Rome to the labours of the fine arts, is common to all parts of Italy. The stress laid upon music in particular is amusingly exemplified in a phrase of the count de Stendhal speaking of a numerous fashionable assembly held at Milan immediately after a concert of madame Catalani. 'The conversation now consisted of nothing but exclamations about the *cantatrice*; for three quarters of an hour, reckoned by my watch, we had not a finished sentence.' There may be something of caricature in this, but we doubt whether the following paragraph, from the same author, as to Naples, is overstrained. 'There is nothing in Europe approaching to San Carlo. This theatre, constructed in three hundred days, is a stroke of state policy: it attaches the people to their king more than the best code of laws that could be framed: it has intoxicated all Naples with patriotism. As soon as the name of Ferdinand is mentioned—*He has rebuilt San Carlo*, they say.'

Writing sonnets for wedding days, and having them printed on pink satin, is, according to the count, the principal occupation of

\* "Europe—the world—has but one Canova."

Such as the great of yore Canova is to-day.

the fashionable Italian wits. How far the sonnet-mania is carried may be understood from Hobhouse's note on the third stanza of the 4th canto of Childe-Harold. Forsyth remarks in one place, that the business of the nation would seem to be poetry, and that in every circle you meet versifiers or *improvisatori*, who have a satire or a sonnet ready for every occasion.

De Stendhal alleges, that the present inhabitants of Rome apply to themselves without the least ceremony, all that is said of the ancient Romans, and Forsyth gives countenance to the assertion, by stating that they inherit at least one characteristic of their republican ancestors—that local pride which Rome has always excited in its natives. Of the sex at Rome, this last writer observes, 'the Roman ladies are more indebted to nature than to man. Their general style of beauty is large like the Juno, and their forms are perfect as to proportion. Animation of feature, dignity of gesture, a language all music, quickness of remark, a fine tinge of religion are theirs; but they have lost those severer graces and that literate character which once astonished Europe.' The count is thrown into ecstasies by their fine eyes, and ejaculates, 'in this respect all other countries must bend to Italy.' At all events, the language of no other country can paint beauty as it is vivified in these exquisite lines—

Gli occhi sereni e le stellanti ciglia  
La bella bocca angelica, di perle  
Piena, e di rose, e di dolci parole.

Mr. Sass states, that the custom of smoking is general throughout Italy; that the lower orders are addicted to theft and extortion; that the Italians add deep cunning to their vivacity; that in travelling you are wretchedly lodged and fed; that your property is always in jeopardy, and your life insecure, except, perhaps, within the Austrian jurisdiction. Drunkenness, however, is almost unknown in Italy, and the cardinal virtue of charity is nowhere more engagingly and munificently active.\*

We had intended to follow Forsyth to the *campagna felice*, 'to the most curious city, the most singular coast, the most beautiful bay, the most picturesque islands in Europe,' and to Pæstum—where he beheld 'the most impressive monuments of antiquity on earth;' but we are admonished by the exorbitant number of pages which we have already allotted to this tempting Italy, that it is time for us to think of drawing to a close. We perceive by the preface of 'The Rambles,' that the author proposed at one time to include a general view of the literature of the Peninsula, its present learned institutions and eminent professors. He expresses a hope of being able to execute this design at some future period. He is, we are inclined to believe, well qualified for treating those subjects, and he could easily escape the censures of critics by a more careful revision than he has seen fit, or been able, to give to his actual performance. There is some danger, however, of

\* See Eustace on the *sixty* charitable foundations of the city of Naples.

his being anticipated; for we observe that Mr. Hobhouse has annexed a short memoir on Italian literature to his Historical Illustrations of Lord Byron's 4th Canto, and announces a longer treatise to be published in the course of the current year.

Mr. Hobhouse promises to attempt in this treatise a survey of the revolutions of Italy, from the French invasion in 1796, to the present day. The complexion of his politics does not give assurance of a perfect impartiality, but we are glad that the task is in hands so able. It is very desirable that the influence of the great events of the last twenty years upon the Italian mind and habits should be distinctly marked, and, also, that the causes of their deterioration through the 16th and 17th centuries should be philosophically investigated.

We are not, we confess, sanguine as to the political or moral resurrection of the Italians, though we admit with Lord Byron, that their decay is 'impregnate with divinity,' and that 'the man must be wilfully blind who is not struck with their extraordinary capacity, the rapidity of their conceptions, their sense of beauty, the fire of their genius, and their longing after independence.'\* Alfieri and the French revolution may have moved certain classes of them to manly aspirations, and they may be, as the author of the 'Rambles' asserts, daily becoming more enlightened in the mass; but it must be long before they reach the point of being able 'to break through music and voluptuousness;' to stifle their deeply rooted and almost universal distrust of all public virtue among themselves; to sacrifice their inveterate mutual antipathies, and to unite calmly and cordially for the *arduous* purpose of expelling and barring out foreign dominion.

ART. II.—*Reflections on the Institutions of the Cherokee Indians.* from Observations made during a recent Visit to that tribe: In a Letter from a gentleman of Virginia, to Robert Walsh, Jun.—June 1st, 1817.

**T**HERE is so little variety among the Indian tribes of North America, in any of the essential qualities which distinguish nations, that however they may differ in language, dress, or apparently in institutions, they may all be considered as one people.

This uniformity is not wonderful, whether we suppose them to derive their origin from a common stock, or not. There are in North America no great natural separations of one section of the country from the rest, which could enable those possessing it, to defend themselves from their warlike neighbours. The stream of emigration, and the torrent of conquest flowed equally in every direction, and destroyed, in succession, the peculiarities of each tribe over which they passed. In Europe, the Alps, the Pyrennees, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, &c. by securing in some degree, at least, the people of one quarter from utter extirpation by military incursions, developed all the peculiarities which are incident to



of such a country? Such a supposition is certainly more chimerical than that the refinement of the Indians inhabiting Mexico, and the isthmus, was, as far as it differed from that of the other tribes of aborigines, original.\*

The theory which supposes the progress of the American Indians to have been retarded by incessant wars and conquests, is confirmed by the fact, that almost every section of the continent exhibits proofs of an advancement and power, something, but very little beyond, what are possessed by their present inhabitants. This improvement in the arts was very inconsiderable, because the dominion of any particular tribe was of short duration; and Europe has shown, that conquerors do not always preserve the arts of the conquered, even where the country is not depopulated. It was not until the terror of the Roman name had given security to the city that the arts began to prosper. Rome cannot be said to have enjoyed the liberty of general laws until the reign of Servius Tullius, more than one hundred and seventy years after its foundation. His predecessors were tyrants in authority if they were not in temper—*Romulus ut libitum imperitaverat*, says Tacitus.

These considerations render it extremely probable, that the aborigines of America, if left to themselves, would not have attained a high degree of civilization in many ages, if, indeed, they ever would; and, consequently, they should mitigate the remorse with which we reflect, that we are the occupiers of their territory: especially since their real population even under the most favourable circumstances never amounted to the five hundredth part of the well peopled portions of Europe. It is difficult to reconcile with the views of an enlarged and philanthropic justice, any right; in these barbarians to occupy an immense continent, to the exclusion of so large a portion of the human race. The law which decreed that we should increase and multiply, ordained in the very moment of its enactment, by making the propensity to fulfil it, paramount over moral calculations, that population should spread itself over the earth until resisted by physical obstructions capable of arresting its progress. The Indian tribes oppose no such barriers to the diffusion of the European race, and it must, of course, even if it were in defiance of every moral law, and of every political regulation, spread itself from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. At the same time, we are doubtless under a moral and a religious duty to temper, by all the means in our power, the ravages which this torrent of emigration may occasion: and, since the moral law is not sufficient, even if it exist, to prevent our occupying a territory to which sooner or later we will be impelled by a physical necessity, we are at least obliged, to make not only the existence, but the well-being of the Indians, as far as possible, compatible with our

\* The author has not had the good fortune to see any of the European Memoirs which have been written on this subject. He does not know how far he agrees with or differs from others.

own. Let us then inquire, whether it be practicable, under any system of persuasion or coercion, to preserve this indigenous race.

The success of the Spaniards and Portuguese in incorporating the South American and Mexican natives, under their colonial governments, is far from being a conclusive experiment on this question. They conquered a people already possessing some elements of civilization, and in this beyond any thing, the difficulty is, *to begin*.

To obtain a satisfactory result, we must look anew into the state of the tribes included within our territorial limits. For what Europeans, and, indeed, what most Americans have written concerning the Indians, is only calculated to give false ideas of their actual state, and of the best means of ameliorating their condition. One class of these writers, has represented them as little better than cannibals, while the more amiable enthusiasts have appropriated the sentiments which they have derived from poetic descriptions of the chivalrous age of modern Europe, and the golden age of the ancients, to these fierce and perfidious barbarians. But with all the aid of imagination, I could not discern, among the Cherokees, a single trace of that generous heroism, and romantic fidelity, which are universally ascribed to the primitive stages of society: and I am much persuaded, that Hesiod's golden age of the Greeks would have presented to an actual observer nearly the same mixture of insensibility, vulgarity, and vice, that we found to exist, among our less classical brethren of the woods, Archeela-Akarouka, and Qu-ut-a-qu-us-kee.\* Ovid's self-congratulation that he was reserved to a later period was not without reason,

Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum  
Gratulor.

The faults and the crimes of these poor Indians are not peculiar to them—they are the faults and the crimes of human nature, wherever it exists under similar circumstances.

The territory of the Cherokees, which, before the treaties of 1805 and 1807 with the United States, was much larger, now ex-

\* At the house of this chief (Qu-ut-a-qu-us-kee) better known by the name of Mac Intosh, an incident occurred characteristic of Indian manners. We were recommended to his hospitality by the politeness of Mr. Meigs, the agent of government with the Cherokees. The chief, therefore, felt himself bound to honour, by every mark of distinction, his new guests. It was near sunset when we arrived. When he learned who we were, and saw the obligation he was under to entertain us for the night, he took his rifle as I supposed to shoot some wild game which might be near. But while we were standing in a sort of porch attached to his hut, he discharged it at a cow which was eating grass immediately before our eyes; he only wounded the poor animal, which ran bellowing and frantic about the yard. In this situation, two or three half naked negroes, who stood at the corner of the house to enjoy the bloody spectacle, fell upon the cow with axes; cleaved it to the ground; butchered it immediately, and, in two hours after our arrival, part of the very cow which we had found browsing happily on the grass, was stewed for our supper. I need not assure you how utterly unable we were to eat a morsel of an animal which we had seen thus barbarously butchered. But what had sickened and disgusted us, sharpened the appetites of the young warriors, who devoured the flesh with a ferocious avidity.

tends from the borders of Broad river, to the Chickasaw boundary below the Muscle Shoals, on the left bank of the Tennessee river: and off the river to the south, to the head waters of the Koosee, the Talapoosee, and the Tombigbee, including a space about half the size of the state of Tennessee. This country is the termination of that mountainous region which extends from New Hampshire in a south-western direction, half across our continent. The hills, though not high, are bold and prominent; the bottoms broad and rich; the forests heavy and majestic. The streams, both because they flow in rocky channels and because their banks are yet unbroken by the plough, are remarkably limpid: the Tennessee rolls with an air of magnificence its heavy torrent, from the sides of the Allegany and Cumberland mountains. The succession of ridges rising in height as they recede from the river, and finally attaining a great elevation, forms the sublimest and most beautiful landscape on our continent. It has been well described by a distinguished philosopher and traveller as an 'Anacreontic Switzerland.'\* The climate which is tempered by the sun of 35 degrees, while it is uninfected by the miasmata of marshes, is soft, dry and genial. The sky is of a pure and brilliant azure; the clouds are rich and varied in their tints, and all things conspire to sustain the romantic feelings with which we penetrate a virgin forest, except the miserable and squalid appearance of the inhabitants.

The Cherokees, like most other Indian tribes, live in villages. The conjecture that towns were first built for security, seems extremely probable, and the necessity of such a defence constantly continuing, they have never been permitted to live otherwise. The hunting state of society too, though it preclude the possibility of large cities, renders villages expedient. For while it allows to a very limited extent the division of labour, it requires a division of spoil. Should each individual in such a state, persist in enjoying to the exclusion of others, the fruits of his labour, a series of unsuccessful adventures would expose each to the dangers of famine: a division of the spoil, like dividing the loss on the insurance of houses, equalises the condition of the whole. The Cherokees at present have two towns more considerable than the rest; one in the upper, the other in the lower part of the nation. Besides these, there are many smaller villages containing 15 or 20 houses, and as many families. They rarely inhabit solitary houses; indeed, a family living apart in such a wilderness would not be safe from the violence and depredations of others of the same tribe. So true is it, that society which is reproached with generating vice, in fact restrains it. Few villains are so hardened as to steal or murder in public. This is a wise provision; for, the difficulty of obtaining the necessaries of life, increasing even in a greater ratio than its multiplication, a populous society would be

\* The country best deserving this description lies between the Holston and Clinch rivers, extending on their sides 50 or 60 miles above their junction.



intolerable, if the very circumstance which makes it more difficult to provide for our wants, did not also increase the facility of detecting, and the certainty of punishing crimes.

Mr. Jefferson in his notes on Virginia, has given three different computations of the numbers of the Cherokees; in one they are estimated at 1500; in another, at 2000; and in a third, at 3000. It is scarcely imaginable, that their change from hunters into breeders of cattle, which subsist altogether on the spontaneous productions of the forest could, in 34 years, even with the large accession of white emigrants who have settled among them, have increased their population from the greatest of these numbers to 13,000,\* at which they were estimated by the more intelligent inhabitants in the year 1815. Whatever their actual numbers may be, more than a third are already more or less mixed with the European race.

It would be an interesting problem to ascertain what increase of population a change from the hunting to the grazing state has produced in one third of a century. The Cherokees do not furnish the data necessary for its solution. Too many extraneous causes would enter into the calculation;—their emigration to other territories,—the settlement of the European race among them—the knowledge they have acquired by this intercourse which has enabled them to arrest the ravages of the small pox—and of other diseases which oppose still more directly, the progress of population.

Since they have become graziers, the game has nearly disappeared from their country. They now subsist on Indian corn, sweet potatoes, dried fruit, and on the cattle which run at large in the forests at all seasons. They burn the woods every year to ameliorate the pasturage: a circumstance which has contributed much to the expulsion and extinction of the game.

The regularity of their institutions, like every thing concerning the Indians, has been much misrepresented by news-paper writers and missionaries. It is a part of Indian manners never directly to oppose any proposition which a stranger makes to them. Missionaries anticipating open hostility to their schemes of reformation, have mistaken their supine indifference for an intelligent acquiescence; when the delusion has vanished, they accuse these poor people of insincerity, and hold them to be incorrigible barbarians. They are the dupes of their own sanguine credulity.

The Cherokees cannot be said to have any regular system of government, laws, or even permanent customs which supplies the place of laws in some nations. Such authority as exists, is in the chiefs, who are not, as has been imagined, made such by popular elections, but are called to this station by other chiefs in council. How they were originally appointed, cannot be ascertained; for their traditions scarcely ever extend back through three complete genera-

\* It has often been remarked how fallacious conjectures of population are. Cook estimated the number of inhabitants of Otaheité at 100,000. It has since been successively reduced to 49,000, 16,000, and finally to 5,000.

tions. The authority of the chiefs can be exercised only in war or in council;\* and even there, they have no other power than the indirect influence which superior age, wisdom, address, courage or eloquence confer in all societies.† In the year 1815, there were two principal chiefs; Too-che-la (flute) of the upper Cherokees, and Ne-nau-ta (path-killer) of the lower. These Agamemnons, who are represented by the romantic journalists of the time, as wide ruling kings, have in fact no superior power, rank, respectability or emolument, in peace or war; they enjoy by the courtesy of a tacit acquiescence, a kind of nominal dignity.

The nation is divided into clans or smaller associations. Matters of general interest are debated in the great national council which meets once a year: smaller affairs are adjusted by the clans which they more immediately concern. All the individuals composing a clan, are considered members of the same family, and marriage between them is regarded as a species of incest.

Their civil jurisprudence has been imported among them by the white emigrants, and is peculiar to the Cherokees. A debt which can be proved to be due, is exacted from an unwilling debtor by an application on the part of the creditor to the justices in Eyre, who are a troop of light horse called *un-ut-le-ke-hau-kee* (or riders of the circuit.) These seize as much of the property of the debtor as will satisfy the demand. I did not understand that they had a right to confine the person in case he had no property. In this respect, their laws are more humane than our own. They ride their judicial circuits once a year regularly, and oftener if occasion require.

Retaliation is the principle of their criminal code. When an individual is killed, a relative of the deceased kills the murderer. Public opinion does not require a smaller injury than the murder of a relation to be resented. Even in this case, the power of the nation is not pledged to stop the evil at the first retaliation, for a relation of the person last killed may still revenge the death of his friend, and so on, without end. Hence, if the family of the first murderer be most powerful, the crime goes unpunished, or the guilty person ransoms his own life by offering in atonement that of a slave, instead of a pecuniary compensation, as among the early Germans. Of this, a memorable instance happened but a little while before our visit. There was a rich and powerful leader of the name of Van, who had long tyrannised over his neighbours by committing acts of the most wanton barbarity; one of them was, that of shooting a person sitting in his own door, for the sake of trying a newly purchased gun. None of these outrages had been resented; for his wealth, his power, his courage, and the number of his dependants had made his name terrible to all around him. At length there arose a rival chieftain, with a soul as dark, and as

\* Cæsar says of the Germans 'in pace nullus communis est magistratus.' (De Bel. Gal. lib. vi. c. 23.)

† Like the ancient German chiefs they govern 'auctoritate suadendi, magis quam jubendi potestate.' Tac. de Mor. Ger. c. ii.

implacable; as cruel and capricious in its resentments—his name was Saunders. He had already butchered Double Head, [chu-qua-lu-tau-gee,] by shooting and tomahawking him with circumstances too barbarous to be related. He waited with a cowardly prudence his opportunity to kill Van: he shot him when he was drunk.—Fearing that the terror of his name and the power of his clan, might prove unavailing against the fury of Van's family, exasperated as it was by the perfidy of the act, he propitiated their vengeance by offering them a negro man as an expiatory sacrifice.—The offer was accepted—a negro slave for a murdered father, husband and brother; and the poor negro was butchered in turn, by having a tomahawk driven to his heart.

It is no excuse of a homicide, that it is accidental. A husband by mischance killed his wife with a ball that glanced obliquely from a tree; a brother of the wife thought it his duty to shoot the husband in retaliation. It is certain that crimes are often concealed, even in the most enlightened nations, under the pretext of accident. Before the *Code Napoleon* was in force in France, it had been observed, that cases of parricide were more frequent there, in proportion to other murders, than in the adjoining nations. By the new code, even accidental parricide was punished with death. From that moment the accident became less frequent. The law was the less cruel in its operation; as in cases in which the accident was manifest, the emperor could pardon the accused.

The Cherokees estimate relationship through the maternal line only. A son therefore is not allowed to revenge the murder of a father, though he is required to punish that of a mother, a sister, or a brother.

Their ideas of property are extremely rude. The land is the domain of the nation in its aggregate character. An individual has only the *dominium utile* in as much as he can enclose. In the hunting state the property in the land ought of course to be common, for the land is only of use because it furnishes game; and as the right to the game as long as it is at large, is common to all, it becomes vested in a particular person, only by possession. Those who have disputed (and Mr. Locke is one of them) whether the right of property was originally founded in consent, or prior occupancy, have forgotten that the very recognition of occupancy as deciding the right, implies a consent that such shall be the rule. This acquiescence among the Cherokees extends to but a few objects, and is doubtless the result of that moral arithmetic which in things essential to our existence, induces us to observe its rules, without the sanction of a coercive authority: just as principles of politeness are held sacred by well educated gentlemen.

The property of husband and wife (a relation which I shall presently explain) is as distinct as that of any other individuals: they have scarcely any thing in common.

There is no established order of inheritance. After the death of the parents, the relations of the father or mother take away from the children whatever they wish. Montesquieu has said, no

particular order of inheritance is prescribed by natural law; for that law only binds parents to support their children so long as they live. It is difficult to perceive why they are not under an equal obligation to secure as far as they have power, the means of subsistence to their infants after their death. Human institutions have scarcely differed more in any thing, than in the limitations which they have imposed on the power of making wills. Justinian calls that a barbarous law which prefers males to females in the order of inheritance; yet, it is the code of modern Europe.—Whatever political reasons may have existed to require such a law, there can be none in nature; and if the law be necessary to a particular system, it only proves such a system to be unjust. This preposterous canon of descents, will continue the longer, merely from the accidental circumstance that daughters lose the family name by marriage. By the Roman law a testator could not entirely disinherit his child, except for particular specific reasons: it seems to be a just restraint on the caprice of parents. But it is unimaginable, that any system of succession, however arbitrary, could be so bad as none at all: and the fact of there being none among the Cherokees, is a great hindrance to the progress of their improvement. In civilized life, the strongest inducement to an unmarried man to labour, is, that he may acquire the means of supporting a wife; and of a married one, that he may leave something to his children. These two hopes give interest to life, and sustain and encourage industry. It is by the operation of these two incentives combined, perhaps, with others, that a large part of every civilized society has something accumulated in anticipation of future wants; this accumulation affords leisure, and leisure the means of improvement; while savages, who are incessantly occupied in providing against immediate and pressing necessities, can never do more than barely subsist.

Some equivalent has been sought for these disadvantages in the superior liberty which savages are supposed to enjoy. It has indeed grown into a political axiom, that on entering into social relations, we relinquish a portion of our natural rights, in order to secure the rest. But it is difficult to discover what natural rights the Cherokees would surrender by such a change. They certainly would not abridge the enjoyment of their personal rights; for now their persons are at the mercy of every one; and there is no remedy for an injury to it, but the chastisement or murder of the offender; and no security whatever exists, that this chastisement, and this murder, will not in fact be inflicted on the party already injured. It is like the liberty we have of fighting a duel with a person who has murdered a father: but are we not more free, because we can arraign the murderer and have him executed without risk to our own lives? As to the right of possession, we are told that in the savage state this is enjoyed without limitation; for there exists a 'right of each to every thing.' But as Quesnay well observes, this right of each to every thing, is like that of a swallow to all the gnats which float in the atmosphere; a right,

which in fact is limited to those he can catch, and preserve, or consume. In this more accurate sense, the right of possession in the savage state, will be very confined, because it will be restricted to what each can acquire and protect by his personal strength: whereas, the social compact, pledges the whole force of the society to protect each member of it, in the full enjoyment of every thing lawfully acquired. Cicero therefore speaks not only like an orator but a philosopher, in saying, '*Legum denique idcirco omnes servimus, ut liberi esse possumus.*' The Cherokees then have none of those political institutions which are necessary for the protection of person and property. Let us examine for a moment their domestic relations.

We have been amused from our childhood with affecting stories of tender passions, and romantic constancy, between the sexes of savage nations. Their intercourse among the Cherokees furnishes a mortifying refutation of all these delightful visions. 'There is no synonym in their language for love, and there cannot be imagined a more contemptuous profanation of its most sacred rites, than the uniform habits of the nation in both sexes. 'The relation of husband and wife, consecrated in our minds by habitual reverence, hallowed by the most imposing solemnities of religion,—the holy and mysterious tie which unites in indissoluble union the moral elements of the world, which sustains and invigorates our tenderest sympathies and most exalted sentiments—cannot be said to exist at all among the Cherokees. All the fine feelings which the advocates of the superiority of the natural state have assigned to this primitive stage of our social existence, as its peculiar attributes, are, in fact, refinements, of civilization, and have no reality in that state to which they are supposed exclusively to belong. The ray of amorous and poetic fire which Gray triumphantly hailed as having

' Broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shiv'ring natives' dull abode,'

has never dawned upon the feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky maids of the Hiwassee.

The word in their language nearest to *husband*, is *aus-te-kee*—(the man who lives with me.) In most cases only a metaphorical expression, and equally applicable to three or four men at the same time.

Children can consequently never know their fathers with certainty, nor fathers their children. Hence the relation of father and child cannot subsist, because that of husband and wife does not. It is then in perfect conformity with this system, that the ancient English law which supposed the mother to be no relation of the child, should be inverted, and that here, the father should be held none.

When we see that the Cherokees, the most advanced of all the tribes which border on our frontier, have hardly one of the numberless moral ingredients which enter into the very complicate



mass of civilized society, we may well pause a moment before we begin to sing *pæans* of praise, on nations reclaimed from ignorance and barbarism. In order to reform them, we must know what reformation is needed. I act the part of a candid, though not of a flattering physician, when I suggest that much, nay, that almost every thing yet remains to be done. It is a mistake to imagine a nation civilized because it has black cattle, or plants a few potatoes in the weeds, or spins a gross of broaches of very indifferent cotton. The arts which vary so much in countries equally civilized, are but particular modes in which human intelligence and skill manifest themselves. Civilization relates more to the moral qualities of man, and to his social institutions, than to the particular mode in which he gratifies his wants. Pyrrhus saw across the Lylis that the Romans were no barbarians, though they had neither artillery, steam boats, balloons, gas lights, tea, coffee, nor sugar. Since the modifications under which civilized societies have existed have been almost infinite, we must in order to know what constitutes the essence of civilization, find some qualities which have been common to them all.

As nothing contributes more to the progress and diffusion of social refinement than commerce, it was not extraordinary, that philosophers should ascribe its origin in particular countries, to facilities of commercial intercourse. Accordingly, we find them\* assuming it as a fact, that civilization began on the shores of the Mediterranean; and then explaining this assumption by the circumstance of that sea combining so many advantages for maritime communication, by reason of its being a great inlet, without tides, the basin of many rivers, &c. This reasoning is illustrated by the recent history of the British colonies in America, which followed the courses of bays and rivers. The colonies deriving first their subsistence, and afterwards their profit, from their intercourse with Britain, which could only be by water, furnish no argument whatever whence we can deduce the causes of original refinement. Now that our population is independent of Britain, it no longer follows water courses, but fertile land. We have every reason to doubt, nay, even to disbelieve, that the shores of the Mediterranean were the first civilized portions of the earth. The records of the Hindoos, and the Chinese, carrying their sciences to a very remote antiquity, rather induce us to believe, that the arts were transmitted from Hindostan to Arabia and Persia, and thence to Egypt. It is also a circumstance not unworthy of observation, that Egypt is precisely that part of Africa which touches on Asia. Now supposing Asia to have been first civilized, and without great improvements in navigation, the arts could have been carried into Africa by no other way than the isthmus of Suez. This goes far to prove, that the civilization of Egypt was received by transmission; for if it was original, no adequate reason can be assigned why it should begin in Africa, exactly at the point of contact with Asia.

\* See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, B. I.

And if it was original in Hindostan, it was not because the Indus, and the Ganges offered greater advantages for commercial intercourse than the Nile, the Jennisea, the Oby, the Amoor, the Hoan-ho, the Kian kew, the Amazons, and the Mississippi: But (if we may be allowed to conjecture in so doubtful a case) because Nature had showered with a more bountiful hand on the shores of Asia than elsewhere, productions proper for the sustenance of man. The nutritious Cerealia and fruits of that prolific climate enabled the human race to multiply more rapidly there than in less favoured countries. Increased numbers and the increased intercourse arising from them, made those institutions necessary, without which men cannot exist in crowded societies. Necessity, as the proverb says, is the mother of invention, and so soon as they became necessary, men discovered and adopted them. Hence it is that civilization has begun all over the world, as far as we know, in genial climates and productive soils. The American tribes which had made the greatest progress were under the tropics and not near the pole; were in a high country, and not on the lakes where the hypothesis of Mr. Smith would have induced us to look for them. Nor do commerce and civilisation advance with equal pace. The Phenicians, and Carthaginians, had an earlier and a much more extended commerce than the Greeks and Romans, but they were certainly less refined. The great advantages of navigation have been set forth with a more philosophical discernment by Bacon. He considers commerce not so much as refining the particular nation which carries it on, but as one of the great means for advancing mankind generally in the sciences—as an instrument for diffusing rather than creating knowledge. It is in this sense that he says the prophecy of Daniel, *Plurimi pertransibunt et multiplex erit scientia*, has been in part fulfilled. For in the very same paragraph, he acknowledges the superiority of the ancients, though they certainly had less commerce than the moderns—a superiority which it was reserved for his genius to dispute, and finally to overcome.

It does not appear then, that civilization inheres essentially and inseparably either in commerce or in the arts, though it is intimately connected with both. And whether it originated in necessity, or in the intercourse which resulted from the multiplication of the species, it must have had some intrinsic advantages which prevented the relapse of mankind into barbarism, or it could not have been preserved. The principal of these benefits are, greater security for our personal rights, and the enjoyment of property. These great fundamental objects which lawgivers and rulers have accomplished in an infinite variety of modes, and no doubt from very different motives, are inseparable from our idea of a civilized community. The institutions which have been adopted for this purpose, may be all included under the comprehensive heads, the *civilization of Asia and of Europe*; and the latter may be divided into that of *ancient and that of modern Europe*. We know very little of Asiatic institutions in their origin or indeed until a late



period of time. Of this much, however, we are certain, that the nations of Asia have advanced so little since our earliest acquaintance with them, that we must infer, there is something radically vitious in their institutions. For, whatever plausibility there may be in the celebrated hypothesis of Montesquieu, which ascribes the fatal servitude, and eternal degeneracy under which they linger rather than live, to the operation of climate and surface, powerful arguments may be urged for its refutation. A theory, which is contradicted by one well established fact, is as certainly untrue, as if it were repugnant to all the phenomena. Now, much of Asia has as fine, and indeed almost exactly the same climate as Italy and Greece; yet Italy has been once mistress of the world, and twice the restorer of the arts. These countries have the same climates now that they had when they governed and enlightened the earth:—physical Greece is the same now that it was when Homer sung—when Aristotle and Euclid reasoned—when Demosthenes harangued—and when Epaminondas bled. Italy has not become more voluptuous in its climate since Manlius was expelled the Roman senate for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter; or since the eloquence of Cicero filled Rome with rapture, and the world with his renown. If the enervating influence of climate be constant, its invigorating energy must be constant also: and for the very reason that Persia has been doomed to perpetual despotism, Greece should have remained for ever free. But neither one nor the other has been the case. The temples of Athens, and the tombs of her heroes are profaned by the footsteps of tyrants and of slaves. Nor can this affecting revolution in the fortune of one of the most splendid nations which has existed, be ascribed wholly to conquest. The spirit of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis had fled before the final reduction of Greece to a foreign power. The difference of Asiatic from European civilization must then be explained by some other cause than the difference of climate, for we find the same spirit in different climates, and different spirits in the same climate.

The fundamental institution in which Asia and Europe are most unlike, is that of marriage: and of all possible institutions it is probably that which has the most direct influence on all the others, and indeed on the whole moral and political system of a nation. Without some institution of marriage, no social system could be preserved from detestable vices, if indeed it could exist at all. The next thing to having no such institution as marriage, is to allow a plurality of wives or Polygamy, which is common in most of the eastern nations. Where the heart is never softened by those affecting lessons of parental love, to which we ever recur with new delight and improvement;\* where filial piety is

\* This sentiment has prompted some of the finest lines of Pope.

‘ Me let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of declining age;  
With lenient arts extend a mother’s breath,  
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death:  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!’

never practised with that singleness of devotion which can spring only from having the object of its veneration not merely designated as an idol which can never be mistaken, but separated from every other; it is no wonder to find a people cold, cruel, and perfidious tyrants when in power, and slaves out of authority. It is a fit thing in a moralist of such a nation, to burst into an apostrophe of rapture, in admiration of one whose virtue can resist the temptation to violate a woman who is found alone.\* When the first circle of our affections is broken, it would be absurd to expect a Curtius, a Decius, a Codrus, or a Brutus. It is only in a nation capable of producing mothers like Cornelia, and daughters like the Roman heroine, (who is celebrated by Valerius Maximus as having gone every day to the prison in which her father was condemned to starve, for the pious purpose of sustaining an exhausted parent with the milk of her own bosom,) that prodigies of patriotism or friendship can exist. There is no essential, fundamental distinction between the institutions of Asia and Europe, which can explain the very opposite phenomena which they have constantly exhibited through a succession of so many ages, but this of polygamy. Both the Greeks and Romans confined themselves to one wife until the reign of Valentinian, about 370 years after the christian æra. And though his edict allowed a plurality of wives, the privilege seems to have been little used, even while it continued; and the decree was repealed in a few years by Theodosius.

It is a pleasure to turn from the disgusting details of eastern voluptuousness and profligacy, to the more refined morality of our European ancestry: And I hope you will pardon me for considering a moment the particular causes which gave this ascendancy to Greece and Rome, and rendered them in fact the authors of the intellectual and moral regeneration of mankind.

Ancient Greece, (in which I do not include Macedonia,) was a peninsula, extending between the Archipelago and Ionian sea; the Pelopponesus was very nearly separated from the continent; and the Isthmus between the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs being but a few miles wide, we could not select a spot on the whole map of Europe more fit to be the cradle of its civilization and of its glory. The Greeks could, by the very figure of their country,† easily defend themselves from the barbarians on the north, and on all the other sides they were accessible only by sea. With a genial climate and fertile soil, population increased, civil institutions became necessary; the germ was imported, and every thing being apt for its development, it soon expanded into a luxuriance and maturity which those of few nations have ever attained. Having no exact local sections, the Greeks naturally spoke nearly the same language,

\* This is actually done by a classical writer of China. See Du Halde and Montesquieu.

† This idea is suggested by a fine reflection in Burke's fragment of the history of England.

and had similar institutions and customs. The nature of their governments, and perhaps the temper of the people, forbade the extension of the same authority over a great surface. They were divided into many small republics. They vied with each other in arms; they were competitors for glory at the Olympic games, where the prowess and genius of many rival nations contended before the eyes of assembled Greece, for every species of distinction. There Pindar and Corinna showed the triumphs of genius in both the sexes—there Herodotus drew tears from Thucydides, as he listened to the recital of his history—there the concentrated public opinion of many nations, animated and exalted by the great theatre on which they acted, established what was tantamount to a national law by substituting moral principle for fraud and violence. This confederacy of emulous states was still farther cemented by the common respect paid to the Delphic oracle. We learn from Thucydides that the Lacedemonians entered into a war to restore the oracle to the Delphians; and that treaties often commenced with a reciprocal vow to protect the liberty of Delphi. For this jealousy there were strong political reasons. The oracle might have been converted into an instrument of oppression, if Delphi had been subjected to the will of a particular state. Greece then was more civilized than surrounding nations, because its people were more intimately associated; and this was, because its climate and soil gave it a considerable population which was on all sides guarded and compressed by physical barriers. Much also, no doubt is due to the early lawgivers, the Solons and Lycurgus' of the several states, who, with a prophetic genius incorporated into the systems those moral elements which liberalize ambition, and expand the heart. But, had Greece been on all sides assailable by the Persians, it could never have reached the power, the refinement, and the splendour, to which it attained. A nation, therefore, must not only have good institutions, but ability to preserve them.

Italy had still greater physical advantages than Greece, by its geographical situation. Civilization was carried from Greece to Italy, as it had been before carried from Egypt to Greece. The Alps fenced out for many ages the flood of northern invasion. Had not this barrier been interposed the Romans could not so long have defied the envy and the hatred of these Barbarians, who afterwards subverted the empire.

The refinement which Rome imported from Greece, and which in many respects she improved,\* was spread over Europe in seven centuries of civilizing conquests. When that great empire was dismembered, Europe resolved itself by new political affinities into many small monarchies. The universal dominion of Rome enabled it to throw off all responsibility to human opinion. There was no neutral territory in which the victim of imperial despotism might claim the protection due to persecuted innocence. The equality subsisting be-

\* Both Polybius, and Dionysius Halicarnassensis, admit the superior domestic morality of the Romans.

tween the governments of modern Europe rendered the rulers of each in some degree responsible to the judgment of surrounding nations. Separated as these monarchies were by natural boundaries and political institutions, they were still united by the christian religion; and though their respective populations were never, like the Greeks, blended together in olympic games; the crusades, the pilgrimages, the celebrated universities, the common respect paid to the pope, &c. offered points of adhesion sufficient to diffuse the spirit and refinement which had revived in Italy, throughout the continent. These general causes operated more rapidly and more successfully in particular portions of Europe, than in others, from the great qualities of their early rulers. Thus the genius and heroic enterprise of Charlemagne accelerated the progress of the arts in France in the eighth century, and contributed to diffuse, though faintly, the rays of civilization beyond the Rhine.

But to return to the Cherokees. Being now nearly surrounded by the descendants of Europeans, they are no longer in danger of incursions from barbarous enemies: and it is not to be supposed that there is any such difference between the varieties of the human race as that any portion of it is utterly unsusceptible of civilization. Let us at least adopt the hypothesis most favourable to them, and endeavour to infuse into them the true spirit of refinement. For it is manifest, that to attempt the reformation of savages by teaching them the arts, which are often the irksome effects of civilization, will be to begin at the wrong end. He who should pretend to teach surveying in a country where there was no property in land, or navigation where there were neither ships, seamen, nor water, would be looked upon as little better than a madman. Yet they who are at infinite pains in teaching the Indians to read, commit nearly the same absurdity. There is no intercourse among them which renders letters necessary, and to love letters for the pleasure they afford, is one of the last refinements of intellectual improvement. The arts are for the gratification of our wants; they must feel the wants before they can value the arts which supply them.

Nature has made us sufficiently careful of our individual interests. The morality which it is the part of education to inculcate, refers principally to our relation with others. It teaches us to respect the rights both of person and of property of every individual. The first personal relation in the order of nature, and the nearest which individuals can have, is that of husband and wife; which gives rise to the next, of parent and child. Here our moral obligations have their origin, and flowing as from a fountain, stream and branch into the order of our duties, connecting individuals, and families, and nations, and generations. As I have before said, neither of these relations subsists among the Cherokees. The father does not know his child, nor consequently the child his father. Reformation must therefore begin by instituting marriage as a solemn and inviolable compact. Respect for it will impose salutary restraints on the brutal propensities of savage man. It is it which

teaches us to sacrifice an apparent self interest to a liberal and honorable feeling: if not the creator of moral sentiment, it purifies and exalts it. In marriage, self interest and social duty are first interwoven in that exquisite tissue which leads us as with a clue, unconsciously to tread the mazes of the one while we imagine we are following directly the other. A wife and children humanize the heart, not only by the immediate intercourse which must subsist between husband and wife, parent and child, but incidentally also, by extending and multiplying those relations which leave it more in the power of every individual to do us injuries and favours. At the same time they make us more happy; they make our happiness depend more on others, and consequently render it our interest to conciliate their good opinion by reciprocal kindness and affection. The truth of this is strikingly illustrated in civilized life, where those who have grown old without forming such connexions are proverbially selfish, morose, and ill natured; though there are certainly cases in which particular individuals of extraordinary enlargement of mind, and of a sort of sublimity of moral character, extend their sympathies with a general benevolence to all mankind. But it must be remembered that they have been formed in the school of the social virtues.

The selfish principle is left to its full operation in savage life, without the salutary counteraction of any opposing one. This explains some of their customs. The prejudice against marrying into the same clan is not a moral aversion, but a mere regulation of policy, designed to extend the connexions, and consequently the influence of the clan. Again; it is, perhaps, a sentiment of filial piety which creates reverence to age, which savages invariably want, though deference to power has been often mistaken for it. I was struck, at a house at which we lodged, with finding a very old warrior seamed and disfigured with scars, nearly consumed by disease, lying on a deer skin in an open porch. The young persons about him, instead of soothing the sorrows of their dying chief, by cheering the languors of decrepitude and age, amused themselves by singing and dancing near him, as if in mockery of his infirmities. I was the more interested in the fate of the old man, because he was the best antiquarian we found in the nation. By means of an interpreter we extracted from him information, which we asked in vain of another intelligent chief above forty years of age. So soon do traditions perish. It is a melancholy consideration, that the aged of so large a portion of the world are left to die, often from inattention, amidst the unfeeling revelry of the young—and that all the children of many nations are orphans from their birth. All this is owing to the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes; or what is nearly as bad, a plurality of wives, which has ever been so constant a concomitant of the barbarous state, that Tacitus remarks it as a peculiarity of the Germans, that they were content with one wife, and for this very reason perhaps, they were no barbarians.\*

\* *Nam prope soli barbarorum singulis uxoribus contenti sunt. De Mor. Ger. c. 18.*



The next necessary element of civilization is respect for property. This is in some degree the result of the social system which follows marriage. Let us, however, accelerate it by wise institutions. Let us teach them permanently to possess, improve, and transmit lands as the most fixed and durable of our possessions.

Respect for marriage rites, and property once established, the germ of civilization is complete; a germ which may, like every other, develop itself in an infinite variety of ways, according to the accidental combination of circumstances which accompany its growth; but sufficient of itself to ensure the existence of a regular society under some one of its various modifications.

At present the Cherokees look upon marriage as a deplorable servitude of the men,—whom they consider to be the natural masters to the women;—and upon all separate possession of land as a violation of their natural rights. Under such a system, though they may glut every market with bullocks, and spin ever so fine a thread, they will not be more civilized than when Columbus discovered America, and they chased buffalo instead of cattle, and wore panther skins instead of cloth.

I shall say nothing of the schemes for converting them to christianity, because the exertions of the missionaries are too disinterested and too honorable to be depreciated. But the institutions of the Indians must be altered before they can be converted to our religion. There is almost a solecism in words when we speak of adultery where there is no marriage—theft where there is no property—and murder where it is not only allowable, but praiseworthy to kill.

The worthy enthusiasts who have thought to civilize barbarians by the arts, have been grossly deceived in the success of their experiment. The Cherokees have to be sure a few looms, on which the white emigrants for the most part weave a very indifferent cotton cloth. It was particularly injudicious to introduce at the outset, labour so irksome and solitary as that of the loom. We should have given them a more social employment, where the advantages of co-operation would be manifest and striking. It is highly important to bring individuals into friendly contact. Improvement is diffused through the different classes of society nearly in the direct ratio of the intercourse between their members. Commercial information is nearly equal throughout the trading part of the world, because there is constant correspondence between merchants of all countries, while it is not uncommon to see the agriculture of one country 30 or 40 years behind that of an adjoining one, because agriculturists do not correspond with one another, and are from necessity secluded from the world. This want of information is not confined to their agricultural pursuits. They have less knowledge of other subjects than from their leisure they should have. They, more particularly than others, labour under the fatal error of relying entirely upon what is called *plain practical sense*, to the exclusion of all general principles, which are discarded under the reproachful appellation of *theory*. These gentlemen

of *plain practical sense* do not perceive that they are guilty of the absurdity of preferring their own experience to that of all mankind. The theory of a science is nothing but a compilation of general rules derived from an infinite number of experiments and observations; and no theory is sound which does not correspond with the results of such experiments and observations. Let not farmers refuse to employ the means for increasing the productiveness of the earth, because they have not discovered them.

Not only the labours, but the amusements of the Cherokees then, should be social. The principal sport in which they indulge, though in other respects as fine an athletic exercise as any known to the Greeks, is entirely a game of contention. I believe that more might be done towards reclaiming them from barbarism by judicious national games which should call them together in crowds three or four times a year, than by all the schools and all the looms with which we have supplied them.

The final catastrophe of this simple and interesting nation is susceptible of the following contingencies.

I. That they abandon their country as it is encroached on by their white neighbours, and exhibit a new succession of similar phenomena on some more western territory.

II. That they remain, mix with the white population, and lose both their colour and institutions.

III. That they remain separate from the white population, and attain a sufficient degree of civilization to be admitted into the American confederacy, or to establish a regular government of their own.

The first contingency will doubtless happen to a certain extent: indeed it has already begun. It may either continue until they disappear from their present territory entirely, or it may only accelerate the completion of one of the two remaining contingencies. The emigration of the Cherokees to the Arkansa, began at the close of the revolutionary war—when a few individuals who had enriched themselves by plunder in that long contest, chose rather to fly from their country, than make restitution of the stolen property. This colony has drawn to it many of the young and adventurous, who grew impatient under the approach of the white population. Their numbers are now considerable, and their habits the same with those of the original nation.

The second contingency will be facilitated by the preference which the Indians of both sexes manifest for the European race. It has already advanced very far. Difference of colour in the human race does not excite so inconquerable an aversion as the owners of negro slaves imagine. The Spaniards mixed with the Moors, and have since intermarried with the South American Indians.

The third, though to a certain extent a possible, is a very improbable contingency. The two first, the emigration of many of the natives, and the mixture of such as remain with the white population, will in a short time efface the colour and change the



savage habits of this nation. And the euthanasia of the Cherokees, which will probably be that of all the other tribes, will be, to lose every characteristic which distinguishes them from the European race; even their colour, and to be incorporated into the American republic.

When we consider how fruitless every individual attempt has proved, to correct the instincts of savage nature by the restraints of education, and the difficulty in all cases of sowing the seeds of improvement among barbarous nations, it may well be doubted whether the progress of emigration, and of their mixture with the white population, will not in every case be so much more rapid than their advancement in civilization, as to preclude even the possibility of any part of North America, ever exhibiting the phenomenon of a society of civilized aborigines. Should it do so, it would only retard, and could not prevent their ultimate disappearance. Nor indeed can I perceive the moral good or political advantage of preserving for ever the distinct varieties of the human race. It is rather to be desired that this original curse inflicted upon us, should be mercifully repealed, and that tribes and nations which have long lived in alienation and hostility, should gently be blended into one homogeneous people. At the same time, every one must commend the very laudable zeal with which our government, especially the executive branch of it, have laboured to reclaim this wretched nation to a happier system of life. It is surely an object worthy the ambition of any statesman to imitate the example of the first civilizers of mankind, by engrafting on their rude customs the great fundamental principles of social refinement, principles to which we are indebted for most that is good, and for all that is great or glorious in our nature.

The exertions of the Moravian missionaries are also particularly worthy of praise. They have laboured with zeal, and without ostentation, to diffuse the lights of revelation over this benighted portion of mankind.

The Cherokees correspond in their general personal appearance with the other Aborigines of North America. The men are straight, slender, well proportioned, but rather small. They have round limbs, shoulders rather narrow, and small feet and hands. The women, bent by untimely burthens, haggard with early toil, and withered by the rude shocks to which they are prematurely exposed, are truly ugly. The order of nature itself is inverted in this *state of nature*. The severest labours devolve on those who are least able to perform them.

It has been remarked that children are always graceful in their motions. There is undoubtedly an ease, an energy, and a certain grace, in the manners of our savages. Except when spoiled by their intercourse with profligate white people, they are seldom rude, and never constrained in their deportment. They have a dignity and elevation of carriage, with an air of complacency,

without assurance or arrogance; and however unused to their situation, never betray astonishment, or suffer from *mauvaise honte*.

It is pleasing to observe that barbarians as the native Americans were, they were not such monsters as the advocates of the theory of the degeneracy of American nature would make us believe. Though less advanced than the Gauls and Germans whom Cæsar describes, (for they had complicated institutions and the use of letters\*) they have no such terrible and ferocious customs.

So far as I am informed, no tribe of American savages recognise the authority of men to kill the women whom we call their wives, nor the children who are reputed theirs. The ancient Gauls did both. Even the relations of a deceased husband used to catechise the wife in a most insulting manner, as to the cause of his death; and if she could not give a satisfactory account of the matter, she was put to death with torture.† In these respects the Cherokees are more humane than the ancient Gauls or early Romans. The Romans sold their children, and were allowed to put to death such as were deformed at three years of age.

The hypothesis of the degeneracy of nature in the new continent, is now well explained. So long as the European colonies were confined to the sea coast, men and other animals pined under the influence of a noxious air. Now that the population has advanced beyond the mountains, it can vie in size, symmetry, activity, intelligence, and strength with the most favoured portions of Europe.

These are the principal reflections which occur to me after the lapse of two years since I was in the country of the Cherokees, without the intention at the time, of publishing any remarks on their institutions, for indeed I found very little which could amuse or instruct you. I shall be happy if my opinions can contribute to the adoption of better means for the amelioration of their condition.

The first village we reached in which we could be understood, on emerging from this wilderness of barbarism, was Athens in Georgia. The circumstance recalled to our minds the words of a Roman exile to a country once as uncultivated.

‘ Hic quoque sunt igitur Graiæ (quis crederet) urbes,  
‘ Inter inhumanæ nomina barbariæ.’

I was glad that my exile was not by the decree of a Roman emperor, but the suggestion of a capricious curiosity. It is gratified, and I assure you there is nothing so captivating in this golden age of society, as to induce me again to exchange the comforts of civilized life, for the privations and miseries of an Indian wigwam.

\* In describing the institutions of the Druids, Cæsar says ‘ publicis privatisque rationibus (Græcis) literis utuntur.’ Lib. vi. Bel. Gal.

† Cæsar. De Bel. Gal. Lib. vi.

ART. III. *On Acid Liquors and the Consequences of using them, particularly on WINE.*

SIR,

Much contest has arisen among the professors of medicine, whether diseases are to be attributed in any degree to the chemical qualities of the food taken into the stomach, and the liquids extracted from that food by the digestive and assimilating organs—or whether disease and perhaps life itself, be not exclusively owing to the operation of stimuli upon the living fibre of the animal body, producing, when in excess or in defect, morbid action. ‘Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?’ not I. Still, without pretending to enter minutely into this dispute, I should think that the blood and its stimulating qualities will be very different in two men, one of whom drinks a pint of water daily as the only liquid at his dinner, and another who drinks daily a bottle of porter and a pint of Madeira. A physician may talk about stimulus as much as he pleases, but the characters both of health and disease, are very different in a Hindoo who lives upon rice and water, and an European who swallows turtle-soup, beef-stakes, brandy and Port wine. Whatever properties of being stimulated the solids may possess, the fluids that stimulate them, must partake of the nature of the substances out of which they are extracted.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1811, p. 345, Mr. W. T. Brande, editor of the Journal of Science and the Arts, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, published a table showing the proportion of alcohol or spirit of wine contained in 100 parts by measure of the wines experimented on. The table is as follows:—

In the first column the Wine is specified; the second contains its specific gravity after distillation, the third exhibits the proportion of the pure spirit, which every hundred parts of the Wine contain.

| WINE.                | Specific gravity<br>after distillation. | Proportion of alco-<br>hol, per cent. by<br>measure. |
|----------------------|---|--|
| Port - - - - -       | 0,97616                                 | 21,40  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97532                                 | 22,30  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97430                                 | 23,39  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97400                                 | 23,71  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97346                                 | 24,29  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97200                                 | 25,83  |
| Madeira - - - - -    | 0,97810                                 | 19,34  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97616                                 | 27,40  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97380                                 | 23,93  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97333                                 | 24,42  |
| Sherry - - - - -     | 0,97913                                 | 18,25  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97862                                 | 18,79  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97765                                 | 19,81  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,97700                                 | 19,83  |
| Claret - - - - -     | 0,98440                                 | 12,91  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,98320                                 | 14,08  |
| Ditto - - - - -      | 0,98092                                 | 16,32  |
| Calcavella - - - - - | 0,97920                                 | 18,10  |

| WINE.           | Specific gravity<br>after distillation. | Proportion of alco-<br>hol, per cent. by<br>measure. |
|-----------------|---|--|
| Lisbon          | 0,97846                                 | 18,94  |
| Malaga          | 0,98000                                 | 17,26  |
| Bucellas        | 0,97890                                 | 18,49  |
| Red Madeira     | 0,97899                                 | 18,40  |
| Malmsey Madeira | 0,98090                                 | 16,40  |
| Marsala         | 0,97196                                 | 25,87  |
| Ditto           | 0,98000                                 | 17,26  |
| Red Champagne   | 0,98608                                 | 11,30  |
| White Champagne | 0,98450                                 | 13,80  |
| Burgundy        | 0,98300                                 | 14,53  |
| Ditto           | 0,98540                                 | 11,95  |
| White Hermitage | 0,97990                                 | 17,43  |
| Red Hermitage   | 0,98495                                 | 12,32  |
| Hock            | 0,98290                                 | 14,37  |
| Ditto           | 0,98873                                 | 8,88   |
| Vin de Grave    | 0,98450                                 | 12,80  |
| Frontignac      | 0,98452                                 | 12,79  |
| Cote Roti       | 0,98495                                 | 12,32  |
| Rousillon       | 0,98005                                 | 17,26  |
| Cape Madeira    | 0,97924                                 | 18,11  |
| Cape Muschat    | 0,97913                                 | 18,25  |
| Constantia      | 0,97770                                 | 19,75  |
| Tent            | 0,98399                                 | 13,30  |
| Sheraz          | 0,98176                                 | 15,52  |
| Syracuse        | 0,98200                                 | 15,28  |
| Nice            | 0,98263                                 | 14,63  |
| Tokay           | 0,98760                                 | 9,88   |
| Raisin Wine     | 0,97209                                 | 25,77  |
| Grape Wine      | 0,97925                                 | 18,11  |
| Currant Wine    | 0,97696                                 | 20,55  |
| Gooseberry Wine | 0,98550                                 | 11,84  |
| Elder Wine      | 0,98760                                 | 9,87   |
| Cyder*          | 0,98760                                 | 9,87   |
| Perry           | 0,98760                                 | 9,87   |
| Brown stout     | 0,99116                                 | 6,80   |
| Ale             | 0,98873                                 | 8,88   |
| Brandy          | 0,93544                                 | 53,39  |
| Rum             | 0,93494                                 | 53,68  |
| Hollands        | 0,93865                                 | 51,60  |

This table he afterwards corrected as follows in the 8th and 9th numbers of the Journal above mentioned.

*Table exhibiting the average Quantity of Spirit in different kind of Wine. By W. T. BRANDE, Esq. Sec. R. S. &c.*

\* Since the publication of the researches upon the state of spirit in fermented liquors, contained in the Philosophical Transactions for the

\* The proportion of spirit, which may be attained from Cyder, Ale, and Porter (or Brown Stout) is subject to considerable variation in different samples: the number given for each, in this table, is therefore the mean of several experiments, as it did not seem necessary to specify them separately.

years 1811 and 1813, I have through the kindness of different friends had ample opportunities of extending my experiments, and to my former list of wines, already copious, a few additions have been made, of which I have from time to time given notice, and which are put down in the following table. It does not seem necessary, in this place, to allude to the experimental details, nor to notice the precautions required in conducting the distillations, as these are fully given in the papers above noticed, I have therefore omitted the column, which will be found in the Philosophical Transactions (1811, page 345.) showing the specific gravity of the distilled liquor, upon which the calculations are founded.

|                             | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |                             | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |
|-----------------------------|--|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Lissa . . .              | 26,47  | 19. Calcavella . . .        | 19,20  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 24,35  | Ditto . . .                 | 18,10  |
| Average                     | 25,41  | Average                     | 18,65  |
| 2. Raisin wine . . .        | 26,40  | 20. Vidonia . . .           | 19,25  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 25,77  | 21. Alba Flora . . .        | 17,26  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 23,20  | 22. Malaga . . .            | 17,26  |
| Average                     | 25,12  | 23. White Hermitage . . .   | 17,43  |
| 3. Marsala . . .            | 26, 3  | 24. Rousillon . . .         | 19,00  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 25, 5  | Ditto . . .                 | 17,26  |
| Average                     | 25, 9  | Average                     | 18,13  |
| 4. Madeira . . .            | 24,42  | 25. Claret . . .            | 17,11  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 23,93  | Ditto . . .                 | 16,32  |
| Ditto (Sercial) . . .       | 21,40  | Ditto . . .                 | 14,08  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 19,24  | Ditto . . .                 | 12,91  |
| Average                     | 22,27  | Average                     | 15,10  |
| 5. Currant wine . . .       | 20,55  | 26. Malmsey Madeira . . .   | 16,40  |
| 6. Sherry . . .             | 19,81  | 27. Lunel . . .             | 15,52  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 19,83  | 28. Sheraaz . . .           | 15,52  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 18,79  | 29. Syracuse . . .          | 15,28  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 18,25  | 30. Sauterne . . .          | 14,22  |
| Average                     | 19,17  | 31. Burgundy . . .          | 16,60  |
| 7. Teneriffe . . .          | 19,79  | Ditto . . .                 | 15,22  |
| 8. Celares . . .            | 19,75  | Ditto . . .                 | 14,53  |
| 9. Lachryma Christi . . .   | 19,70  | Ditto . . .                 | 11,95  |
| 10. Constantia, white . . . | 19,75  | Average                     | 14,57  |
| 11. Ditto, red . . .        | 18,92  | 32. Hock . . .              | 14,37  |
| 12. Lisbon . . .            | 18,94  | Ditto . . .                 | 13,00  |
| 13. Malaga (1666) . . .     | 18,94  | Ditto (old in cask) . . .   | 8,88   |
| 14. Bucellas . . .          | 18,49  | Average                     | 12,08  |
| 15. Red Madeira . . .       | 22,30  | 33. Nice . . .              | 14,63  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 18,40  | 34. Barsac . . .            | 13,86  |
| Average                     | 20,35  | 35. Tent . . .              | 13,30  |
| 16. Cape Muschat . . .      | 18,25  | 36. Champagne (still) . . . | 13,80  |
| 17. Cape Madeira . . .      | 22,94  | Ditto (sparkling) . . .     | 12,80  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 20,50  | Ditto (red) . . .           | 12,56  |
| Ditto . . .                 | 18,11  | Ditto (ditto) . . .         | 11,30  |
| Average                     | 20,51  | Average                     | 12,61  |
| 18. Grape wine . . .        | 18,11  | 37. Red Hermitage . . .     | 12,32  |

|   | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |                                    | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |
|---|--|------------------------------------|--|
| 38. Vin de Grave . . .  | 13,94  | samples . . .                      | 7,26   |
| Ditto . . .   | 12,80  | 47. Mead . . .                     | 7,32   |
| Average . . .   | 13,37  | 48. Ale (Burton) . . .             | 8,88   |
| 39. Frontignac . . .  | 12,79  | Ditto (Edinburgh) . . .            | 6,20   |
| 40. Cote Rotie . . .  | 12,32  | Ditto (Dorchester) . . .           | 5,56   |
| 41. Gooseberry wine . . .   | 11,84  | Average . . .                      | 6,87   |
| 42. Orange wine,—average<br>of six samples made by<br>a London manufacturer . . . | 11,26  | 49. Brown stout . . .              | 6,80   |
| 43. Tokay . . .   | 9,88   | 50. London Porter (average) . . .  | 4,20   |
| 44. Elder wine . . .  | 9,87   | 51. Ditto small beer (ditto) . . . | 1,28   |
| 45. Cyder, highest average . . .  | 9,87   | 52. Brandy . . .                   | 53,39  |
| Ditto lowest ditto . . .  | 5,21   | 52. Rum . . .                      | 53,68  |
| 46. Perry, average of four . . .  |  | 53. Gin . . .                      | 51,60  |
|   |  | 54. Scotch Whiskey . . .           | 54,32  |
|   |  | 55. Irish ditto . . .              | 53,90  |

\* Some omissions in the List of Wines given in the last Number will be found rectified in the following Table, exhibiting the average Quantity of Spirit (alcohol) in different kinds of Wine. By W. T. Brande, Esq. Sec. R. S. &c.

|                       | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |                                 | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |
|-----------------------|--|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. Lissa . . .        | 26,47  | 10. Lachryma Christi . . .      | 19,70  |
| Ditto . . .           | 24,35  | 11. Constantia, white . . .     | 19,75  |
| Average . . .         | 25,41  | 12. Ditto, red . . .            | 18,92  |
| 2. Raisin wine . . .  | 26,40  | 13. Lisbon . . .                | 18,94  |
| Ditto . . .           | 25,77  | 14. Malaga (1666) . . .         | 18,94  |
| Ditto . . .           | 23,20  | 15. Bucellas . . .              | 18,49  |
| Average . . .         | 25,12  | 16. Red Madeira . . .           | 22,30  |
| 3. Marsala . . .      | 26,03  | Ditto . . .                     | 18,40  |
| Ditto . . .           | 25,05  | Average . . .                   | 20,35  |
| Average . . .         | 25,09  | 17. Cape Muschat . . .          | 18,25  |
| 4. Port . . .         | 25,83  | 18. Cape Madeira . . .          | 22,94  |
| Ditto . . .           | 24,29  | Ditto . . .                     | 20,50  |
| Ditto . . .           | 23,71  | Ditto . . .                     | 18,11  |
| Ditto . . .           | 23,39  | Average . . .                   | 20,51  |
| Ditto . . .           | 22,30  | 19. Grape wine . . .            | 18,11  |
| Ditto . . .           | 21,40  | 20. Calcavella . . .            | 19,20  |
| Ditto . . .           | 19,00  | Ditto . . .                     | 18,10  |
| Average . . .         | 22,96  | Average . . .                   | 18,65  |
| 5. Madeira . . .      | 24,42  | 21. Vidonia . . .               | 19,25  |
| Ditto . . .           | 23,93  | 22. Alba Flora . . .            | 17,26  |
| Ditto (Sercial) . . . | 21,40  | 23. Malaga . . .                | 17,26  |
| Ditto . . .           | 19,24  | 24. White Hermitage . . .       | 17,43  |
| Average . . .         | 22,27  | 25. Rousillon . . .             | 19,00  |
| 6. Currant wine . . . | 20,55  | Ditto . . .                     | 17,26  |
| 7. Sherry . . .       | 19,81  | Average . . .                   | 18,13  |
| Ditto . . .           | 19,83  | 26. Claret Chateau Margot . . . | 17,11  |
| Ditto . . .           | 18,79  | Ditto . . .                     | 16,32  |
| Ditto . . .           | 18,25  | Ditto Lafite . . .              | 14,08  |
| Average . . .         | 19,17  | Ditto . . .                     | 12,91  |
| 8. Teneriffe . . .    | 19,75  | Average . . .                   | 15,10  |
| 9. Colares . . .      | 19,79  | 27. Malmsey Madeira . . .       | 16,40  |

|                                 | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |  | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent.<br>by measure. |
|---------------------------------|--|--|--|
| 28. Lunel . . . . .             | 15,52  | 42. Gooseberry wine . . . . .  | 11,34  |
| 29. Sheraaz . . . . .           | 15,52  | 43. Orange wine,—average<br>of six samples made by<br>a London manufacturer. | 11,26  |
| 30. Syracuse . . . . .          | 15,28  | 44. Tokay . . . . .  | 9,88   |
| 31. Sauterne . . . . .          | 14,22  | 45. Elder wine . . . . .   | 8,79   |
| 32. Burgundy . . . . .          | 16,60  | 46. Cyder, highest average   | 9,87   |
| Ditto . . . . .                 | 15,22  | Ditto (lowest ditto) . . . . .   | 5,21   |
| Ditto . . . . .                 | 14,53  | 47. Perry, average of four<br>samples . . . . .                              | 7,26   |
| Average . . . . .               | 14,57  | 48. Mead . . . . .   | 7,32   |
| 33. Hock . . . . .              | 14,37  | 49. Ale (Burton) . . . . .   | 8,88   |
| Ditto . . . . .                 | 13,00  | Ditto (Edinburgh) . . . . .  | 6,20   |
| Ditto (old in cask) . . . . .   | 8,88   | Ditto (Dorchester) . . . . .   | 5,56   |
| Average . . . . .               | 12,08  | Average . . . . .  | 6,87   |
| 34. Nice . . . . .              | 14,63  | Ditto (Lincolnshire) . . . . .   | 10,84  |
| 35. Barsac . . . . .            | 13,86  | Ditto (ditto) . . . . .  | 9,85   |
| 36. Tent . . . . .              | 13,30  | 50. Brown stout . . . . .  | 6,80   |
| 37. Champagne (still) . . . . . | 13,80  | 51. London Porter (average) . . . . .  | 4,20   |
| Ditto (sparkling) . . . . .     | 12,80  | 52. Ditto small beer (ditto) . . . . .                                       | 1,28   |
| Ditto (red) . . . . .           | 12,56  | 53. Brandy . . . . .   | 53,39  |
| Ditto (ditto) . . . . .         | 11,30  | 54. Rum . . . . .  | 53,68  |
| Average . . . . .               | 12,61  | 55. Gin . . . . .  | 51,60  |
| 38. Red Hermitage . . . . .     | 12,32  | 56. Scotch Whiskey . . . . .   | 54,32  |
| 39. Vin de Grave . . . . .      | 13,94  | 57. Irish ditto . . . . .  | 53,90  |
| Ditto . . . . .                 | 12,80  | 58. Hollands (genuine) . . . . .   | 56,00  |
| Average . . . . .               | 13,37  |  |  |
| 40. Frontignac . . . . .        | 12,79  |  |  |
| 41. Cote Rotie . . . . .        | 12,32  |  |  |

These tables are very important, in as much as they show the far more than suspected proportion of ardent spirit, which people take, who are habitually wine drinkers. Thus, a bottle of Madeira, appears from these experiments to contain at least one-fourth of a bottle of the strongest brandy. Now a man who being habitually a grog drinker, and who would take his beverage in the proportion of two or even three parts of *water* to one of fourth proof brandy, would be accounted very fond of the stimulus: but if three parts of *wine* be mixed with one part of such brandy, it passes off as a moderate liquor, very fit to make the dinner digest, which grave and sober men have indulged in. Thus verifying the old adage, that one man may more safely steal a horse, than another can look over the hedge!

The subject has been taken up by judge Cooper, in another point of view. He experimented on the quantity of *acid* taken into the stomach by persons who indulged in the daily use of wine: being of opinion as it should seem, that acids were one of the chief causes, though not the only cause of the disease called gout. A disease, which proteus-like, sometimes appears in the form of rheumatism, sometimes of colic, of erysipelas, of phlegmon, of herpes and impetigines, of inflammation of the kidneys, stone and gravel, spasm of the stomach, ophthalmia, &c. &c.; and which no quack-medicine is competent to cure, whether it be the compound of



bitters called Portland powder, the ginger tea of sir Joseph Banks, the Eau Medicinale of Dr. Husson, the Hellebore of Mr. Moore, or the Colchicum of sir Everard Home. They are all founded in ignorance of the general laws that regulate the physiology and pathology of the human system. The forms of gout are various; and so dissimilar, as to make us hesitate whether we should give a common name to diseases of such heterogeneous appearances. The disease is a diathesis, or constitution that has gradually become morbid; habitually, the consequence of some years of imprudence and indulgence; which sometimes occasions one part and sometimes another to be affected, as the particular part affected is less liable to resist the effect of morbid action. This gouty diathesis, or habitual morbid action producing local irregularities of the circulating fluids, may be relieved by medicine, but can only be cured by regimen; not by a medicine that is to operate as a charm. If a fit of the gout be taken off by the eau medicinale for instance, it is only to reappear with more force at a shorter period than usual. Judge Cooper took up the theory of acidity as one of the primary causes of gout, induced I suppose by his professional habit of considering subjects in a chemical point of view, and the change induced in the chemical nature of the fluids by particular modes of diet: and there is no doubt of his facts; or of his reasoning upon those facts so far as they go. But gout depends, not merely on acid and an acid state of the bodily fluids, which I believe are always present in gouty persons, but also on morbid action of the overloaded and highly stimulated solids; stimulated if you please into morbid action by acid secretions; whereby the blood is irregularly impelled, and local plethora and inflammation, for the most part, excited. Hence a fit of the gout, is in most cases, a salutary effort of nature to relieve the system; and we ought not suddenly to remove it if we could, where it affects a part that puts life in no danger; as the toe or the ankle.

In experimenting with wines, judge Cooper took four ounces by measure of the common vinegar used for domestic purposes, and saturated it with the salt of tartar of the shops, till it would no longer change the colour of litmus paper, either blue or red.

Four ounces of vinegar required of this salt of tartar to

|       |                      |   |   |   |   |            |
|-------|----------------------|---|---|---|---|------------|
|       | saturate it          | - | - | - | - | 193 grains |
| ————— | very good claret,    | - | - | - | - | 19         |
| ————— | good port wine,      | - | - | - | - | 21 1-3     |
| ————— | Madeira              | - | - | - | - | 24         |
| ————— | Fayal,               | - | - | - | - | 24         |
| ————— | Massala from Sicily, | - | - | - | - | 25 1-3     |
| ————— | Currant wine         | - | - | - | - | 25 1-3     |

Hence upon the average from  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  part of wine, consists of vinegar of the usual strength with that commonly used at table. This vinegar in wine, consists, partly of acetic acid, and partly of tartaric acid formed or developed during the fermentation of the juice of the grape, and which is contained in far greater quantity in new, than in old wines. Both these acids, appear to be con-

vertible by the usual processes of digestion and assimilation in the human body, into the lithic and phosphoric acids. The diathesis of gout occasions the lithic acid to be formed in morbid abundance. Hence the chalk stones of the gout, the gravel of the kidneys, and the stone in the bladder. Physicians who are chemists know this. Physicians who are not chemists, and who take for granted that the state and composition of the fluids of the body, have nothing to do with disease, will do well to reconsider their opinions.

About a year afterwards, Dr. Anthony Carlisle of London, F. R.S. F.S.A. F.L.S. with half a dozen more titles of honour annexed to his professional name, published an Essay on the disorders incident to old age; in which he takes the same view of the subject as judge Cooper has done: and his experiments are well worth presenting to the reader.

‘TABLE of the Medicinal Alkalies and Earths required to neutralize the Free Acids contained in certain Wines, and Malt Liquors.

| Port Wine.   | NEUTRALIZED BY              | Grains. | Drops by fluid measure. |
|--|-----------------------------|---------|-------------------------|
| A moderate sized glassful, containing two ounces avoirdupois wt. | Henry's calcined Magnesia - | 3½      | —                       |
|  | Carbonate of Potash -       | 6½      | —                       |
|  | Sub-carbonate of Soda -     | 4       | —                       |
|  | Prepared Chalk -            | 9       | —                       |
|  | Liquid Potash -             | —       | 11                      |
|  | Liquid Ammonia -            | —       | 13                      |
| Vidonia.<br>Two ounces, as above stated.                         | Henry's calcined Magnesia - | 5       | —                       |
|  | Carbonate of Potash -       | 7       | —                       |
|  | Sub-carbonate of Soda -     | 6       | —                       |
|  | Prepared Chalk -            | 12      | —                       |
|  | Liquid Potash -             | —       | 12                      |
|  | Liquid Ammonia -            | —       | 19                      |
| Sherry.<br>Two ounces, as above stated.                          | Henry's calcined Magnesia - | 3       | —                       |
|  | Carbonate of Potash -       | 5       | —                       |
|  | Sub-carbonate of Soda -     | 4½      | —                       |
|  | Prepared Chalk -            | 8       | —                       |
|  | Liquid Potash -             | —       | 9                       |
|  | Liquid Ammonia -            | —       | 11                      |
| London Draught Porter.<br>Two ounces, by weight as above.        | Henry's calcined Magnesia - | 5       | —                       |
|  | Carbonate of Potash -       | 3½      | —                       |
|  | Sub-carbonate of Soda -     | 3       | —                       |
|  | Prepared Chalk -            | 6       | —                       |
|  | Liquid Potash -             | —       | 6                       |
|  | Liquid Ammonia -            | —       | 10                      |
| Brewers' fresh Table Beer.<br>Two ounces, by weight as above.    | Henry's calcined Magnesia - | 2½      | —                       |
|  | Carbonate of Potash -       | 2       | —                       |
|  | Sub-carbonate of Soda -     | 2       | —                       |
|  | Prepared Chalk -            | 5       | —                       |
|  | Liquid Potash -             | —       | 4                       |
|  | Liquid Ammonia -            | —       | 6                       |

‘The Alkalis and Earths used in Medicine, as correctives for acidity in the stomach, and obtained from Apothecaries’ Hall, were preferred for obvious reasons.

‘Specimens of several kinds of good Wines from Gentlemen’s cellars were employed, without any regard to the years of vintage or the dates of bottling, and the average of numerous trials upon Wines of different qualitics are faithfully recorded.

‘Due time was always allowed for the operation of the tests, and much pains bestowed upon ascertaining the exact state of neutralization.

‘The facts elicited from those trials, being wholly intended for medicinal and dietetic application, all particular minutiae are intentionally omitted.

‘Some remarkable and unexpected discordances occurred in the relative proportions of Alkalis and Earth, required to neutralize different wines, and which may be owing to the varying affinities of native acids, derived from the fruits, and the acid products of fermentation, as they regarded the several tests.

‘The peculiar acids of Fermented Liquors being at present but imperfectly known to Chymists, some practical good may arise from this gross display of acid liquors, both in the adaptation of the medicinal doses of anti-acids, and in the choice of wines where disordered acidity of the stomach prevails.

‘The annexed table exhibits gross proofs of the quantity of Free Acid contained in some ordinary fruits, and which may serve as a dietetic indication; exclusive of the additional acid produced by fermentation in the stomach.

‘TABLE of the Medicinal Alkalis and Earths required to neutralize the Acid Juices contained in Lemons, Oranges, and certain Apples.

|                                    |                           |   | Grains. | Drops by measure. |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|---|---------|-------------------|
| For a common sized Lemon.          | NEUTRALIZED BY            |   |         |                   |
|                                    | Henry’s calcined Magnesia | - | 30      |                   |
|                                    | Carbonate of Potash       | - | 38      |                   |
|                                    | Sub-carbonate of Soda     | - | 34      |                   |
|                                    | Prepared Chalk            | - | 52      |                   |
|                                    | Liquid Potash             | - |         | 80                |
|                                    | Liquid Ammonia            | - |         | 92                |
| A common sized Sweet Orange.       | Henry’s calcined Magnesia | - | 12      |                   |
|                                    | Carbonate of Potash       | - | 9       |                   |
|                                    | Sub-carbonate of Soda     | - | 6       |                   |
|                                    | Prepared Chalk            | - | 16      |                   |
|                                    | Liquid Potash             | - |         | 15                |
|                                    | Liquid Ammonia            | - |         | 18                |
| An ordinary sized Nonpareil Apple. | Henry’s calcined Magnesia | - | 7       |                   |
|                                    | Carbonate of Potash       | - | 6       |                   |
|                                    | Sub-carbonate of Soda     | - | 5       |                   |
|                                    | Prepared Chalk            | - | 15      |                   |
|                                    | Liquid Potash             | - |         | 14                |
|                                    | Liquid Ammonia            | - |         | 16                |

‘The sum of these tabulated experiments may be practically reduced to the following conclusions. An average bottle of ordinary Port Wine contains as much acid as will demand  $38\frac{1}{2}$  grains of magnesia. or  $71\frac{1}{2}$  of carbonate of potash, to saturate it: or the free acid in a bottle of Port wine may be roughly computed as equal to that of two lemons, or four nonpareil apples.

‘A habit of drinking any diluent liquors very freely, appears to be pernicious; such fluids not only relax the stomach, but also present the best medium for fermentations of the most unwholesome kind.

‘Every medical man ought to possess more accurate knowledge of the disorders which have occurred in his own person, than of those which belong to others; and I am satisfied, from that source of experience, that acids not only act upon the stomach and its contents, but they likewise pervade the whole body. I have constantly had an eruption of serous pimples on the skin within two hours after eating crude fruits; and have repeatedly felt a gouty pain and swelling in the large joint of the great toe, while drinking half a pint of Claret; and similar facts have been mentioned to me by numerous patients.

‘If the gout should be a humoral disease, occasioned by alimentary acids, then the diet and the corrective remedies are obvious; and experience seems to support this notion. That the gout is not a disease wholly attributable to fermented liquors is certain, because many water drinkers, and restrictive vegetable eaters, are subject to its attacks; but, perhaps, the true source of gout in such temperate persons may be found in the crude and fermentable articles of their diet. It is both an act of justice to the public and myself to add, that my practice, whenever it has come in contact with gouty persons, has been governed by the preceding views, and attended with unvarying beneficial results.’

In these tables then, of Mr. Brande, judge Cooper, and Dr. Carlisle, we have a full view of the constitution and effects of wine as to the quantity of ardent spirit, and of acid it contains. Now, if the stimulus of ardent spirits be calculated to produce excessive action at first, and debility afterwards—and if an acid state of the fluids have a tendency to produce or exacerbate gout and stone, which are beyond all doubt, essentially acid disorders, then is it any wonder, that wine should produce morbid action, and acid fluids? and that acid fluids should give birth to acid calculi, and acid gout-stones?

The considerations suggested by these tables, are so obvious and so interesting, that I think your readers will be very glad to see them for the first time thus brought under one view; and be induced perhaps, not to quit the use entirely, but to use moderately a beverage, which is so mischievously agreeable.

The following verses in praise of wine, are true only, when that liquor is taken as a medicine, or in great moderation at meals. As applied to the common use of wine in this country, they are a collection of panegyrical falsehoods. It is more truly and appropriately said, that gout is the offspring of Bacchus and Venus; nor is the child a favourite either with father or mother. In good truth, Bacchus and his offspring, have great reason to be ashamed of each other.

Exhilarat vinum; nutrit quoque; viscera firmat;  
 Et facile in quævis corporis arcta meat:  
 Conquouit; et sumto mens fit generosior illo;  
 Pallida purpureo, membra colore nitent:  
 Indè redit vitæ novus halitus; inde senectus  
 Floreat; et numerat tempora longa coma.  
 Inde aucto fertur genitali semine quondam,  
 Mars Veneris niveum sollicitasse thorum.

*Harchius.*

C.

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ART. IV.—*American Poetry.*<sup>1</sup>—The Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions of Samuel Woodworth. Author of ‘The Champions of Freedom,’ &c. New York, 1818.

**T**HE literary productions of our country, seem at last to have taken a start; and we may now venture to hope, that the charge of barrenness which has been brought against the American mind, will be disproved. Poetry, in particular, which has heretofore been treated as an exotic, and bore evident marks of its foreign extraction, has of late been discovered in various quarters of the union, and cultivated with considerable success. It is true, that of the many poetical works which now issue from the press, there are few which will bear a comparison with the effusions of our trans-atlantic brethren: yet an impetus being once given, we have no doubt, that in a comparatively short time, poets equal to those of other nations will spring up. In the mean time, however, there will be numerous failures; and hundreds on whom the true inspiration hath not descended, will light their farthing candles at the eternal lamp of some great master, and successively disappear.

Of the works before us, we think that of Mr. Woodworth entitled to the preference: both from the marks of genius visible in it, and the situation and life of the author. From the memoirs which the publishers have prefixed to this volume, it appears that Mr. Woodworth was born at Scituate, in the state of Massachusetts, on the 13th of January, 1785, and was the youngest of four children. His father was a soldier in the revolutionary army; it need scarcely be added that he was poor, and therefore unable to give his children a sufficient education.

‘At the age of fourteen, the extent of our author’s acquirements was a partial knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. No school was taught in the village, except during the three winter months; and as a mistaken idea of economy always governed the selection of a teacher, he was generally as ignorant as his pupils.

‘During the above period, however, the subject of this short biographical sketch, had produced several trifling effusions in verse, in which his schoolmaster and the clergyman of the parish thought they discovered traits of genius which deserved encouragement and cultivation. He was therefore, with the approbation of his parents, placed under the care of this clergyman (the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas) for whom our author always professes the greatest respect, esteem, and gratitude. In

the amiable family of this excellent man, master Woodworth remained one winter, during which time he was taught the English and Latin grammars, and made some proficiency in the study of the classics; but the unprofitable employment of writing verses, considerably retarded his more useful pursuits. He preferred a puff of present praise, to a real future good; and his advancement in life has ever since been opposed by the same unpropitious attachment to an art, which

“ Found him poor at first, and keeps him so.”

‘ The reverend preceptor was so highly pleased with his pupil’s docility, quickness of apprehension and strength of memory, that he began to contrive ways and means for giving him a liberal education. It is true that his own salary was very limited; yet, after consulting with several of his more wealthy parishioners, he found so much reason to anticipate success, that he imparted the project to the enraptured boy, who could hardly contain his joy at the prospect of his most ardent wish being at length gratified.

‘ But the good clergyman and his unfortunate pupil were both destined to be disappointed. No one came forward to aid in the benevolent design—time rolled on—and his friends began to remind him that it would be necessary to learn some trade by which he might procure a livelihood. His feelings, at this time, could not have been pleasant, if we may be allowed to judge from the following extract from his poem of *NEW HAVEN*, published several years afterward, in which he alludes to the disappointment of his hopes of obtaining a collegiate education.

‘ And here the muse bewails her hapless bard,  
Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marr’d;  
For Hope once whisper’d to his ardent breast,  
“ Thy dearest, fondest wish, shall be possess’d;”  
Unfolded to his view the classic page,  
And all its treasures promised ripening age;  
Show’d Learning’s flowery path which led to Fame,  
Whose distant temple glitter’d with his name.  
Illusive all!—the phantom all believe,  
Though still we know her promises deceive;  
Chill penury convinced the wretch, too late,  
Her words were false, and his a hapless fate.’

He was at length bound apprentice to a printer in Boston, with whom he continued until the year 1806, occasionally indulging in his favourite pursuit, and contributing to the periodical publications under the signature of *Selim*. After failing in a plan which he meditated, of taking a tour of the United States, for the purpose of writing a description of his travels, he was compelled by the fear of a jail, to direct his views to the south. Accordingly having been furnished by a friend with sufficient funds to commence his tour, he set out with the expectation of finding employment in the way of his business, at the towns through which he was to pass, to enable him to reach New York. After repeated disappointments, he found himself at New Haven, with an empty purse, and fortunately procured a situation in the office of a printer. Here ‘ he again gave loose to his natural disposition, by scribing



bling verses, falling in love, and forming acquaintances;’ and having continued in the office about nine months, he resolved to undertake a literary publication of his own. Having procured a press and types, he commenced the hazardous enterprize, with the sanguine hopes of a young author. .

‘ We now behold him the editor, publisher, printer, and (more than once) carrier, of a weekly paper, entitled the *Belles-Lettres Repository*, dedicated to the ladies, and comprising eight pages, medium quarto—subscription price, two dollars per year, payable quarterly in advance.

‘ As might have been expected, the cash received in advance was insufficient to support the expenses of the establishment for two months; when our young editor awoke from his dream of love, fame, and fortune, to a *feeling* sense of his real unfortunate situation. The publication of the Repository was, of course, immediately suspended, the printing materials returned to their original proprietor, and the inconsiderate adventurer found himself burdened with debts which he had no means of discharging. No time was to be lost; and, after compromising with some, submitting to the curses of others, lavishing fair promises on all, and venting his feelings in a poem of more than 600 lines, he left the city. By a few weeks’ employment in Hartford, he was enabled to return to Boston, after an absence of about twelve months, and from thence to his paternal home—

“ The pale, dejected picture of despair.”

‘ After spending a few days in Scituate, he again set out on foot, in search of fame and fortune; assuring his friends, in the most solemn manner, that he would never again revisit the spot of his birth, unless he was accompanied or preceded by one or both of the objects of his pursuit. This was the commencement of another painful separation, which has not yet terminated.’

In the summer of 1808 we find him in Baltimore, writing as usual for the newspapers; and in the succeeding spring at New York, where he has since continued to reside. At the latter place he published during the recent hostilities, a weekly paper called ‘The War;’ and at the same time, a monthly Magazine called ‘The Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository,’ devoted to the promulgation of the tenets of the New Jerusalem church, of which it seems he is a sincere professor. Neither his military nor religious controversies appear, however, to have relieved that ‘consumption of the purse’ under which he had so long laboured. After being compelled to sell his office without defraying all the expenses of his establishment, he was applied to it seems by some *sagacious* bookseller, ‘to write a history of the late war, in the style of a *romance*, to be entitled the Champions of Freedom.’—The *res angusta domi* compelled him to undertake this singular task, from which, fettered as he was by his Mæccnas, he could expect to gain little credit.

‘ In writing the Champions of Freedom, the author was confined, by the conditions of his engagement with the publisher, within a compass circumscribed by the latter. By these conditions he was compelled to connect *fiction* with *truth*; and, at all events, to give a complete and



correct account of the late war, however much the history of his hero and heroine might suffer in consequence. But this is not all; it is a fact, which we advance on the testimony of persons concerned, that the work was put to press as soon as two sheets were written; and that the author was often compelled to deliver his unrevised manuscript to the waiting compositor—a dozen lines at a time! This work was commenced in March, and ready for delivery in the October following; during the most of which period, the author faithfully discharged the duties of foreman in the office where it was printed.'

The book was accordingly very absurd, and suited we presume the taste of the publisher. After this we do not find that he appeared again as an author for some time. His pecuniary embarrassments have now led, it seems, to the publication of the volume before us.

The poetry of Mr. Woodworth although containing nothing very striking, is still we think entitled to no small share of praise. The language is almost uniformly harmonious, and we often see traits of nature and simplicity; and what we cannot help liking, Americanisms and American allusions. At all events, he is no copier of foreign poets and foreign ideas. We see no reason why, with so much to delight and interest around us, we should resort to the 'crambe bis cocta' of the British poets. We love to find our own scenery and manners in verse, and not those of any other country; and have no doubt that the Delaware, the Missouri, or the Ohio would flow as harmoniously through American lyrics, as the Tweed, the Thames, or the Avon. The longest poem in the book, is a kind of half satire, half eulogy on New Haven and the manners and customs of our New England brethren. It is written in many parts with considerable force and spirit, although on the whole not entitled to great praise. Another entitled 'Quarter Day, or the Horrors of the First of May,' is founded on a custom prevalent among the good people of New York of changing their places of abode on that day. It displays in strong, and in many instances pathetic language; the oppressions of landlords and the sufferings of tenants; and the cruelty as well as impolicy of the system of imprisonment in that state. We extract from the notes one of the many instances which he gives of the horrors of a jail.

'Some years since (says Howard) a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance.—Companions in misery soon become attached to each.

'Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge, that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases) and made a solemn oath before his God to keep him in jail "till he rotted!" I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information, and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope, in that moment, desert him for ever.

'Nothing gave Brown pleasure, but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give Brown, some-

times, soup, wine, and fruit, and every day, whether clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four o'clock passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open—and the jailer, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand, and Brown was carried lifeless and covered with blood, to his cell.

‘ Mrs. Brown died—and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till at last, he called me one day, and, gazing on me while a faint smile played upon his lips—he said, “ he believed death was more kind than his creditors.”—After a few convulsive struggles he expired!

‘ Legislators and sages of America! permit me to ask you—how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment and consequent death of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth—who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation?’

The smaller pieces in this volume are chiefly patriotic songs on the naval victories, written in a popular style, but rather overdoing the matter. We have no objection to seeing them, however, as they contribute to the support of a national feeling, that great desideratum of the republic. We extract the following little piece as creditable to the author's taste and feelings.

#### EVENING.

‘ ’Tis pleasant, when the world is still,  
And EVENING's mantle shrouds the vale,  
To hear the pensive whip-poor-will  
Pour her deep notes along the dale;  
While through the self-taught rustic's flute  
Wild warblings wake upon the gale,  
And from each thicket, marsh, and tree,  
The cricket, frog, and Katy-dee,  
With various notes assist the glee,  
Nor once through all the night are mute.

‘ The streamlet murmurs o'er its bed,  
The wanton zephyrs kiss its breast,  
Bid the green bulrush bend its head,  
And sigh through groves in foliage dress'd;  
While Cynthia, from her silver horn,  
Throws magic shades o'er EVENING's vest;  
Sheds smiles upon the brow of Night,  
Not dazzling, like Day's shower of light,  
But soft as dew, which mocks the sight  
Till seen to sparkle on the thorn.

‘ ’Tis then the hour for sober thought,  
To leave this little world behind;  
To traverse paths which Newton taught,  
And rove the boundless realms of mind;  
Till Pride reluctant lifts the mask,  
And shows the boasting mortal blind;  
Then the warm soul, intent to stray,  
Would joyful shake its clogs away,  
And, bursting from its bonds of clay,  
Pursue its glad, progressive task.’

Like many other poets, he has forsworn the muse at the end of the book, in strains which show he is yet on good terms with her. From his valedictory address we take the following passages, and conclude with the hope that a more prosperous fortune may afford him the opportunity and disposition to improve the talent with which he is gifted.

‘ In life’s fair morn, when sunshine warm’d the scene,  
And fairy hopes danced o’er the laughing green,  
His infant Muse essay’d the artless strain,  
On Charles’s bank, or Newton’s verdant plain;  
Gave him her lyre, and taught his hand to play,  
While flattering Echo chanted back the lay.

‘ Pleased, like a child, he fondly thought ’twas Fame,  
Ambition kindled, and he sought the dame;  
Unknowing where her lofty temple stood,  
He pierced the grotto and explored the wood;  
But vain the search, in meadow, vale, or hill,  
The air-form’d phantom flew, but answer’d still,  
Till tired Experience proved the sylvan scene  
Held not the temple of ambition’s queen.

‘ With fond regret he left the calm retreat,  
Where Nature’s charms in sweet disorder meet,  
Diversified with meadows, groves, and hills,  
And Charles’s thousand tributary rills—  
Left rustic joys, to court the city’s smile,  
And woke the strain in Beauty’s cause awhile—  
He sung of love—a minstrel’s sweetest dream,  
And sung sincerely—for he felt the theme;  
His soul was pour’d in every amorous tone—  
An angel heard, and answer’d with her own.

‘ Then Fame, adieu! no more he courts your charms;  
Welcome, Retirement take him to your arms;  
Here, gentle Muse, he gives you back the lyre,  
Whose tones could once his youthful bosom fire.  
That lyre shall sleep, nor breathe a tone again,  
Till scenes celestial claim the glowing strain;  
Till realms eternal burst upon the view,  
And animate the wondering bard anew.  
Till then, farewell! He follows Fame no more;  
But spurns the shrine at which he knelt before—

Let Poverty prepare her bitterest draught,  
 And Malice barb his most inveterate shaft—  
 The troubled dream of life will soon be o'er;  
 And a bright morning dawn to fade no more.'

2. *The Art of Domestic Happiness*, and other poems. By the Recluse, author of the *Independency of Mind Affirmed*. Pittsburg: published by Robert Patterson, 1817.

If ever it be true that a residence among the more sublime works of nature, has a tendency to create a spiritual and poetic turn of mind, it would indubitably be the case in our own country, and especially in that part of it which appears to contain the dwelling of 'the Recluse.' The old world offers nothing to compare with it, and other circumstances supposed to be most favourable to the exercise of the poetic talent, solitude, namely, and exemption from the cares and bustle of the world, may be enjoyed on our mountains and in our vallies in the fullest odour. In the history also, and manners of the wild race who recently occupied that section of the republic from which our author now dates, there may surely be found subjects for the display of poetic genius, little if at all inferior to those of the gypsies, the beggars, and banditti, upon the basis of which the 'Mighty unknown' has erected his imperishable works. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, 'The Recluse of Locust Ridge' is as dull a matter of fact person, as either of that numerous tribe who write imitations of Scott and Byron, among the 'fumum opes strepitumque urbis'. He is rather an imitator of Pope indeed, than of any more modern versifier, and having it seems somewhat of a metaphysical turn, has borrowed many of the ideas as well as expressions of the *Essay on Man*. We are told in the preface that 'His mind has for some years been persuaded that a general reformation of sentiment throughout Christendom is going on;' and we are given to understand that his productions will 'find a place in the common bundle of those causes which are to effect the universal amelioration of the human character'. Whatever respect may be entertained for his intentions, we fear his poetry is not calculated to produce any very important improvement in the fortunes of our species. He seems rather to be troubled with some weighty ideas which he cannot conveniently bring forth. From his place of residence, and the title he has given himself, we presume that he is acquainted with the effects of a vegetable diet upon the physical system. We would strenuously urge him to pursue a similar course in his mental banquets; namely, to confine himself to things easy of digestion, and such as do not require the aid of a cathartic, in which case we shall probably not meet with such lines as the following:

'Thus much premised, the following hints may seem  
 To be conformable to Nature's scheme.  
 In social intercourse the most minute  
 Attention is required to bring forth fruit.

'High flavoured, rich agreeable to the sight!  
 Smooth to the touch, and sweet to the appetite!

Hence small neglects become no less offence  
To common decency than common sense." p. 12.

Johnson once said of Shakspeare,

‘ And panting time toiled after him in vain.’

Which our author has improved into

—————‘ The chief, whose language trips  
The heels of praise that gasping falls  
And at respectful distance bawls!!’ p. 134.

We can find room for no more than the first stanza of a pathetic elegy on one Eliakim Garretson, *clarum et venerabile nomen*.

‘ And shall not I that also knew  
The amiable Eliakim,  
His memory with my tears bedew,  
And wreathe a cypress dole for him?’ p. 296.

3. *The Miscellaneous Poems of The Boston Bard*. Philadelphia: 1818.

Many of the effusions of the ‘ Boston Bard’ (as he styles himself,) have we believe appeared in the newspapers, and met with considerable approbation. To judge from the laudatory tributes of his poetical correspondents, several of which are modestly inserted in the volume, we should suppose that a star of no ordinary brilliancy had appeared above the horizon. There is little, however, in these poems above the common run of newspaper poetry. The author displays considerable power of versification, but his ideas have no great originality or merit. The religious and national feelings which are inculcated throughout, are very creditable to him; and deserve higher praise than we fear his poetry is entitled to. The following is perhaps the best piece in the book.

‘ Victor, what avails the wreath  
That erst entwined thy brow?  
Alas! those flowers no longer breathe,  
For death hath laid thee low!  
And what avails the storied urn  
That blazons forth thy fame?  
That sculptured vase to dust shall turn—  
Oblivion blot thy name.

‘ What too avails those scars so deep,  
Received in battle-fray?  
“THEY’RE PROOFS OF VALOUR!”—TIME shall sweep  
Thy VALOR’S PROOFS away!  
And what avails the minstrel’s song  
That sounds thy praises forth?  
The minstrel’s head shall rest ere long  
Upon the lap of earth.

‘ AVARICE, what avails thy dreams  
Of happiness in gold?

Thy funeral torch already gleams—  
 Thy days on earth are told:  
 What now avails thy hoarded wealth?  
 Is it with thee inurned?  
 No—"Naked from the earth you came,  
 And naked have returned."

'BEAUTY, what avails the rose  
 That decks thy dimpled cheek?  
 Age on thy head shall strew his snows,  
 And death his vengeance wreak:  
 And what avails thy form so fair,  
 Or eyes so dazzling bright?  
 That form shall waste 'neath sullen care—  
 Those suns shall set in night.

'But, blest RELIGION! much avails  
 THY HOPE OF BLISS IN HEAVEN;  
 For though thy barque, by adverse gales,  
 On death's dark shore be driven,  
 Still thou canst smile! thy steady eye  
 Can pierce the cheerless gloom,  
 And view, through dark futurity,  
 The DAY SPRING OF THE TOMB.'

ART. V.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

TASSO.

*From Hobhouse's Illustrations of 4th Canto of Childe Harold.*—The author of the Jerusalem, when he was at the height of his favour at the court of Ferrara, could not redeem the covering of his body and bed, which he was obliged to leave in pledge for 13 crowns and 45 lire on accompanying the cardinal of Este to France. This circumstance appears from a testamentary document preserved in manuscript in the public library of Ferrara, which is imperfectly copied in the life of Tasso, and the following letter is extracted from the same collection of autographs as a singular exemplification of what has been before said of princely patronage.

*My Magnificent Lord,*—I send your lordship five shirts, all of which want mending. Give them to your relation; and let him know that I do not wish them to be mixed with the others; and that he will gratify me by coming one day with you to see me. In the mean while I wait for that answer which your lordship promised to solicit for me. Put

your friend in mind of it. I kiss your lordship's hand. Your faithful servant,  
 TORQUATO TASSO.

From S. Anna, the 4th of Jan. 1585.

If you cannot come with your relation, come alone. I want to speak to you. And get the cloth washed in which the shirts are wrapped up.

To the very Magnificent Lord, the Signor Luca Scalabrino.

—  
 ALFIERI.

The poet Alfieri, was one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, and leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea-service of china, by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoilt her set, and had better have broken them all; but the words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. *Ibid.*

—  
 COUNT PEPOLI.

Count Alexander Pepoli, who inher-



ited the wealth and the name of that powerful family, which, during the middle ages, made themselves masters of Bologna, and alarmed the princes of Italy, was the cotemporary, and, it may be said, the rival of Alfieri. He wrote tragedies, he wrote comedies: both the one and the other were applauded on the stage; both the one and the other now slumber in the libraries. He aspired to the invention of a new drama, which he thought Shaksperian, and which he called *Fisedia*—a compliment to our poet, and a tacit reproof to all other writers for the stage, from *Æschylus* downwards. His *Representation of Nature* pleased both the people and the actors, but never came to a second edition. Like Alfieri, he also was passionately fond of horses, and he was bolder than our poet, for he drove a Roman car, a *quadriga*, at full gallop over the ascents and descents of the Appenines. He built a theatre for the representation of his own tragedies; he founded the magnificent printing press at Venice, from which, under the name of the *Tipografia Pepoliana*, have issued many works, and particularly several editions of the Italian historians. His daily occupations were divided, with a scrupulosity which they hardly merited, between his studies, his horses, and his table. His guests consisted of men of letters, of buffoons, of people of fashion, and of parasites. His nights were devoted to the pursuits of gallantry, in which he was sufficiently successful; for he was handsome and he was rich. His amours were occasionally postponed for his billiards, at which he lost large sums of money, in the pursuit of an excellence which he would fain have attained at all games of skill. His great ambition was to be the first runner in Italy, and he died in 1796, before he was forty, of a pulmonary complaint, which he had caught in a foot-race with a lacquey. He merits a place in this memoir, not for the brilliancy of his compositions, but for the shade of relief which they furnish to the similar and successful efforts of Alfieri. *Ibid.*

FORMER APPROACHES TO THE NORTH POLE.

Colonel Beaumont, in his edition of the work of the Hon. Daines Barrington, upon the possibility of approaching the North Pole, after recording, at some length, the different latitudes which are

said to have been reached by navigators referred to, recapitulates them as follows, taking credit for nearly a degree to the northward of their several situations, because the blink or glare of the packed ice is distinguishable at this distance when the weather is pretty fair.

|   | Deg.        | Min |
|---|-------------|-----|
| Captain John Reed - -   | 80          | 45  |
| Captain Thomas Robinson<br>(for three weeks) - -  | 81          |     |
| Captain John Phillips -   | 81 odd min. |     |
| James Hutton, Jonathan<br>Wheatley, Thomas Ro-<br>binson, John Clarke<br>(four instances) - -                                 | 81          | 30  |
| Captains Cheyne and Thew<br>(two instances) - -   | 82          |     |
| Clymy and David Boyd (two<br>instances) - - - -   | 82 odd min. |     |
| Mr. George Ware - -   | 82          | 15  |
| Mr. John Adams and James<br>Montgomery (two instan-<br>ces) - - - -   | 83          |     |
| Mr. James Watt, Lieuten-<br>ant R. N. - - - -   | 83          | 30  |
| Five ships in company with<br>Hans Derrick - - -  | 86          |     |
| Captain Johnson and Dr.<br>Dallie (two instances, to<br>which, perhaps, may be<br>added Captain Monson<br>as a third) - - - - | 88          |     |
| Relation of the two Dutch<br>Masters to Captain Goul-<br>der - - - -  | 89          |     |
| Dutch relation to Mr. Grey  | 89          | 30  |
| <i>European Magazine.</i>   |             |     |

LORD RENDLESHAM.

He is the grandson of the celebrated London banker, Thelusson, who died in 1797, and who, after having deduct- ed an immense sum from his fortune, for the benefit of his widow and her child- ren, disposed of the remainder, amount- ing to 876,000*l.* sterling in the public funds and in the purchase of estates, ordering that it should accumulate, and that it should be applied in the same manner, until the time that his great grandson, having arrived to the age of thirty years, should be put in possession of it. In default of this, the property goes to the state of Great Britain. Ac- cording to these arrangements, it will be the son of the present Lord Rend- lesham who will be called to these im- mense possessions. Lady Rendlesham has been pregnant. As may be suppo-



sed, this event gave rise to the most auspicious hopes, but they were disappointed. Supposing that the wishes of her family will be realized within another year, and adding to that thirty years of minority, which the son must complete, it is calculated, that the income, together with the interest of his property, will amount to the enormous sum of 162 millions of francs (about seven English millions.)—*Ibid.*

#### NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

M. Marstrand of Copenhagen, celebrated for his mechanical inventions, is said to have invented a new musical instrument called the *Harpinella*. It is in the form of a lyre, is smaller than the common guitar, and yet equal in tone to the harp. By a very simple piece of mechanism, the semitones are made with the same facility and precision as on the pedal harp. *Journal of Arts.*

#### NEW HARPOON.

A new harpoon has been invented by Mr. Robert Garbutt, of Kingston upon Hull, for the Greenland fishery; calculated to secure the whale in the event of the shank of the instrument breaking. The improvement consists in placing a kind of preventer made fast to the eye of the foregager, which passing along the shank of the harpoon, is attached to the thick part of it in such a manner as neither to lessen its strength nor impede its entrance when the fish is struck. *Ibid.*

#### MACHINE TO SWEEP CHIMNIES.

Mr. C. Carr, of Paddington, has constructed a machine to sweep chimnies, which appears to possess great advantages. It is complete of itself, requiring no chain, pulley, or other appendage in the chimney, and will sweep very clean as well in horizontal as perpendicular flues. If the flue be angular, having one or more bends, the person who uses it can ascertain the direction in which the angle goes off, and can turn the head of the instrument the proper way. There is a means also of ascertaining when the head of the instrument has reached the top of the chimney, so that no danger of thrusting off the iron smoke cowls is incurred. It works in a very cleanly manner entirely from below, and can easily be made fire proof when necessary. *Ibid.*

#### AGRICULTURE.

‘Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.’

In rural economy, the objects that might be converted to profitable account, are inconceivably numerous and still but imperfectly known, for instance, the blood of the cow is an excellent manure for fruit trees. It also forms the basis of Prussian blue.

*To rid a garden of Caterpillars.*—Taking the advantage of a rainy morning, while the leaves are wet, sprinkle them, especially the under parts, and young shoots, with fine sand. The caterpillars, entangled in the sand, will drop off in apparent agony, and will not return.

Early potatoes may be produced in great quantities, by re-setting the plants, after taking off the ripe and large ones. A gentleman at Dumfries has replanted them six different times this season, without any additional manure, and instead of a falling off in quantity, he gets a larger crop of ripe ones at every raising than the former. His plants have still on them three distinct crops, and he supposes they may continue to vegetate and germinate until they are stopped by the frost. By these means, he has a new crop every eight days, and has had the same for six weeks past.

Rats and mice will immediately quit barns, granaries, &c. wherein is placed the field plant, called dog's tongue, bruised with a hammer.

Black birch will be found a good substitute for mahogany in the furniture of a farm house.

The Argyle or West Highland breed of cattle (from Scotland) are the most profitable for fattening. They should be fattened at about four years old: they are horned, generally black, and weigh when fat about 560lbs. The galloway cattle, from Scotland, are without horns, they are used for draught, and no cattle bring a better price.

It is a good plan to feed the milch cows on the stubble, immediately after harvest, their cream and butter is then uncommonly rich.

*Eighth Lecture of Mr. Hazlitt on the living Poets of Great Britain, delivered at the Surry Institution, London.*

Mr. Hazlitt commenced this lecture with some remarks on the nature of true fame, which he described as not popularity—the shout of the multitude—the idle buzz of fashion—the flattery of favour or of friendship,—but the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men. Fame is not the recompense of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of those to whom the incense is offered. He who has ears truly touched to the music of fame, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity.—The love of fame differs from vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. The lover of true fame does not delight in that gross homage which is paid to himself, but in that pure homage which is paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty, as they are reflected in his mind. He waits patiently and calmly for the award of posterity, without endeavouring to forestall his immortality, or mortgage it for a newspaper puff. The love of fame should be, in reality, only another name for the love of excellence. Those who are the most entitled to fame, are always the most content to wait for it; for they know that, if they have deserved it, it will not be withheld from them. It is the award of successive generations that they value and desire; for the brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination with that which is covered and rendered venerable by the hoar of innumerable ages. After further remarks to this effect, and a few words on the female writers of the day, Mr. Hazlitt proceeded to speak of the living poets. He began with Mr. Rogers, whom he described as a very lady-like poet—as an elegant but feeble writer, who wraps up obvious thoughts in a cover of fine words—who is full of enigmas with no meaning to them. His poetry is a more minute and inoffensive species of the Della Cruscan. There is nothing like truth of nature, or simplicity of expression. You cannot see the thought for the ambiguity of the expression—the figure for the finery—the picture,

for the varnish. As an example of this, Mr. H. referred to the description of a friend's ice-house, in which Mr. Rogers has carried the principle of elegant evasion and delicate insinuation of his meaning so far, that the Monthly Reviewers mistook his friend's ice-house for a dog-kennel, and the monster which was emphatically said to be chained up in it for a large mastiff dog.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, the lecturer described as of the same class with the poetry of the foregoing author. There is a painful attention paid to the expression, in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is mistaken for the composition of poetry. The sense and keeping in the ideas is sacrificed to a jingle of words and an epigrammatic form of expression. The verses on the Battle of Hohenlinden, Mr. H. described as possessing considerable spirit and animation; but he spoke of the Gertrude of Wyoming as exhibiting little power, or power suppressed by extreme fastidiousness. The author seems so afraid of doing wrong, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander from the right path, he stands still. He is like a man whose heart fails him just as he is going up in a balloon, and who breaks his neck by flinging himself out when it is too late. He mangles and maims his ideas before they are full-formed, in order to fit them to the Procrustes' bed of criticism; or strangles his intellectual offspring in the birth, lest they should come to an untimely end in the Edinburgh Review. No writer, said Mr. Hazlitt, who thinks habitually of the critics, either to fear or condemn them, can ever write well. It is the business of reviewers to watch poets, not poets to watch reviewers. Mr. H. concluded his remarks on Campbell by censuring the plot of Gertrude of Wyoming, on account of the mechanical nature of its structure, and from the most striking incidents all occurring in the shape of antitheses. They happen just in the nick of time, but without any known cause, except the convenience of the author.

Moore was described as a poet of quite a different stamp,—as heedless, gay, and prodigal of his poetical wealth, as the other is careful, reserved, and parsimonious. Mr. Moore's muse was compared to Ariel—as light, as tricky, as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit.

His fancy is ever on the wing; it flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; and over all love waves his purple wings. His thoughts are as many, as restless, and as bright, as the insects that people the sun's beam. The fault of Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His levity becomes oppressive. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to all the different parts of his subject, prevents him from connecting them together as a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent, but glances over the surfaces of things. His gay, laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love and wine is better than his sentimental and romantic view; for this pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or chrystallizes into all the prettinesses of allegorical language, or hardness of external imagery. He has wit at will, and of the best quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best. Mr. Moore ought not to have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas, said Mr. Hazlitt. His fame was worth more than that. He should have minded the advice of Fadladeen. It is not, however, a failure, so much as an evasion of public opinion, and a consequent disappointment.

If Moore seems to have been too happy, continued Mr. Hazlitt, Lord Byron, from the tone of his writings, seems to have been too unhappy to be a truly great poet. He shuts himself up too much to the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts. The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harolde*, &c. are all the same person, and they are apparently all himself. This everlasting repetition of one subject, this accumulation of horror upon horror, steels the mind against the sense of pain as much as the unceasing sweetness and luxurious monotony of Moore's poetry makes it indifferent to pleasure. There is nothing less poetical than the unbending selfishness which the poetry of Lord Byron displays. There is nothing more repulsive than this ideal absorption of all the good and ill of life in the ruling passion and moody abstraction of a single mind,—as if it would

make itself the centre of the universe, and there was nothing worth cherishing but its intellectual diseases. It is like a cancer eating into the heart of poetry. But still there is power, and power rivets attention and forces admiration. 'His genius hath a demon,' and that is the next thing to being full of the God. The range of Lord Byron's imagination is contracted, but within that range he has great unity and truth of keeping. He chooses elements and agents congenial to his mind—the dark and glittering ocean—the frail bark hurrying before the storm. He gives all the tumultuous eagerness of action, and the fixed despair of thought. In vigour of style, and force of conception, he surpasses every writer of the present day. His indignant apothegms are like oracles of misanthropy. Yet he has beauty allied to his strength, tenderness sometimes blended with his despair. But the flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over the grave.

Mr. Hazlitt next spoke of Walter Scott; whose popularity he seemed to attribute to the comparative mediocrity of his talents—to his describing that which is most easily understood in a style the most easy and intelligible, and to the nature of the story which he selects. Walter Scott, said the lecturer, has great intuitive power of fancy, great vividness of pencil in placing external objects before the eye. The force of his mind is picturesque rather than *moral*. He conveys the distinct outlines and visible changes in outward objects, rather than their 'moral consequences.' He is very inferior to Lord Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, and to Wordsworth in profound sentiment; but he has more picturesque power than any of them. After referring to examples of this, Mr. H. observed, that it is remarkable that Mr. Westall's illustrations of Scott's poems always give one the idea of their being *fac similes* of the persons represented, with ancient costume, and a theatrical air. The truth is, continued he, there is a modern air in the midst of the antiquarian research of Mr. Scott's poetry. It is history in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off, but the substance is become comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth, but the spirit is effeminate and fashionable.

This, however, has been no obstacle to the success of his poetry—for he has just hit the town between the romantic and the modern, and between the two, has secured all classes of readers on his side. In a word, said Mr. Hazlitt, I conceive that he is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. The reader rises from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. The notes to his poems are just as entertaining as the poems themselves, and his poems are nothing but entertaining.

Mr. H. now proceeded to speak of Wordsworth, whom he described as the most original poet now living, and the reverse of Walter Scott in every particular,—having nearly all that the other wants, and wanting all that the other possesses. His poetry is not external, but internal; he is the poet of mere sentiment. Great praise was given to many of the Lyrical Ballads, as opening a finer and deeper vein of thought and feeling than any poet in modern times has done or attempted; but it was observed, that Mr. Wordsworth's powers had been mistaken, both by the age and by himself. He cannot form a whole, said Mr. H.;—he wants the constructive faculty. He can give the fine tones of thought drawn from his mind by accident or nature, like the sounds of the Æolian harp; but he is totally deficient in all the machinery of poetry.

Mr. Hazlitt here entered at some length into the origin of what has been called the Lake School of Poetry, and endeavoured to trace it to the convulsion which was caused in the moral world by the events of the French revolution. This, and his concluding remarks on Southey and Coleridge, we omit, partly for want of room, but chiefly on account of the indefinite and personal nature of those remarks.

*Eding. Mag.*

LAW.

'The law's delay.'—*Shakspeare.*

A bill was mentioned last week in the court of the vice-chancellor of England, which had been filed in the year 1719, and was reported upon by the master in 1788! The blessings of litigation appear to have been, in the

matter of this bill, most bountifully extended to the parties concerned.

— *Lit. Pan.*

HIGH TREASON.

The following *fracas* happened in a public-house on Tuesday afternoon:—A mechanic, taking a draught of porter, was asked if he had any news, when he replied, that the only thing he had heard was the melancholy death of the physician who had attended the Princess Charlotte. A messenger, sitting with some other persons within hearing of the conversation, now bounced on the mechanic, collared him, and charged him with uttering sedition, and added that the statement was not true. The man was detained nearly two hours a prisoner. They at last relented so far as to offer him his liberty if he would give them a gill or two of whisky. The mechanic was not disposed to accept of his release on such terms, and was then escorted prisoner to the procurator-fiscal's office. Here the messenger charged the prisoner with having said that the doctor who had killed the princess had shot himself. The mechanic, therefore, was guilty of sedition. The public prosecutor, of course, made the man be forthwith released. *Glas. Chr.*

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*Anecdote of Franklin from the Letters of Dr. Lettsom.*—I passed one day with Dr. Franklin at Spithead, with Sir J. Banks and the late Dr. Solander, (one of the most pleasant men I ever met with) when they went to smooth the water with oil.—Lord Loughborough was of the party. I remember there was but little conversation, except from Solander, and a laughable scene between an officer on board the ship and Dr. Franklin, on the properties of thunder and lightning. The officer continually contradicted the Doctor with saying, 'Sir, you are quite wrong in your opinion. Dr. Franklin says so and so; the Doctor and you are quite contrary in your ideas. I never will allow, Sir, that Dr. F. is wrong. No, Sir, I am sure he is right, and you are wrong, begging your pardon.' The Doctor never altered a feature at the conversation. All the company enjoyed a laugh except the disputants.

— *Lit. Pan.*

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*Modern Hermit.*—Some years ago, Mr. Powyss, of Morcham near Preston, in Lancashire, England, advertised a

reward of an annuity of 50*l.* for life to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground without seeing any thing human, and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared, under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions from Mr. Powyss's own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any refreshment he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually staid in it, observing the required conditions, for four years.

*Ibid.*

*Improvements in England.*—The progress which the illumination from coal gas is making, not only in the metropolis, but in various provincial towns, and the perfection to which the apparatus is now brought, cannot be considered among the least of the improvements of the present day.

To these may be added, the improvements in fire arms, derived from the patents of Messrs. Manton, Paulli, and Sartoris, the latter of whom have applied the heat obtained from the condensation of air, to fire the charge, instead of flint and steel. Adie's alteration of the barometer, by which it is rendered completely portable; the improvement of Bramah's lock, by which the most perfect security is obtained; the kaleidoscope of Dr. Brewster, for assisting imagination of artists, in producing regular forms in a manner almost magical. *Journal of Sciences.*

*Manufacture of Calomel.*—The following process for the wholesale preparation of this important article of the *Materia Medica* is confidently recommended to the chemical manufacturer.

Prepare an oxy-sulphate of mercury, by boiling twenty-five pounds of mercury with thirty-five pounds of sulphuric acid, to dryness. Triturate thirty-one pounds of this dry salt with twenty pounds four ounces of mercury, until the globules disappear, and then add seventeen pounds of common salt. The whole to be thoroughly mixed, and sublimed in earthen vessels. Between forty-six and forty-eight pounds of pure calomel are thus produced—it is to be washed and levigated in the usual way. *Ibid.*

*Instrument to distinguish Minerals.*

—Dr. Brewster has lately constructed an instrument for distinguishing the precious stones from each other, and from artificial imitations of them, even when they are set in such a manner that no light can be transmitted through any of their surfaces. The same instrument may be employed to distinguish all minerals that have a small portion of their surface polished either naturally or artificially. The application of the instrument is so simple, that any person, however ignorant, is capable of using it. *Ibid.*

*On the Use of Salt in feeding Cattle.*

—Lord Somerville attributes the health of his flock of 203 Merino sheep, which he purchased in Spain, principally to the use which he has made of salt for the last seven years on his farm. These sheep having been accustomed to the use of salt in their native land, his Lordship considered, that in this damp climate, and in the rich land of Somersetshire, it would be absolutely necessary to supply them with it regularly. A ton of salt is used annually for every 1000 sheep; a handful is put in the morning, on a flat stone or slate, ten of which set a few yards apart are enough for 100 sheep. Twice a week has been usually found sufficient. Of a flock of near 1000, there were not ten old sheep which did not take kindly to it, and not a single lamb which did not consume it greedily. Salt is likewise a preventive of disorders in stock fed with rank green food, as clover or turnips, and it is deemed a specific for the rot. *Ibid.*

*Men of Business.*—The very greatest men of business that the world has yet produced have been distinguished for their predilection to literature. As a statesman, Demosthenes is no less celebrated than as an orator;—Cicero is scarcely more famous as a barrister than as an author;—Milton, in his own day, was more renowned as a practical politician and secretary of state, than as a poet;—Shakspeare was quite as good a theatrical manager as any of his successors;—Sheridan was certainly as able a debater in the House of Commons, notwithstanding his comedies, as the gravest man of business there;—Lorenzo de Medici was as clever a money dealer as Mr. Roschild, and as success-



ful in the negotiation of foreign loans too, although addicted to 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making;'—the late sir William Forbes was quite as good a banker as any in Lombard-street, even while he was writing the *Life of Beattie*;—the great Lord Chat-ham stood as high with the public, and the merchants of London, as a minister, and yet he did not scruple to amuse his leisure with verses, and even addressed some of his best to Garrick, the player;—Lord Chesterfield was as gay a courtier, and as polished a man of the world as any member of the Regent's court, and yet he has bequeathed no less than three large quartos of classical literature to posterity;—Julius Cæsar cannot be thought inferior to the Duke of Wellington as a soldier, merely because he has written a more intelligible account of his campaigns;—old Frederick of Prussia was as well versed in king-craft as any prince of his own or any other time, notwithstanding his musical and literary compositions;—nor will it ever be objected to the regal talents of Katherine II. of Russia, or Elizabeth of England, that the former wrote plays and the latter was a ballad monger;—Dr. Franklin was not thought the less sensible for his essays, nor has Mr Vansittart made a worse chancellor of the exchequer for being a party in a religious controversy;—and it is well known that Solomon, the wisest man, was author of the Canticles. To multiply instances is unnecessary, for we have convinced our readers sufficiently, that it is absurd or invidious to allege, that, merely because a man has literary predilections, he is therefore unqualified for business. *Monthly Mag.*

*Lamp without a Flame.*—The theory that heat and light are evolved by the transition of a body from the aeriform to the solid state has recently been illustrated by the ignition of platina wire, coiled around the wick of a spirit-lamp, which exhibits heat and light for hours after the extinction of the flame of the lamp, or as long as any of the alcohol remains, by the hydrogen of the alcohol combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere. This LAMP WITHOUT FLAME has been exhibited in Dr. Wilkinson's and Dr. Clark's lecture rooms, at Bath and Cambridge; and is now sold by Carey, in the Strand, and other philosophical instrument makers, at six shillings. It evolves a degree of

light not only sufficient to read the smallest characters, but it radiates with the intense splendour of substances undergoing combustion in oxygen gas, and is attended by heat so powerful that the alcohol often takes fire, and the lamp is spontaneously re-lighted within a few seconds after being extinguished. The platina wire ought not to exceed 1-100 part of an inch in diameter. Twelve coils of this wire, (spirally twisted for the purpose round the tube of a tobacco pipe), are half to surround the wick of the lamp, and half to remain elevated above the wick. The wick should be small; and quite loose in the burner of the lamp; and every fibre of the cotton should be placed as perpendicularly as possible. The diameter of the coils should be exactly 3-20 of an inch; they should be as near to each other as possible without touching: those which lie uppermost being closer together than the first spiral coils which rise from the top of the wick. Camphor may be substituted for the alcohol, by introducing a cylinder of it in the place of the wick: the ignition is very bright, and a pleasant odorous vapour then arises from it, instead of the noisome one from the alcohol. The light given out by a lamp so prepared is often too intense to be endured by the sight. A dark passage may be illuminated by it, and paragraphs from newspapers may be read by the light which it affords. *Ib.*

Literature and science are pursued with great activity and zeal in the city of *Casan* in Russia. Its society of 'Friends of the National Literature' celebrates literary anniversaries, and lately instituted a funeral service in honor of the Russian Poet *Dershawin*, whose Ode to God, the Emperor of China caused to be translated, splendidly copied, and suspended in his own apartment. The Emperor Alexander has bestowed a pension upon the Poet *Schukowsky* of the same place, of four thousand rubles. Those of his productions held in the highest estimation are his 'Epistle to Alexander,' and his ode *on the ruins of the Kremlin*. The University of *Casan* is organised upon an extensive scale, and supplied with able lecturers in most branches of knowledge. The names of some of the professors are not a little formidable for a southern tongue and ear—for instance—*Serewoschtschikow*—*Gorodschaninow*—*Lobatschewsky*, &c.

## GERMANY.

*Extract of a letter from a young American Clergyman abroad, to his friend in Philadelphia.*

MY DEAR SIR—It will perhaps interest you to hear, that a MS. has lately been discovered at Verona, a Codex Rescriptus, which proves to be the Institutions of Caius. Two professors of Berlin, Gæschen, a lawyer, one of the editors of Savigny's Law-Journal, and Bekker, editor of Plato, have gone to transcribe it. When I left Gottingen, they had copied a considerable portion. It was discovered by Niebuhr, the Prussian resident at Rome, (author of a very bold and ingenious work on the Roman History, in which he attempts to show that the traditions of Livy and Dionysius are totally fabulous) in his passage through Verona. The sensation excited by the discovery was very great—Several moot points were already solved out of it, but whether any great light will be shed on the law by it, is doubtful. The MS. is in a bad state, in some portions even twice Rescript, or *dispalimpsestus*. Niebuhr also discovered two other disconnected leaves of old Jurists at Verona, one of which had, about seventy years ago, been very imperfectly given by Maffei in the Appendix to his Folio della Grazia, and which by a singular coincidence, had been *eruted* from this theological work, and made the subject of a Program by Humboldt at Leipzig, author of the Institutiones Historiæ Literariæ J. Civilis, at the very time, when Niebuhr sent up to Germany a new and better reading of it. It explains one passage in Cicero, hitherto misunderstood, and furnishes to the word *Prescriptio* a technical signification hitherto unknown, viz. (that of a sort of Proces-verbal of the cause, before it went to the Pretor.) Another very important discovery, connected with this only in the circumstance of its being made in a Codex Rescriptus, was mentioned to me lately at Heidelberg, and is now confirmed. I there heard that Mai, the librarian at Milan, the arch-discoverer, had found the remaining portion of the New Testament, in the Gothic translation of Ulphilas, and some portions of the Old. You may, perhaps, have wandered far enough into biblical criticism to know, that the Codex Argenteus at Upsala of the Gospels in this translation, was till now supposed to be the only relic of the good old Gothic bishop's labour; from

this MS. the edition of Ihre was published. This discovery, should it be confirmed, will not only be of vast importance to the criticism of the New Testament, as this is one of the oldest versions, but it will probably throw great light on the Gothic language, the venerable mother of our own. Indeed I have lately found it asserted, in the work of a young German here, of the name of Bopp, called 'System of Conjugation of the Sanskrit language, compared with that of the Greek, Latin, Persian and old German languages'—that the Gothic is near allied to the Sanskrit. He even says, 'I seem to be reading Sanskrit, when I read the venerable Ulphilas. His language stands about in the middle between Sanskrit and German, and he uses many genuine Indian words, which we have lost.' This young Bopp having received his first education at Aschaffenburg, has been preparing himself the last five years at Paris, to go to India, and pursue the study of Sanskrit literature there.

I had a fellow student at Gottingen, a very countryman of Homer, whose first breath was drawn *χρησις πατριάρχου* that was sent out for ten years to Europe, and is destined to a Professorship at the school in Scio, which is very flourishing. I made a journey with this Greek to Holland, in the Spring of 1816, and there was a reunion in the study of old Mr. Wyttenbach, such as has perhaps seldom happened. Wyttenbach himself, the patriarch of classical literature, Professor Gaisford of Oxford; this countryman of Homer, and myself, professor of Greek in a land, which notwithstanding the many cities he saw, Homer never dreamed of. Wyttenbach introduced us in Latin—I wished, to complete the scene, it had been Greek.

When I was in Wittenberg, which, in spite of all chronology, every one who reads Shakspeare in his mother tongue, has a right to venerate as the school of Hamlet and Horatio, I could not but mourn over the desolation that was there. War and negotiation—the one walking in darkness, and the other wasting at noon-day, have completed the ruin of the University of Luther and Melancthon, and the city that contained it. The roof of the church where these great men repose, is pierced by the bombs, which the Crown Prince of Sweden—to amuse the hours



of his inactivity—threw into it. I went to Luther's cell, as all that come within any distance do, and saw there the chalked name of Peter the Great, written, you recollect, by himself. It is now glazed over to protect it.—A mile or two from the town is Luther's spring, to which he used, in the summer days to resort, and which is also the object of pilgrimage to all, who pass by. Just out of the gate of the city is shown the spot, where he burned the Propositions of Tetzels, exclaiming as he threw the pamphlet into the fire, "Em schand-buch sonder Gleich," a book unrighteous beyond compare. The 18th of October last, the third jubilee of the Reformation of Luther was celebrated at the Wartbourg, by a convocation of one or two Professors, and about four hundred students, from the various universities in North Germany. The Wartbourg is an old castle near Eisnach, in the dominions of the grand duke of Weimar, where Luther on his return from Worms was confined by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who did not care to espouse his cause openly, and wished nevertheless to protect Luther. Here he lived some time, and composed a part of his translation of the Bible.

I am glad to say, that the festival of the Reformation was, in many parts, celebrated with dignity and spirit. In many parts of Prussia, of Hessa, and I believe, in all Nassau, the Lutherans and Calvinists partook the Eucharist together, and there are not wanting writers, who seriously propose the union of both with the original mother church. But you know what proposals of union between parties mean, that the others should come over and join us.

I know not whether you feel an interest in the far-famed and suspected new school of German theology. In a philosophical light, the revolutions in the science of theology in Germany, in the last fifty years, are a very curious object of reflection. Almost all the positions of the deistical writers in England and elsewhere, have by professors of theology, been tacitly assumed and defended, with a mass of learning, an ingenuity, and a diligence, such as orthodoxy, in her most faithful days, has hardly displayed. I thought of this, as I lately visited the tomb of Bossuet—could he have lived to see it, the history of the

Variations would have gained a chapter of louder remonstrances than any it now contains. One of the most remarkable works of the new school appeared last Easter, from the pen of its most distinguished founder, Mr. Eichorn. It contains, with the least ostentation of learning, the result of researches of all kinds of the profoundest erudition. It is the first volume of a translation of the Prophets, without a critical commentary, and with only sufficient illustrations from history, to render the text intelligible. He goes upon the principle, that the Prophetical Works are a sacred anthology, of which the integral parts were composed at different periods, and referred by those, who collected them to a few prominent names, in the earlier literature of their country. It is the object therefore, in this translation, to analyse the various books, and refer the separate oracles to the various periods, at which he supposes them to have been composed. Thus, in the book of Isaiah, he finds a chronology of over two hundred years. It is the introduction to the Old Testament of this very distinguished man, which has done most toward the foundation of the new school in Germany—England and America, are safe enough from the influence—good or bad—of this work and others of the same stamp, by their being locked up in the German language: a few will read them, but not enough to affect the mass, and no attempt to publish a translation would succeed. The late learned Dr. Geddes, of the Catholic communion in England, attempted it, but no bookseller would engage in the speculation. In fact, German literature, if you will permit me to revert to a position contained in my former letter, finds no sympathy in England: and whenever it is spoken of, it is like a thing disliked, and at the same time unknown. The English journals talk still of Wolfius and Vossius, which is as if the French journals should speak of Elmsleius, Gaisfordius, and Monkus. Whereas in Germany all foreign literature is cultivated now, with as much zeal as sixty years ago, before they had a literature of their own—The Germans are even fond of Shakspeare, and think they understand him better than the English. It is true, as their language has preserved some words, which we, since Shakspeare's time, have lost, they comprehend a few obsolete phra-

ses, more readily than an Englishman, unacquainted with the language in its ancient form. But as it is impossible for a person to feel thoroughly the last niceties of any foreign language, so Shakspeare is perhaps of all others, the author where most of these niceties occur; because in all cases they spring, not from the cultivation of a language in the hands of the critics, but from the peculiarities it has unconsciously assumed in actual life: and every one knows that it is this language of actual life, which Shakspeare has, more than all others, caught up.—A new translation of Shakspeare is announced by the *Vossii*, (I thank our English brethren, for authorizing me to use this convenient plural) father and sons. I saw lately at Heidelberg in MS. that portion of it which is to be given by the former. This veteran translator—himself a poet of no ordinary merit, informed me that he had, in many cases, restored to verse, what the unfortunate editors had made prose, and discovered long passages, which the editions have unmercifully given as the latter, where the rythmus is unbroken. This is very probably true, for with all our veneration for Shakspeare, it must be owned that the sweet bard has left us many a passage, which authorizes the definition of poetry; ‘Lines beginning with a capital letter,’ and which it would do well to place by the side of the first lines of Milton’s Sonnet to the lady Margaret Ley. With respect to Mr. Voss’ translation of Shakspeare, it remains to be seen, whether it will equal Mr. Schlegel’s, which, as might be expected from one so deeply versed in Shakspeare, as his lectures show him, is certainly admirable. A branch of study now pursued in Germany with great zeal, and which we know hardly by name at home, is archæology. The Germans use this term for the history and explanation of ancient art, and I spell it with an *Æ* instead of an *Al*, *meo periculo*.—This study, you know, as a science, is of German origin, and not known in Europe till the *Abbe* Winckelman, (as they call him in the mother country) published his history of the ancient art. This, with all the works of Winckelman, has lately appeared in a new edition at Dresden, with an admirable commentary by Mr. Meyer of Weimar, who, in his long residence in Italy, thoroughly qualified himself for

the task:—A History of Architecture is also expected from Mr. Hirt of Berlin, equally prepared, by a sixteen years residence, at the eternal city, for a work of this nature. His *Mythological Picture-Book* has long gained him the credit of a very skilful amateur in this department. Would one become an amateur himself, I would counsel him, next to going to Italy, to make a pilgrimage to Dresden—where Winckelman imbibed the first nourishment of his enthusiasm—and attend the lectures of Mr. Bættiger, in the Hall of Antiques, in that beautiful city.—I have yet met with nothing abroad, that gave me a deeper impression of the rich resources of European instruction, than the lectures I heard from this most learned and amiable man, in the hall of the Japan palace, surrounded by the monuments themselves of ancient art. You know that in this gallery are contained the vestals, improperly so called, which led to the discovery of the ruins of Herculaneum, and are the noblest fragments of antiquity (if we except perhaps the rolls, of which the worth is again sub judice) which these ruins have yielded. When Bonaparte walked through the principal hall of the library at Dresden; which is also in the Japan Palace, surveyed the beautiful landscape from its windows, which look down on the banks of the Elbe, within the distance of a few rods, with delightful gardens between, and cast his eyes on the colonnade of two and twenty splendid yellow marble pillars, which lines the hall, he is said to have exclaimed, ‘it is too fine’, and to have added, that ‘Paris and Dresden are the only two cities, where the muses dwell in palaces.’ He had not perhaps been informed, that the Gallery of Paintings, which certainly surpasses any transalpine gallery, and contains the Madonna of Sixtus V. was in the former Electoral Stables. The Dresden library contains one thing, which ought to interest us, a Mexican MS. described in Humboldt’s *Atlas Pittoresque*. \* \* \*

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*Interesting works lately printed or announced in England.*

Nightmare Abbey, by the author of Headlong Hall.

A Treatise on the Law of Merchant Ships and Shipping, by Francis L. Holt.

**Journal of a visit to South Africa**, in 1816, by the Rev. C. I. Latrobe.

**An Essay on Spanish Literature**, containing its history down to the present time.

**A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages**, by Henry Hallam, Esq.

**The Brownie of Bodsbeck**, by James Hogg. Tales in prose.

**A Code of Political Economy**, founded on statistical inquiries, by Sir John Sinclair.

**The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome**, from the foundation to the age of Augustus, by Henry Bankes, Esq. (long remarkable as one of the most independent and intelligent Members of the British Parliament.)

**Lectures on the English Poets**, delivered at the Surry Institution, London, by Mr. Hazlitt. (From the specimens which we have read of these Lectures, we infer that they will be replete with original and piquant criticisms.)

**Considerations upon the principal events of the French Revolution**,—a posthumous work of *Madame de Stael*, in 3 vols. octavo: the English translation executed under the superintendence of the editors, her son and son-in-law. (We have read this work, and found it worthy of *Madame de Stael's* high reputation. The two first volumes, and a part of the third, were fully prepared for the press by herself, and the remainder is taken literally from her manuscript. The English translation is excellent, and we are glad to find that the work is to be republished in the United States, as it deserves to be in the library of every politician and lover of letters. Eight thousand dollars were given for the copy-right in Paris.)

**A Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordistan**, by Macdonald Kinnier, Esq.

**Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern**, from the German of Frederick Schlegel.

**History of the late war in Spain and Portugal**, by Robert Southey. 2 vols. Quarto.

**Manual of Chemistry**, with a Prefatory history of the Science, for the use of students, by W. T. Brande, Secretary of the Royal Society of London.

**The Dramatic work complete**, with the Poems of the late Richard B. Sheridan, to which will be prefixed an Es-

say on his **Life and Genius**, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

**Travels in Syria**, by I. L. Burckhardt, in 4to.

A copious Greek Grammar, by Augustus Matthiæ, Director of the Gymnasium at Altenburg: translated into English from the German, by E. V. Bloomfield, late Professor of Greek of Emanuel College, Cambridge University. (In all probability the most serviceable Greek Grammar extant.—Bloomfield was inferior to no Hellenist of Great Britain; and Matthiæ has the highest reputation throughout Germany.)

**Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth**, by Lucy Aikin.

**Greenland and other poems**, by Mr. Montgomery.

**Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land**, by Captain Light. 4to.

**Narrative of a voyage to Algiers**, comprising Biographical Sketches, Observations, &c.—By *Signor Pananti*, translated from the Italian; with notes by Edward Blaquiere, Esq. *Quarto*. (This Signor Pananti published his work—in 2 vols. octavo,—in Florence, 1817, and had, as it would appear from the French Journals, passed *but one day* on the coast of Barbary—in confinement.)

**Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto 4th**, by Lord Byron. (As this work is already in the hands of all the lovers of poetry, we have made no extracts but in the few short passages with which we have illustrated the text of our article on Italy. There will be, we think, but one opinion as to the superiority of the 4th Canto of the Pilgrimage, not only over the preceding ones, but over all the other productions of the same pen. It is not free of the usual faults of Lord Byron's manner; it is tinged with his characteristic extravagance; but it has overpowering splendors of genius, and exquisite beauties of versification. We can speak of it here only in these general terms of admiration, knowing that it will be completely analyzed, and its particular merits fully emblazoned by the British Journals. It is much to be lamented that the poet did not extend his pilgrimage to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and exert his unrivalled powers upon the objects which the Neapolitan states present; objects not inferior as themes, for his 'muse of

the German at Riga. By Mr. Paul Svinine the companion of General Moreau. Many of our readers may recollect this author as an amiable gentleman skilled in the art of drawing, but seemingly very little qualified to discuss our political institutions. We may be amused with the pictures of his book, but shall probably regret for his sake that he ever passed from his palette to his ink-stand.

*Shipwreck of the American Brig Commerce, lost upon the west coast of Africa.* Translated into French from the English of Captain James Riley. 2 vols. oct. This work has excited a lively interest in Paris.

*Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, by Wm. Paley. Translated into French from the nineteenth English edition. The French critics remark, in noticing this translation, that there is no example in France of a book of Morals and Politics reaching a nineteenth edition.

*An abridged History of the Treaties of Peace of the European Powers*, since the treaty of Westphalia, continued to the treaties of 1815. by F. Schoell. Prussian counsellor of Legation.

*Views of Men and Society*, by J. B. Say, author of the Treatise on Political Economy. 1818.

*Traité des caracteres Physiques des Pierres Precieuses.* By the Abbé Haüy. Paris 1818. This work is celebrated in the Parisian Journals as of the greatest ingenuity and practical utility.

*Hudibras.* A Poem of Samuel Butler Translated into French verse. 3 vols. 12 mo.

*The History of Modern Philosophy*, from the revival of letters, to Kant by J. G. Buhl, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen, 1817. Translated into French. 7 vols. large octavo.

*Treatise of Elementary, Theoretical, and Practical Chemistry*, by Thénard, Member of the Institute, 2nd edition enlarged, Paris 1818.

*Memoirs of Military Surgery*, by Baron Larrey. 4th volume. Paris 1818.

Last volume of the French translation of the works of Euclid by Peyrard.

*Military Ephemerides*, from 1792 to 1815 by a society of officers and men of letters, for which the two thousand battles fought by the French in a quarter

of a century, furnish the materials. Paris, 1818.

On the Condition of the Protestants in France from the 16th century to the present time; by M. Aignan, member of the French Academy. Paris 1818—an important and able work.

The Complete Works of Bernardin de St. Pierre, with several inedited pieces. 1818.

Moral and Political Gallery, by the Count de Ségur. 1818.

History of Astronomy, *third* Quarto Volume, by M. Delambre, of the French Academy of Sciences. 1818.

Course of General Literature, by N. Le Mercier, member of the French Academy, and Professor of the Belles Lettres at the Athenæum of Paris. 1818.

History of the Republic of Venice, by M. Daru, member of the French Academy.

*History of the Inquisition*, drawn from original records of the Supreme Council and inferior Tribunals of the Holy Office, by D. John A. Llorente, former Secretary of the inquisition of Madrid, Chancellor of the University of Toledo, &c. 3 vols. oct —The whole of this important work has appeared in Paris, and the authenticity of its extraordinary details appears to be admitted on all hands. The author had, in his official capacity, access and recourse to the two hundred and fifty folio volumes of manuscripts which he specifies as composing the archives of the Supreme Council, and furnishing a complete history of the institution from its establishment by Ferdinand V, to the reign of Ferdinand VII.

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*Waverley, Guy-Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, have been translated into French, and they are the subject of several elaborate articles of the French Journals. It is difficult to say which are the most ludicrous, the versions themselves, or the criticisms. Translators and critics both grope in the dark, from the impossibility on the part of the one, of rendering, and on the part of the other, of understanding, the language of those admirable novels. The title “Old Mortality” of one of the Tales, has proved an invincible puzzle, and given birth to formal definitions, laughably wide of the mark.

## COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

[To the readers of this magazine it is unnecessary to recapitulate the circumstances that distinguished the achievement of this gallant officer on Lake Champlain. The merits of a victory which frustrated the advance of a powerful army into our territory, so universally felt, have already been recorded in our pages,\* and are attested by a grateful memorial of its fame, a grant of land, situated upon the bay where the victory was achieved, being voted by the state of New-York, to the Commodore, with a farm commanding a view of the scene of action.

Believing that any illustration connected with this subject will be considered acceptable, we have given, in a vignette, a view of the farm, and are indebted to another hand for the following lines to accompany it.]

THERE is a wreath of gorgeous hue,  
That gathers life from victory's dew;  
Whose leaf immortal verdure wears,  
Unfading in the grasp of years;  
A grace o'er Roman brows it shed,  
And flourish'd where the Spartan led;  
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,  
Enrich'd by tributary time,  
Where virtue woo'd, or valor won,  
Or lore its letter'd mazes spun,  
A ravish'd world obey'd its claim  
And bent before the tire of fame.

Since freedom's sacred ray no more  
Breaks on the dwindled Grecian's shore,  
And glory scarce a stone retains  
On humbled Rome's ~~deserted~~ plains,  
That wreath transferr'd from distant spheres,  
Green on Columbia's soil appears,  
Blooming o'er regions widely free,  
The diadem of liberty.

Yes, o'er her wide unconquer'd plains,  
Reviv'd, the Spartan genius reigns;  
The free-born nature, loth to live,  
Shorn of its just prerogative—  
The spirit, soaring, unconfin'd,  
Embellish'd from the mint of mind—  
Courage, enduring as the wave  
Whose snowy surfs her borders lave—  
And manners, undebas'd and free  
From foul, corrupting luxury.  
Her sons, like teeming bulwarks, stand  
The Atrides of their native land;

Biography of Commodore Macdonough.  
VOL. 7. p. 214.

Amorous of peace, yet bold in strife,  
Curst with no avarice of life;  
At glory's call prepar'd to yield  
All save their freedom and the field.  
As Helen lovely, but in fame  
Chaste as the fair Collatian dame,\*  
Like Niobes,† her daughters stand,  
To grace and animate the land;  
Of glorious feat, and daring deed,  
At once the stimulus and meed.

On all the embryo seed of time  
A WASHINGTON shall break sublime;  
Laurels shall shade his honour'd bust,  
And ages own the tribute just.  
But towering, green to later skies,  
See shoots of living genius rise;  
See Liberty's propitious ground  
Teem with unnumber'd heroes round;  
Wide and more wide the line expands,  
From northern to Atlantic strands,  
A bold, unconquerable zone,  
The fortress of a realm's renown.

Where spacious Champlain's liquid stores  
Yield tribute to Canadian shores;  
When pride of pow'r, or lust of prey  
Marshall'd oppression's stern array;  
Ardent for fame, MACDONOUGH stood,  
The rival genius of the flood:  
No coward doubts his soul depress'd,  
But all the hero stood confess'd,  
As swelling o'er the broad expanse,  
He mark'd his threat'ning foe advance,  
And rang'd his scantier force, to dare  
The dangers of th' unequal war.  
Vain o'er the lake's internal sweep  
The hostile thunders shook the deep;  
The blazing air on ev'ry side  
In vain their vivid lightnings plied;  
Bootless the braggart threat that dar'd  
To ravage, 'ere the sword was bar'd,  
And scorn'd the raw, unpractis'd crew,  
It lack'd the vigour to subdue.  
Struck by the mighty hand of heaven,  
The feeble spell of pride was riven,  
And Victory's glowing genius wav'd  
The olive o'er the land she sav'd.

From shelving shore, and wooded height,  
Unnumber'd crowds beheld the fight,  
And saw Columbia's victor ray  
Chase the vain Briton's star away.  
Mark'd the wild menace melt in air,  
And rashness darken to despair.  
But his, the gallant victor's, fame  
The meed of after times shall claim,  
And while a grateful land bestows  
A rich and dignified repose,  
The tuneful bard, the letter'd sage,  
The lights of ev'ry opening age,  
His glory's pilot-stars shall be,  
His guides to immortality.

\* Lucretia. † Niobe was prolific as beautiful.





*Madame De Stael.*

# THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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## ART. I.—*Madame de Stael.*

**WE** have prefixed to this number, a striking likeness of the woman who filled a larger space in the eyes of Europe, than any of her female cotemporaries. She may, indeed, be said to have established a more brilliant reputation in the republic of letters, than any one of her sex that has ever lived. Her death, which happened at Coppet, in Switzerland, in July 1817, produced an almost unexampled sensation,—the more lively, on account of the striking and affecting circumstances by which it was marked. At the commencement of the year, she seemed to have anchored firmly in the port of earthly happiness: the storms which were constantly gathering over her head during the ascendancy of Bonaparte, had all passed away; she was safe from persecution and exile; Lewis XVIII had restored to her the two millions of francs which her father, M. Necker, deposited in the treasury of France, in the year 1790; her daughter was united to a man of the highest rank and of distinguished talents; her residence in Switzerland had become a shrine at which genius and learning were always to be found assembled from every part of Europe. She could devote her leisure to composition with all the aids to be drawn from the most intelligent and varied society, an abundant fortune, and entire freedom of opinion. She was yet young, comparatively, not having exceeded her fiftieth year, and being of a constitution that promised a long life. In the midst of these advantages, she was surprised by a fatal malady, and after five months of the severest suffering, sunk into the arms of death. Such a catastrophe to such bright hopes; so radiant a genius so unexpectedly quenched; the exuberant spring of so much rich imagery and fine philosophy forever dried up; the centre and soul of so captivating a society, irretrievably gone;—were considerations that rushed at once upon all minds and hearts, and gave, in her case, a peculiar solemnity and sadness to the common fate of mortals.

Madame de Stael was born and educated to splendid destinies. Her father, M. Necker, was a farmer-general of immense wealth, and of great talents and knowledge; her mother was remarkable for the extent of her literary attainments, the strength of her un-



derstanding, and the dignity of her character. M. Necker, even when at the head of the finances of France, might still be said to be wrapped up in this their only child, who requited his care by an admiration and devotion almost fanatical, and never for an instant interrupted by any of the vicissitudes of his memorable career. At an early age she married a man of rank, the baron de Stael, ambassador from Sweden to the court of France. Placed thus, by reason of the situation of both father and husband, in the very vortex of the dissipation of the French court, she yet sought and contrived to win the highest distinction in the walks of literature. She had only reached her twentieth year when she published her ‘Letters upon the works and character of J. J. Rousseau’—wherein she displayed, occasionally, powers of composition almost rivalling those of the extraordinary man of whom she treated. Able critics have decided that she presented, in this little volume, a more satisfactory analysis and juster views of the genius and tendency of his writings, than are contained in the many ponderous dissertations to which the controversy on these topics has given birth. She was of opinion that Rousseau had been guilty of suicide, and gave some offence to his worshippers, by bringing together all the circumstance which lead—as we think, irresistibly—to that conclusion. It was over the women of his day that Rousseau had thrown his deepest spell, and it redounds to the credit of Madame de Stael’s youthful judgment, that she escaped with something of a moderate degree of enthusiasm for the works of the arch enemy of order and morals.—The ‘Letters upon Rousseau’ attracted much attention, and were assailed in several pamphlets, to one of which the fair author replied in a powerful strain of vindication.

In the year 1790, she printed two dramatic effusions in verse—the one a comedy, entitled *Sophia, or Secret Sentiments*;—the other, a tragedy, *The Lady Jane Gray*; both composed two years preceding. In the month of August, 1793, appeared her *Defence of Marie Antoinette*;—that is, two months before the execution of the unhappy queen. We owe a tribute of praise to the generosity of spirit which dictated this production, and to the courage implied in the publication of it at such a period. Madame de Stael had the best opportunities of observing the character of the so much reviled consort of Lewis XVI; she approached her often, and was the less liable to view her with partiality, as the queen would have prevented the return of M. Necker to the ministry, and took no pains to conceal her aversion to the predominance of his counsels. His daughter stood forth fearlessly in her defence, in the hour of danger, and, to the last, asserted her titles to esteem, as may be seen by the following extract from her posthumous work, the ‘Considerations on the French Revolution.’

‘The queen, Marie Antoinette, was one of the most amiable and gracious persons who ever filled a throne: there was no reason why she should not preserve the love of the French, for she had done nothing to forfeit it. As far, therefore, as personal qualities went, the king and

queen might claim the hearts of their subjects; but the arbitrary form of the government, as successive ages had moulded it, accorded so ill with the spirit of the times, that even the virtues of the sovereigns were overlooked amid the accumulation of abuses.\*

The masculine genius with which Madame de Stael was endowed, and the restless activity of her spirit, would have led her to politics, had not even the conjuncture and her domestic relations been such as they were, and the habits of her sex in France conducive to that end. We may conjecture how far they were privileged in the world of business, by the remarks which she makes on the subject in the work last mentioned. 'Women of a certain rank used to interfere with every thing before the revolution. Their husbands and their brothers were in the practice of employing them on all occasions as applicants to ministers; they could urge a point strongly, with less apparent impropriety; could even outstep the proper limits, without affording an opening to complaint: and all the insinuations, which they knew how to employ, gave them considerable influence over men in office.'

Madame de Stael engaged in the great political discussions of the day, with an interest proportionate to the vivacity of her spirit, the liberality of her studies, her enthusiastic love of France, and her stake in the concerns of her father. Her unbounded veneration for his judgment, restrained her within the circle of his opinions and aims, which looked only to gradual and moderate reform in the institutions of France. He wished and laboured for as complete an assimilation of them to those of England, as should be practicable, and his daughter, whom youthful ardour and the prevailing external influences might have propelled further, stopped short with him at this point. Her doctrines, and the part which she acted, were distinct from those of the Mesdames Roland and Tallien; as her judgment and talents were of a different order, and her destinies deservedly more fortunate. In the school of her father, and in the struggle of principles and opinions which preceded the convulsions of anarchy, she was confirmed in that attachment to political freedom, which she ever afterwards boldly avowed in her writings, and exemplified in her conduct. We may trace to the force of the impressions which she received during her father's administration, as well as to the natural magnanimity of her character, her open reprobation of all the revolutionary governments of France, as they in turn usurped arbitrary power;—her perseverance in asserting the doctrines of constitutional liberty, and denouncing the evils of despotism, when the republican leaders, the most in repute for intrepidity and sincerity, had set her the example of prostrating themselves before the imperial throne of Bonaparte.

It may be readily imagined how much the movements and objects of the higher society of Paris, in which she was called to partake by personal interests so immediate, and tastes so congenial, contributed to the development of her genius, and the en-

\* 1st volume, page 47.

largement of her views. The state of things so eminently advantageous to her in these respects, and from which her particular position enabled her to draw all the possible benefit, is thus described in her 'Considerations.'

'Foreigners can have no idea of the boasted charms and splendour of Parisian society, if they have seen France only in the last twenty years; but it may be said with truth, that never was that society at once so brilliant and serious as during the first three or four years of the revolution, reckoning from 1788 to the end of 1791. As political affairs were still in the hands of the higher classes, all the vigour of liberty, and all the grace of former politeness were united in the same persons. Men of the *tiers etat*, distinguished by their information and their talents, joined those gentlemen who were prouder of their personal attainments than of the privileges of their body; and the highest questions to which social order ever gave rise, were treated by minds the most capable of understanding and discussing them. The chief deduction from the pleasure of society in England, arises from the occupations and interests of a country that has long possessed representatives. French society, on the other hand, was rendered somewhat superficial by the vacancy attendant on an absolute form of government. But the vigour of liberty was all at once added to the elegance of an aristocracy: in no country, and at no time, has the art of speaking in every way been possessed in so remarkable a degree, as in the early years of the revolution. In England, women are accustomed to be silent before men, when politics form the matter of conversation: In France, women are accustomed to lead almost all the conversation that takes place in their houses, and their minds are early formed to the facility which that requires. Discussions on public affairs were thus softened by their means, and often intermingled with kind and lively pleasantry. Party spirit, it is true, caused divisions in society; but every one lived with those of his own side.'

'At court, the two battalions of good company, one faithful to the old state of things, the other the advocates of liberty, rarely approached each other. I sometimes ventured, in the spirit of enterprise, to try a mixture of the two parties, by bringing together at dinner the most intelligent men of each side; for people of a certain superiority almost always understand each other.—The constituent assembly did not suspend the liberty of the press for a single day. The newspapers abounded in lively witticisms on the most important matters; it was the history of the world converted into a daily gossip. Every thing was in opposition—interests, sentiments, and manner of thinking; but so long as scaffolds were not erected, the use of speech proved an acceptable mediator between the parties. It was, alas! the last time that the talents of the French shewed themselves in all their splendour; it was the last, and, in some respects, likewise the first time, that the society of Paris could convey an idea of that communication of superior minds with each other, the noblest enjoyment of which human nature is capable. Those who lived at that time, cannot but acknowledge that they never witnessed in any country, so much animation, or so much intelligence.'

The relations in which Madame de Stael stood to the minister of finance, and the Swedish ambassador, placed her in the midst of the most interesting scenes of the first years of the revolution, and supplied her with anecdotes of the greatest historical import-

ance and authenticity. These she has recorded in her last work the 'Considerations,' to the merits and contents of which we shall advert specially, though very compendiously, when we reach the end of her career. Her father quitted France in 1790; she remained behind with her husband, until after the complete overthrow of the monarchy, in 1792. In this interval, not only were her intellectual faculties kept in salutary exercise, but also those virtues of the heart, with which she was pre-eminently gifted. Through her whole life she was distinguished for the energy of her affections and the ardour of her benevolence. She carried her zeal in the cause of humanity and justice, and her devotion in friendship and love, to a pitch that might be termed romantic and excessive. We shall proceed to illustrate her courageous generosity at the age of 23, by quoting from the second volume of the 'Considerations,' the unaffected relation of her proceedings on the memorable 10th of August, 1792, and of her escape from Paris. The length of the extract will be compensated by the general interest which it will be found to possess.

'Before midnight, on the 9th of August, the forty-eight alarm bells of the sections of Paris began to toll, and this monotonous, mournful and rapid sound did not cease one moment during the whole night. I was at my window with some of my friends, and every quarter of an hour the voluntary patrol of the constitutionalists sent us news. We were told that the Fauxbourgs were advancing, headed by *Santerre*, the brewer, and at seven o'clock the horrible noise of their cannon was heard.

'I was told at length that all my friends who formed the exterior guard of the Tuilleries, had been seized and massacred. I went out instantly in search of tidings. My coachman was stopped on the bridge by men who silently made signs to him that the work of death was going on upon the other side. After two hours of fruitless attempts to pass, I heard that all those in whom I was interested, were still alive, but that most of them were obliged to conceal themselves, in order to avoid the proscription by which they were menaced. When I went on foot to visit them that evening in the obscure houses where they had found an asylum, I met armed men stretched before the doors, drowsy with intoxication, or half waking to utter horrible imprecations. Several women among the populace were in the same situation, and their vociferations seemed still more odious. During the interval from the 10th of August to the 2d of September, new arrests were every day taking place. The Austrian and Prussian troops had already passed the frontier, and it was repeated on every side, that if the enemy advanced, all the well disposed people in Paris would be massacred.

'Several of my friends, Messrs. de Narbonne, Montmorency, Baumets, were personally threatened, and each of them was concealed in the house of some citizen or other. But it was necessary to change their place of retreat daily, because those who gave them an asylum were alarmed. They would not at first make use of my house, being afraid that it might attract attention, but it seemed to me that being the residence of an ambassador, and having inscribed on the door *Hôtel de Suède*, it would be respected, although M. de Staël was absent. It soon however, became useless to deliberate, when there could be found no

one who dared to receive the proscribed. Two of them came to my house, and I admitted into my confidence only one of my servants, of whom I was sure. I shut up my friends in the remotest chamber, and passed the night myself in the apartments looking towards the street, dreading every moment what was called the "domiciliary visits."

' One morning, a servant, whom I distrusted, came to tell me that the denunciation and description of M. de Narbonne, who was one of the persons concealed in my house, was stuck up at the corner of my street. I thought my servant wanted, by frightening me, to penetrate my secret; but he had simply related the fact. A short time after the formidable domiciliary visit took place in my house. M. de Narbonne, being outlawed, would have perished that very day, if discovered; and notwithstanding the precautions I had taken, I knew well, that if the search was rigorously made, he could not escape. It became then necessary, at whatever price, to prevent this search; I collected all my courage, and felt, on this occasion, that we can always conquer our emotions, however strong, when aware that they may endanger the life of another.

' Commissaries of the lowest class had been sent into all the houses of Paris, to seize the proscribed; and, while they were making these visits, military posts occupied the two extremities of the street, to prevent any escape. I began by alarming these men as much as I could on the violation of the rights of nations, of which they were guilty, by searching the house of an ambassador; and, as their knowledge of geography was not extensive, I persuaded them that Sweden was a power which could threaten them with an immediate invasion, being situated on the frontiers of France. Twenty years after, strange to tell! my assertion became literally true; for Lubeck and Swedish Pomerania fell into the power of the French.

' The common people are capable of being softened instantly, or not at all; there is scarcely any gradation in their sentiments, or in their ideas. I perceived that my reasonings made an impression on them, and I had the courage, with anguish in my heart, to jest with them on the injustice of their suspicions. Nothing is more agreeable to men of this class than a tone of pleasantries; for, even in the excess of their fury against the upper ranks, they feel a pleasure in being treated by them as equals. I led them back in this manner to the door, and thanked God for the extraordinary courage with which he had endowed me at that moment. Nevertheless, this situation could not last, and the slightest accident would have sufficed to betray an outlawed person, who was very well known on account of his having been recently in the ministry.

' A generous and enlightened Hanoverian, Dr. Bollmann, who afterwards exposed himself to deliver M. de la Fayette from the Austrian prisons, having heard of my anxieties, offered, without any other motive than the enthusiasm of goodness, to conduct M. de Narbonne to England, by giving him the passport of one of his friends. Nothing was more daring than this attempt, since, if any foreigner had been arrested, travelling with a proscribed person under a false name, he would have been condemned to death. The courage of Dr. Bollmann did not fail, either in the will or in the execution, and, four days after his departure, M. de Narbonne was in London.

' I had obtained passports to go into Switzerland; but it would have been so distressing to find myself alone in safety, leaving so many friends in danger, that I delayed my departure from day to day, in order to



learn what became of them. I was informed on the 31st of August, that M. de Jaucourt, a deputy to the legislative assembly, and M. de Lally Tollendal, had both been sent to the Abbaye; and it was already known, that those only who were destined to be massacred were sent to that prison. The fine talents of M. de Lally protected him in a singular manner. He composed the defence of one of his fellow prisoners, who was brought before the tribunal previous to the massacre; the prisoner was acquitted, and every one knew that he owed his deliverance to the eloquence of Lally. M. de Condorcet admired his splendid abilities, and exerted himself to save him; M. de Lally also found an efficacious protection in the sympathy of the English ambassador, who was still in Paris at this date. M. de Jaucourt had not the same support; I procured a list of all the members of the *commune* of Paris, who were then the masters of the city. I knew them only by their terrible reputation, and I sought, as chance directed, for a motive to determine my choice. I suddenly recollected, that one of them, called Manuel, was a dabbler in literature, having just published letters of Mirabeau, with a preface, very badly written, it is true, but which showed, at the same time, an ambition to display ability. I persuaded myself that the love of applause might in some way render a man accessible to solicitation, and it was accordingly to Manuel that I wrote to ask an audience. He fixed it for the next morning at seven o'clock, at his house; this was rather a democratic hour, but I certainly did not fail to be punctual. I arrived before he had got up, and waited for him in his closet, where I saw his own portrait, placed on his writing-desk, which gave me hopes that at least he might be gained over a little by vanity. He came in, and I must do him the justice to admit, that it was through his good sentiments that I succeeded in softening him.

‘ I represented to him the terrible vicissitudes of popularity, of which examples could be cited every day. “ In six months,” said I, “ your power may perhaps be at an end” (in less than six months he perished on the scaffold). “ Save M. de Lally, and M. de Jaucourt; reserve for yourself a soothing and consoling recollection, at the moment when you also may be proscribed in your turn.” Manuel was a man who could feel; he was hurried on by his passions, but capable of worthy sentiments; for it was for having defended the king that he was condemned to death. He wrote to me on the 1st of September that M. de Condorcet had obtained the liberation of M. de Lally; and that in compliance with my entreaties, he had just set M. de Jaucourt at liberty. Overjoyed at having saved the life of so estimable a man, I determined on departing the next day; but I engaged to take up the Abbé de Montesquiou, who was also proscribed, when I should have passed the barriers of Paris, and to carry him to Switzerland, disguised as a servant. To make this change more easy and secure, I gave one of his attendants the passport of one of mine, and we fixed on the spot on the high road where I should find M. de Montesquiou. It was thus impossible to fail in this rendezvous, of which the hour and place were fixed, without exposing the person who was waiting for me to the suspicion of the patroles who scoured the high roads.

The news of the taking of Longwy and Verdun arrived on the morning of the 2d September. We again heard in every quarter those frightful alarm-bells, of which the sound was but too strongly engraven on my mind, by the night of the 10th of August. I was solicited to



delay my departure; but could I risk the safety of a person who was then confiding in me?

‘ My passports were perfectly in order, and I imagined that the best way would be to set out in a coach and six, with my servants in full livery. I thought that, by seeing me in great style, people would conclude I had a right to depart, and would let me pass freely. This was very ill judged, for in such moments what of all things should be avoided is striking the imagination of the people, and the most shabby post-chaise would have conveyed me with more safety. Scarcely had my carriage advanced three steps, when, at the noise of the whips of the postilions, a swarm of old women, who seemed to issue from the infernal regions, rushed on my horses, crying that I ought to be stopped; that I was running away with the gold of the nation, that I was going to join the enemy, and a thousand other invectives still more absurd. These women gathered a crowd instantly, and some of the common people, with ferocious countenances, seized my postilions, and ordered them to conduct me to the assembly of the section of the quarter where I lived (the Fauxbourg of St. Germain). On stepping out of my carriage, I had time to whisper to the Abbé de Montesquiou’s servant to go and inform his master of what had happened.

‘ I entered this assembly, the deliberations of which bore the appearance of a permanent insurrection. The person who called himself the president, declared to me that I was denounced as having the intention of carrying away proscribed persons, and that my attendants were going to be examined. He found one person missing, who was marked on my passport (it was the servant I had sent away), and, in consequence of this irregularity, he ordered me to be conducted to the *Hotel de Ville*, by a gen-d’arme. Nothing could be more terrifying than such an order; it was necessary to cross the half of Paris and to alight on the *Place de Grève*, opposite the *Hotel de Ville*. On the steps, leading to the staircase of that hotel, several persons had been massacred on the 10th of August. No woman had yet perished; but the next day the princess of Lamballe was murdered by the people, whose fury was already such, that every eye seemed to demand blood.

‘ I was three hours in going from the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* to the *Hotel de Ville*, advancing slowly through an immense crowd, who assailed me with cries of death. Their invectives were not directed against me personally, for I was then hardly known; but a fine carriage and laced clothes were, in the eyes of the people, the marks of those who ought to be massacred. Not knowing yet how inhuman men become in revolutions, I addressed myself two or three times to the *gend’armes*, who passed near my carriage, to implore their assistance; and was answered by the most disdainful and threatening gestures. I was pregnant; but that did not disarm them; on the contrary their fury seemed to increase in proportion as they felt themselves culpable. The *gend’arme*, however, who was placed in my coach, not being stimulated by his comrades, was moved by my situation, and promised to defend me at the peril of his life. The most dangerous moment was in the *Place de Grève*; but I had time to prepare myself for it, and the faces which surrounded me bore such an expression of atrocity, that the aversion they inspired served to give me additional courage.

‘ I alighted from my carriage, in the midst of an armed multitude, and proceeded under an arch of pikes. In ascending the staircase,

which was likewise bristled with spears, a man pointed towards me the one which he held in his hand. My *gen-d'arme* pushed it away with his sabre: if I had fallen at this moment my life was at an end; for it is in the nature of the common people to respect what still stands erect, but the victim once struck is despatched.

‘ I arrived at length at the *Commune*, the president of which was Robespierre, and I breathed again, because I had escaped from the populace: yet what a protector was Robespierre! Collot d’Herbois, and Billaub Varennes, performed the office of secretaries, and the latter had left his beard untouched for a fortnight, that he might the better escape the slightest suspicion of aristocracy. The hall was crowded with common people; men, women, and children, were exclaiming with all their might, “ *Vive la nation.*” The writing office of the *Commune* being a little elevated, those who were placed there could converse together. There I was seated, and, while I was recovering myself, the Bailli of Virieu, Envoy of Parma, who had been arrested at the same time as myself, rose to declare that he did not know me; that whatever my affair might be, it had not the least connexion with his, and that we ought not to be confounded together. The want of chivalry of this poor man displeased me, and made me doubly eager to be useful to myself, since it appeared that the Bailli of Virieu was not disposed to spare me that trouble. I rose then, and stated the right I had to depart, as being the ambassadress of Sweden, showing the passports I had obtained in consequence of this right. At this moment Manuel arrived: he was very much astonished to find me in so painful a situation, and immediately becoming responsible for me, till the *Commune*\* had decided on my fate, he conducted me out of that terrible place, and locked me up with my maid-servant in his closet.

‘ We waited there for six hours, half dead with thirst, hunger, and fright: the window of Manuel’s apartment looked on the *Place de Grève*, and we saw the assassins returning from the prisons, with their arms bare and bloody, and uttering horrible cries.

‘ My coach with its baggage had remained in the middle of the square, and the people were proceeding to plunder it, when I perceived a tall man, in the dress of a national guard, who, ascending the coach-box, forbade the populace to take away any thing. He passed two hours in guarding my baggage, and I could not conceive how so slight a consideration could occupy him amidst such awful circumstances. In the evening this man, with Manuel, entered the room where I was confined. He was Santerre, the brewer, afterwards so notorious for his cruelty. He lived in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, and had several times been both witness and distributor of the supplies of corn which my father used to provide in seasons of scarcity, and for which he retained some gratitude. Unwilling also to go, as he ought to have done in his quality of commandant, to the relief of the prisoners, guarding my coach served him as a pretext; he wanted to make a boast of it to me, but I could not help reminding him what was his duty at such a moment. As soon as Manuel saw me, he exclaimed with great emotion, “ Ah! how happy I am at having set your two friends at liberty yesterday!” He bitterly deplored the assassinations that were going on, but which even at this time he had no power to prevent. An abyss was opened behind the steps of every man who had acquired any authority, and if he receded he could not fail to sink into it.

‘ Manuel reconducted me home at night in his carriage; he was afraid of losing his popularity by doing it in the day. The lamps were not lighted in the streets; but we met numbers of men with torches in their hands, the glare of which was more terrifying than darkness itself. Manuel was often stopped, and asked who he was, but when he answered, “*Le Procureur de la Commune*,” this revolutionary dignity was respectfully recognized.

‘ Arrived at my house, Manuel informed me that a new passport would be given to me, and that I should be allowed to depart, but with my maid-servant only. A *gen-d’arme* had orders to attend me to the frontier. The following day Tallien, the same who, twenty months after, delivered France from Robespierre, on the 9th Thermidor, came to my house, having been ordered by the Commune to conduct me to the barrier. We heard every instant of new massacres. Several persons much exposed were then in my room: I begged of Tallien not to name them; he promised that he would not, and he kept his word. We went together in my carriage, and left each other without having the power of communicating our thoughts to each other; the circumstances in which we were froze the words on our lips.

‘ I still met with some difficulties near Paris, which I found means to remove; and, as the distance from the capital increased, the waves of the tempest seemed to subside, and in the mountains of Jura nothing reminded me of the dreadful agitation of which Paris was the theatre.’

Madame de Stael did not return to Paris until the year 1795. Her retreat in the Pays de Vaud became, during the reign of terror in ’93, the asylum of the proscribed of every denomination of politics. She compared it, and justly, to an hospital, in which the wounded of all parties were indiscriminately received. Her efforts to rescue her friends in France from the fangs of Robespierre were equally ingenious and heroic; and many of those whom she guided and protected in their flight by the agency of a faithful Swiss, have borne a most affecting public testimony to the keenness of her solicitude and the warmth of her compassion. Her time was divided at Coppet between her colony of fugitives from the guillotine, her father, and her books. Filial piety was with her a passion, we might almost call it a superstition; for she not only loved and revered, but worshipped M. Necker. The world has accused her of affectation on this score; and it is certain, that by reverting perpetually to the topic of her affection, by commemorating, as she has done, on every occasion, his virtues and his works, in a strain of absolute idolatry, she has in some degree merited the charge. Such hyperboles as the following, for instance, taken from her ‘*Considerations*’ are only in unison with the general tone of the volumes which she has consecrated to his memory. ‘ Though I have traversed all Europe, a genius of the same style, a moral principle of the same vigour as that of M. Necker has never come within my way. I have even now, twelve years after his death, more confidence in the least of his words, than I should have in any individual alive, however superior that individual might be:—the identity of my being consists in the attachment which I bear to his memory: the waves of life have carried

all away except this mighty shade, &c.—I owe no real gratitude on earth, but to God and my father,' &c.

It is a little singular, and somewhat unamiable, that she should have excluded her mother from all share of her gratitude. Madame Necker was a woman of a highly cultivated mind and fine talents: this may be seen from her correspondence with Gibbon, contained in the last edition of the *Memoirs of the historian*. She was worthy of her husband, by her firmness, beneficence, and fidelity, and is represented by her daughter as having engaged *his* tenderest affection and esteem. We do not recollect any direct tribute to her excellence in the writings of Madame de Stael. M. Necker, whom she deifies, was, undoubtedly, an able financier, and, we believe, a truly honest statesman. He has been the subject of immoderate censure as well as of undue panegyric, in relation to his management and plans as prime minister of the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth. We will not undertake to pronounce between his enthusiastic friends and prejudiced enemies; but we are sure that his labours of every kind are greatly overrated by his daughter. She has devoted a considerable part of the first volume of her '*Considerations*' to the history of his administration, and rendered it the more interesting by the interspersions of original anecdotes. M. Necker was a voluminous and distinguished author. His daughter relates that eighty thousand copies of his '*Administration of the Finances*' were sold. It certainly deserves to be still considered, in France, as a standard book. We hold in high estimation his *Treatise on the Executive Power in Governments*, and could wish it to be more generally known in the United States than we suppose it to be. It is brought home to us by the attention which the writer bestows upon that branch of our federal system. The style of M. Necker is diffuse and fatiguing, especially in his work on Religious Opinions; and, though always instructive and judicious, he can hardly be allowed the merit of having produced 'master-pieces of profundity, sagacity, and eloquence.' He attempted to dissuade Louis the sixteenth from embarking in the American war, for reasons entitled to weight in all similar conjunctures, with every government. 'He laid before the king,' says Madame de Stael, 'the strongest motives for a continuance of peace, and he who has been charged with republican sentiments, declared himself hostile to a war of which the object was the independence of a people. I need not say that he, on his part, wished success to the colonists in their admirable cause; but he felt, on the one hand, that war never ought to be declared without positive necessity, and, on the other, that no possible concurrence of political results could counterbalance to France the loss she would sustain of the advantages she might derive from her capital wasted in the contest.'

Soon after the return of Madame de Stael to Paris, in 1795, she was denounced at the bar of the Convention by Legendre, the butcher; but her situation, as wife of the minister of Sweden, protected her from violence. Her crime was that of being eager

in soliciting the recall of emigrants. She gave still greater offence to the Jacobin rulers by the pamphlet which she published in the same year, entitled *Reflections on Peace, addressed to the French Nation*. This eloquent and Christian exhortation was cited with the greatest applause by Mr. Fox in the British parliament. Her next publication was the '*Essay upon the influence of the Passions on the Happiness of Individuals and of Nations*,' in two volumes octavo. She had not reached her thirtieth year when she attempted so abstruse a theme; and if she was not entirely successful, she displayed uncommon powers of philosophical investigation. She had chalked out too extensive a plan, and was less happy in her diction than in her later productions; but the '*Essay*' abounds with vigorous and just conceptions, and new and striking views. The same remarks may be applied to her '*Literature considered in its relations with social institutions*,' in two volumes octavo, which has, we believe, had some circulation in this country, and well rewards the labour of perusal. It is fitted to convey an idea of the gravity of her studies and the extent of her literary attainments in the spring of her life.

In 1797 she was first made acquainted at Paris with Bonaparte. She dwells at considerable length in her '*Considerations*,' upon the impression which she then received from his appearance and demeanor. He became, after his accession to the supreme power, her persecutor and the source of the sharpest sorrows which embittered her existence. She has returned, in some sort, the poisoned chalice to his lips, by tracing, in her last work, his character and system of government, in a manner which renders her the most formidable enemy that his reputation has as yet encountered. In 1802, her father put forth a work entitled '*Last Political and Financial Views*,' which excited the anger of the First Consul, and occasioned the banishment of the daughter from Paris, on the ground of her having given him 'false information on the state of France.' In relation to this event, which forms an epoch in her life, she makes remarks which deserve to be quoted in illustration of her personal history and character. 'I have since, I hope, merited this exile by my own conduct; but Bonaparte, who took the trouble of inquiring that he might wound the more effectually, wished to disturb the privacy of our domestic life, by holding up my father to me as the author of my exile. I was the first woman whom Bonaparte exiled; but a great number, adherents of opposite opinions, soon shared my fate. He wished me to praise him in my writings; he was vexed that I should be the only writer of reputation in France, who had published books during his reign, without making any mention of his gigantic existence, and at last, with inconceivable rage, he suppressed my work on Germany. Till then my disgrace consisted merely in my removal from Paris; but from that time I was forbidden to travel, and was threatened with imprisonment for the remainder of my days. My generous friends, M. de Montmorenci and Madame Recamier,



the most beautiful woman in France, were banished, because they had come to see me at Coppet.'

There is no exaggeration or vain glory in this statement. The most powerful monarch of the world felt disquietude at the phrases which might fall from her, even at an hundred and fifty leagues from Paris; he watched with a suspicious eye and pursued with his vengeance, those of her early friends, who visited her in her distant retreat. To be thus isolated, and to be shut out of her beloved France, was the severest of punishments for Madame de Stael; she bitterly bewailed her exile at almost every moment of the twelve years during which it continued; she frankly acknowledged how ill she supported its privations; but she remained inflexible in her political opinions, and never uttered a word or wrote a line of homage to the despotism which it was so much her interest to propitiate. This is noble, and aggravates the infamy of the numberless apostates of the *stronger* sex.—The danger to which such of her friends as persisted in holding communion with her, were exposed, and the desire of perfect freedom in the enunciation of her sentiments, made her resolve finally,—but not without much hesitation and the most painful reluctance—to seek an asylum in England. 'Threatened,' she says, 'with imprisonment by a prefect extremely docile to power, if I showed the least intention of withdrawing for a day from my dwelling, I escaped when Bonaparte was just entering into Russia, fearing I should find no outlet in Europe if I deferred my project any longer. I had already but two ways of going to England, by Constantinople and by St. Petersburg. The war between Russia and Turkey rendered the road by the latter almost impracticable. I knew not what would become of me, when the emperor Alexander had the goodness to send me a passport to Vienna. On entering his empire, acknowledged as absolute, I felt myself free for the first time since the reign of Bonaparte. If he had succeeded in his expedition against Russia, there would not have been a single corner of continental ground where one would have been sheltered from his power.'—The tenor of this extract is curious as an illustration of the extent and intensity of the dominion established within the space of so few years, in the nineteenth century, by a soldier of fortune.—'I reserve for another work,' adds Madame de Stael, 'of which several pages are written, all the circumstances of my exile, and of the journies, even to the confines of Asia, which were the consequences of it.' Her premature dissolution has deprived the world of a volume which would, no doubt, have combined the interest of romance with the importance of history. The journeys to which she refers were, however, productive of inestimable fruits in her 'Corinna' and her 'Germany,' and may be said to have indemnified her thus for the persecutions to which they were owing. On the appearance of the first of those performances, the whole republic of letters hailed her as one of the brightest geniuses and most eloquent writers of the age; crowned her, in spite of the frowns of Bonaparte, as she crowns her heroine at Rome, and



gave to her situation a proud relief, as cheering to herself as it must have been irritating to her oppressor. The *Corinne* is faulty as a novel; its moral tendency is at least questionable; its materials are ill-assorted; its characters, with the exception of the principal, not perhaps the most happily chosen, or skilfully exhibited; in the sentimental parts it is too often strained and extravagant; but it is, in a great measure, original in the design and texture; and it abounds with beauties and felicities of the highest order. Though, as a picture of Italy, it may be too highly coloured and artificially wrought, as a work of imagination it is altogether one of the richest and most delightful extant. The French critics have found the style objectionable in several respects, while they admit that it is fervid, picturesque, and copious in a degree correspondent to the ardour of her enthusiasm, and the magical play of her fancy.

Her 'Germany' is her greatest effort; but, notwithstanding its dazzling success, and abundant merit, we are of opinion that her genius is more at home in the department of the melo-romance to which *Corinne* may be assigned. Still, it is not easy to decide in what sphere, whether of material description, and pathetic sentiment, or of political and literary philosophy, she shines the most, when we consider her severally in each, as she appears in the works just mentioned. She is seen to most disadvantage in the third part of her 'Germany,' where she attempts to expound the German metaphysics of the new school. The brightest light of genius could not avoid obscurity when plunged into the fogs raised by Lessing and Kant. We admire the hardihood, and can distinguish the vigour, of Madame de Stael's intellect in this situation, but feel that she is constantly involving both herself and us in deeper darkness. In all her works she is remarkable for throwing out, with a sort of momentary inspiration, luminous and profound reflections on human character and life. They issue from the midst of the perverted morality of '*Delphine*;' of the *outré* passion of the *Corinne*, and the rapt mysticism of the disquisition on the German philosophy. Her superior, natural reason escapes, and serves the reader as an unerring guide to the recesses of the human heart, and to the true sources of taste and knowledge.

Besides making war upon the theory of Bonapartean despotism, in her 'Germany,' Madame de Stael ventured to break from the trammels of the French code of criticism, and to declare in favour of the German and English school of dramatic poetry. The literati of Paris might have been grateful to her for bringing them acquainted with a number of foreign writers, of positive excellence, of whose names even they were previously ignorant; for spreading before them so rich a feast of thought and expression, and for shedding so much lustre abroad upon the literary community in which she had been formed. But they attended, for the moment, to nothing except the mortifying heresy of admitting the great poets of Germany to a kind of equality with their own; of placing the Klopstocks, Schillers, Wielands, even upon a higher eminence.—The na-

tional taste was scandalized; the national vanity piqued; and the Amazon was assailed by the stoutest champions of the French capital; who, in the flush of their indignation, seemed to have forgotten her sex and her general merits. We are not uncharitable in adding that there was another motive which whetted their patriotic zeal—the reprobation in which she notoriously stood with the Emperor. At the instigation of the police, the journals and gazettes of Paris discharged volleys of cavils, and sarcasms, and reproaches against the heterodox outlaw.

A more congenial and summary retribution than that of literary detraction was tried, in the first instance, in the violent destruction of the whole Parisian edition of the work, although printed with the corrections of the official censor. When ten thousand copies were just ready for distribution, the minister of police, General Savary,\* sent his gens'd-armes to the house of the bookseller, with orders to tear the whole in pieces, so that not a single copy should escape. This event produced a strong sensation throughout Europe, at a moment when thrones were falling, and mighty convulsions expected. It is in its spirit and circumstances, one of the most remarkable of the domestic feats of Bonaparte. Madame de Stael has exhibited it in detail and in the proper colours, in the preface to the London edition of 1814. She has marked the mutilations, which the manuscript suffered from the hands of the censor, before the *imprimatur* was given, which was so unceremoniously violated. The suppressed passages are of much historical importance as evidences of the genius, aims, and guilty conscience of the imperial government; and the whole transaction bespeaks the singular and wide-spread interest which the name and writings of this extraordinary woman inspired.

She appeared no where in foreign countries as a stranger; at London as well as at Paris, at Rome and Weymar, she was equally in her element, and naturalized herself at once in the society of finest intelligences; she was mistress of the principal languages of Europe, and familiar with the literature of Italy, Germany, and England; her instinctive sagacity pointed, and her enthusiasm kindled, at what was excellent in the literary productions, political institutions, and social habits of the nations which she visited; she celebrated what she admired according to the gratification afforded to her exquisite tastes and deep sensibility. In Italy, she was all alive to the prodigies of art, to the beauty of the climate, to the fervor of the native genius, and the ease of social intercourse; in Germany, she was captivated by the solidity and simplicity of

\* He transmitted at the same time orders to Madame de Stael to quit France in four and twenty hours. The letter which he addressed to her on the occasion, contains the following passage, not, we think, to be read by any man of common gallantry or feeling without shame and disgust. 'It appeared to me, that the air of this country did not agree with you, and we are not yet reduced to seek for models amongst the people you admire.—Your last work is not French; it is I who have put a stop to the publication of it. I am sorry for the loss the bookseller must sustain, but it is not possible for me to suffer it to appear.'

character; the independence of the literary spirit; the hardihood of the philosophical theories; the novelty and raciness of the poetical style and imagery: in England, the political institutions were seen by her in their abstract perfection, and contrasted with what she had witnessed and loathed in her own country, of arbitrary rule, and personal insecurity; the purer morals, the sounder sense, the more general information and rational philosophy, the natural dignity and manly tone, of the British, made the deepest impression upon her, and accordingly she has, in the third volume of her 'Considerations,' where she treats at large of England, the air of a determined and interested eulogist. Whatever she undertook to describe received, moreover, the hues of her own fancy, and was more or less affected in the representation by her original modes of expression. The kindness of her nature, too, had its influence, and is evidenced by the prodigality of her praises.

It is known that she formed the resolution, at one period, of emigrating to these United States. We heartily wish she had done so, as she was already prepared by her political opinions, to view our institutions with an unclouded and even an affectionate eye. She has not overlooked this nation in her 'Considerations,' and it is with particular satisfaction that we transcribe the following passages of the third volume. 'That admirable good sense which is founded on justice and security, exists no where but in England or in America.'\*\*\* 'There is a people who will one day be very great, I mean the Americans. One stain only obscures the perfect splendour of reason that vivifies that country; slavery still subsists in the southern provinces; but when congress shall have found a remedy for that evil, how shall we be able to refuse the most profound respect to the institutions of the United States? whence comes it then that many English allow themselves to speak with disdain of such a people? "They are shop-keepers," they repeat. And how did the courtiers of Louis XIV talk of the English themselves? The people of Bonaparte's court also, what did they say? The Americans, it is true, declared war against England at a very ill-chosen time, with respect to Europe. But America on this occasion looked only to what concerned her interest; and she can certainly not be suspected of having wished to favour the imperial system. But could the declaring war unseasonably against England, justify the burning of Washington? What is there more honourable for mankind than this new world, which has established itself without the prejudices of the old; this new world where religion is in all its fervor, without needing the support of the state to maintain it; where the law commands by the respect it inspires, without being enforced by any military power?'

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the interdict was raised for Madame de Stael, and she quickly repaired to Paris from which no length of absence could estrange her affections. It was there that her sympathies had the fullest gratification, and that she triumphed anew, at almost every moment, by her colloquial powers, which, out of France, could not be exercised with the same free-

dom and effect; although, as we can testify, it was not necessary to be a native of that country to be sensible of their surpassing versatility and energy. She adhered, under Louis XVIII, to her liberal doctrines in politics and literature, and her dwelling in Paris continued, during the first year of the restoration, to be the head-quarters of what was styled the liberal party.

In the midst of the bustle of political revolutions and the conflict of party-interests she found leisure to raise a monument to the memory of her father, in the interesting volume entitled 'Life of M. Necker.' The two last years of her life, she was chiefly employed in preparing for the press, her great work—the 'Considerations on the principal events of the French revolution,' which has been recently published in three volumes octavo, by her son and son-in-law. The first and second volumes, and a portion of the third, received her last corrections. The newspapers have given remarkable accounts, which we do not suppose to be in the least exaggerated, of the avidity with which this posthumous publication has been sought and read in Europe. By her early opportunities, her high connexions, and her range of personal observation, Mad. de Stael was especially qualified for passing in review the events, parties, characters, and results of the French revolution; and the knowledge of this adventitious aptitude, independently of her reputation for ability as a writer, served to excite in the European world, a lively curiosity. There is enough, particularly in the two first volumes of the 'Considerations,' to reward it, and to secure to her a foremost rank among political authors. The investigation with which she sets out, of the causes of the fall of the monarchy, is not so satisfactory to us, as some other inquiries which we have read, and we would cite as the preferable one in our estimation, that of *Senac de Meilhan*,\* whom she unwarily pronounces a superficial writer. But she is eminently successful in describing the first movements, and developing the principles and aims of the early parties of the revolution, preparatively to exhibiting, as she does in firm and speaking profile, the whole series of the revolutionary governments. The last of these, that of Bonaparte—concentered in the man, being of deeper concern to her and the world, shares, with her father's administration, her most earnest attention and vigorous touches. She will have ample revenge for her personal wrongs, if posterity should decide on the character of Napoleon from her final representations; and in truth, we know of none better entitled to determine its judgment, when we consider the certainty and cogency of the facts, the sagacity of the reasonings, and the soundness of the principles, by which they are supported. If there be, here, some stirrings of passion and private feeling, scarcely any thing of the kind is visible in the preceding parts of her work, except, as we have already intimated, in relation to the impeccability of her father's administration. In all the rest,—including even the

\* *Du Gouvernement, des Mœurs, et des conditions en France, avant la Revolution.* 1 vol. octavo.

exposition of the state of affairs and the conduct of parties after the reinstatement of the Bourbons, contained in the third volume,—she displays a remarkable degree of impartiality, candor, and calmness of deliberation; so as to leave us under the impression that her ‘Considerations’ are likely to have a most salutary effect, at this period, upon the public mind of France. Her tone as to the value and indispensableness of free institutions is uniformly peremptory, and indicative of the steady elevation and independence of her spirit; and it is impossible for the reader not to be convinced that she was chiefly actuated in the composition of the work, by the hope of promoting the liberties of France in the first place, and then of the human race. She excels in her historical portraits, which are numerous and drawn from the life. We have too, some fine specimens of historical criticism, to which, although it is so commonly attempted, none but an understanding of the highest order, is properly equal. The last six or eight chapters of the third volume, have the objectionable features of a rough draught; but contain a number of those luminous general reflections which are so thickly sown in the finished portions of the work.

The productions which we have mentioned do not make up the whole of Mad. de Stael’s literary labours. She published besides, ‘*Zulma, and three novels preceded by an essay on Fictions;*’ ‘*Reflections on Suicide,*’ &c. and contributed the articles *Aspasia, Cleopatra, Camoens, &c.* in the *Universal Biography* now passing through the press of Paris. Her son proposes to publish a complete edition of her works, in which will be included some inedited pieces, and among these, the fragments of a work begun under the title of ‘*Ten Years of Exile.*’

It is with great reluctance that we advert at all to her first novel, *Delphine*, in 4 volumes octavo, which we consider as an indelible stain upon her memory. When she thus employed her pen in the cause of disorder and vice, her genius and taste kept aloof, and left her to compromit her literary character by a preposterous style, and absurdities of every description. This lady manifested, it is said, equally by her example, her contempt for the marriage-tie,\* and we suspect that the contrasting virtue of her mother is one of the causes why she is so penuriously praised in the pages of the daughter.

While, then, we commemorate admiringly the many excellent qualities of the heart which distinguished Mad. de Stael, and class her with the most powerful intelligences and eloquent writers of the age, we find her far less respectable,—as she must have found herself, with all her celebrity, far less happy,—than the Mores, the Edgeworths, and the Hamiltons, of Britain, whose lives and writings conspire to strengthen the sacred delicacy of their sex, and to teach the true ends of female ambition.

\* We refer only to the period of her union with the Baron de Stael. After her death, the world was apprized that she had some time before, secretly married *M. de Rocca*, the real or putative author of the interesting ‘*Memoirs of the French war in Spain.*’



**ART. II.**—*Russian History*, from the year 1725 to 1761, abridged from an unpublished political History of Russia; by an American.

**PETER** the Great died without having formally nominated a successor. At the period of the solemn coronation of Catharine, he undoubtedly designed to transmit the sceptre to her; but, only a few months before his decease, he detected the beloved wife to whom he had sacrificed Alexis, and whom he had delighted to honour, in an adulterous intrigue with a young chamberlain of her household, of the name of Moens. This event, which is said to have hastened his death, renders it probable, that he would have made some other choice, had not the rapid progress of his malady deprived him of strength for the purpose. While he was yet in the agonies of dissolution, effectual measures were taken by the favourite Menzikoff to secure the throne to Catharine. The imperial guard was propitiated, the public treasure seized, and the head of the ecclesiastical synod made to declare, that Peter had communicated to him, the most decided intentions in favour of his august consort. The senate, together with the principal civil and military officers, wished to substitute Peter, the infant son of Alexis; but the power and address of Menzikoff prevailed.

Catharine, now empress of all the Russias, had an origin widely contrasted with the splendour of her station. It is disputed among the historians, whether she was born in Sweden, or Livonia: All, however, agree that she was of the lowest parentage; that, at Marienbourg in Livonia, during the war with Charles XII, she fell as a prisoner,—on the very day of her marriage with a Swedish soldier,—into the hands of a Russian general, of whom she became the mistress, and that she afterwards attached herself to Menzikoff, by whom she was finally transferred to Peter, who saw her by accident in the house of his favourite, where she appeared in a menial capacity. She married the Czar in 1717, after having given him two children, and until the discovery I have mentioned above, maintained an almost unbounded ascendancy over his mind. Her personal attractions, the equability and gayety of her temper, her politic and zealous participation in all his plans and fatigues, were the means by which she acquired a control operative even in his paroxysms of rage, and which was exerted with so much real or counterfeit humanity, as to make her generally beloved among the people. Deficient in great qualities and dazzling accomplishments, she seems to have possessed an exceedingly artful and ambitious spirit, to which the natural softness of her manners served as a cloak and an instrument. The few circumstances which I have cited of her history, are sufficient to show what were her morals, and her feelings towards the Czar. The first measure of her administration was an outrage to his memory. I refer to the recall and elevation of the sister of Moens, whom Peter had caused to be knouted, and banished to Siberia, for acting as the accomplice of his dishonour.

The real sovereignty of the empire devolved on Menzikoff, whose origin was correspondent to that of his mistress. From



having been the servant of a pastry cook, he had risen, through accident in the first instance, and afterwards by the force of great natural abilities, to the highest place in the favour and confidence of Peter. His vices were not less remarkable than his talents and services. Entrusted with the administration of the armies and finances he was thrice convicted of peculation to a vast amount, and stripped of all his booty. Although scarcely a day passed that he did not feel the weight of Peter's cane;—that he was not exposed to the axe, he yet contrived to maintain himself in the most important posts of the empire. Manstein, in delineating his character, says, that his ambition was boundless, his avarice insatiable; that having had no education, his manners were coarse; but that he was an excellent soldier, strongly attached to Peter, and wedded to his maxims of government,—traits to which he chiefly owed his good fortune.

Catharine, under the guidance of Menzikoff, pursued steadily the plans of her predecessor. His obsequies were speedily followed by the pompous celebration of the marriage of her daughter Anne with the duke of Holstein, to whom this princess had been previously affianced, pursuant to the policy of multiplying connexions with Germany, as a means of obtaining a voice in the diet, and a more direct influence over the affairs of Europe. In conformity to the same principle, and with a view of wresting Sleswick from Denmark, for the duke of Holstein, Catharine acceded to the celebrated treaty of Vienna of 1726, which awakened such lively alarms in England, and of which the remote consequences were so important to Russia. This transaction was connected with designs and accompanied by naval and military preparations, which evinced an ambition and energy properly characteristic of the disciples of Peter the Great. The North was preserved, however, from the most sanguinary convulsions, by the adverse treaty of Hanover, between England, France, and Prussia, and the vigorous measures of the British court.\*

About this period Menzikoff presented himself, under the auspices of Catharine, as a candidate for the throne of Courland, although the states of that duchy had previously chosen the celebrated count Maurice of Saxony as their sovereign. The intrigues and menaces of Russia were competent to obtain the abrogation of this election, but not to secure that of Menzikoff. He returned to St. Petersburg to be indemnified there for his disappointment,—notwithstanding the cabals formed against him during his absence,—by the confirmation of an authority under which all orders of men were compelled to crouch, and of which they were made to feel the weight in the most wanton indignities and cruel proscriptions.

Catharine had scarcely been a year on the throne, when she fell into an atrophy, which, in the course of another twelvemonth, put a period to her existence at the age of thirty-eight. The favourite

\* See Coxe's *Memoirs of sir Robert Walpole*, vol. 1. chap. 27 and 28. *Memoirs of Horatio Walpole*, &c.

is accused by some historians of having poisoned her, in order to govern with more independence and security, in the name of the infant son of Alexis, whom she had designated as her successor. The charge has, however, no other foundation than plausible surmise. In uneducated, and half civilized minds, ambition is, indeed, doubly fierce and impatient; and when supreme power is the stake, might readily prompt to a crime even of such doubtful advantage.

The testament of Catharine, in constituting Peter the son of the unfortunate Alexis, heir to the empire, established, for the administration of the national concerns during his minority, a regency composed of prince Menzikoff, the duke and dutchess of Holstein, and six other of the principal personages of the court. One of the clauses of the will peremptorily ordained, that the young monarch, then but in his ninth year, should marry, at the proper age, a daughter of Menzikoff. From this circumstance, we cannot be at a loss to understand under whose dictation the whole was framed. It did not, however, enter into the real designs of the favourite to admit of any control or participation in the enjoyment of the supreme power. The council of regency assembled but once to ratify the will, and was never allowed to meet again.

Cabals were formed in favour of the princess Anne, but easily frustrated, and both the duke and dutchess were forced, by studied humiliations, to quit the empire. Their intrepid competitor made himself master of the person of the young prince, affianced his daughter to him with imperial pomp in the presence of the whole court, and reigned alone with the spirit both of a Sylla and a Lepidus. All those to whom his ward had manifested any attachment, or who seemed likely to interfere with his views, were relentlessly proscribed. His own brother-in-law, a Portuguese, is to be remarked in the list of the exiles to Siberia. His rapacity, which even the iron rule of Peter the Great had been incompetent to restrain, knew no bounds, in the favourable situation in which he was now placed for the indulgence of all his vices.

In a court like that of Russia no extent of power, or degree of vigilance could prove an entire security against intrigue. The enemies of the regent gained access to the person of the prince in spite of every precaution of jealous tyranny; and by the agency of one of his youthful companions, a prince Ivan Dolgorouki, who had won his affections, opened his eyes to his real situation. The cupidity of Menzikoff betrayed him into an act which served to accelerate his fall; that of seizing for his own use, a sum of money sent by Peter as a present to his sister. Nothing more was now wanting to the prisoner than an opportunity of escaping from his bonds and shaking off the yoke.

During a severe fit of sickness with which Menzikoff was visited soon after, the object was accomplished, and his disgrace prepared. On his recovery he found himself completely in the power of his more dexterous enemies; he was arrested, stripped of his immense wealth, and banished into Siberia, with his family, including the daughter whom he had betrothed to the young sovereign.

The spoil of his moveables alone amounted, it is said, to three millions of rubles. Under one of the severest climates of the frigid zone, and with a scanty provision for subsistence, he acquired a strength of body and a composure of mind, which he had never possessed in the season of his brilliant prosperity. His history from the period of his exile,—from which he never returned,—until his death, is highly edifying, and yields a most affecting verification of the maxim, that our nature is better fitted to bear the frowns, than the favours of fortune.

The commencement of the reign of Peter II furnished another remarkable instance of the vicissitudes of human fate. Eudoxia, the discarded and persecuted wife of Peter the Great, whom Catharine I, on her accession, had thrown into solitary confinement, was liberated by her grandson, loaded with honours and favours, received at Moscow by the higher nobility with every demonstration of reverence and love, and established there for the rest of her life, in a manner suited to her former rank. She was at the same time acquitted of all the charges that had been preferred against her by her husband, and proclaimed his only lawful wife;—one out of a multitude of proofs, that no monarch of Russia, not a Peter the Great, could expect after death, even from those apparently most devoted to his honour and his will, the slightest respect for his domestic arrangements, or tenderness for his reputation. It is in the nature of despotism to insulate its possessor; to expunge, in some sort, his existence, as respects those who follow him in the same character; in whatever relation they may stand towards him, whether of consanguinity, or of obligation. It universally excludes the influence of those sympathies, which in private life,—sometimes in limited monarchies,—operate not only in the case of an immediate, but of a remote succession.

On the banishment of Menzikoff, Peter II fell under the equally absolute tutelage of the Dolgoroukis, who had managed the conspiracy against the veteran minister. They formed one of the most illustrious of the ancient families of Russia, but pursued the same ends as the adventurer whom they had displaced. The regency was forgotten; the person of the young prince was beset as closely as before; every avenue to his favour barred but through them; and a sister of Ivan Dolgorouki, his inseparable companion, offered to him as a wife. The designation of the day for the nuptials seemed to fix the Dolgoroukis on the pinnacle of greatness, when, a short time prior to the intended celebration, in the midst of the most animated and splendid festivities, the sovereign was seized with the small pox, and in a few days, at the age of sixteen, fell a victim to the disease, through the ignorance of his physicians, and his own imprudence.

‘The reign of Peter II,’ says general Manstein, ‘lasted but two years and nine months; and though this prince was so very young when he died, he was nevertheless, regretted by the whole nation. The Russians of the old stock found in him a prince after their

own heart, especially for having quitted St. Petersburg, and brought back their residence to Moscow. There was no compulsion to serve in the army, so that every one could stay at home quietly.\* The Cossacks of the Ukraine revolted in order to recover the privileges of which they had been deprived by Peter the Great, on account of their insubordination; but they were quickly reduced to order, by sending troops against them. From the time of Catharine until the death of Peter II, Russia was governed by none but Menzikoff and the princes Dolgorouki, who had supplanted him, and inherited his vices.'

The Czar had scarcely expired, before his favourite Ivan Dolgorouki, rushed forth from the sick chamber, and proclaimed his sister, the intended bride, empress of all the Russias. A superior influence was then at work, and baffled the scheme, although supported—if we are to believe the imperial manifestos afterwards issued—by a fabricated will. The council of state, the senate, and such of the principal generals of the army as were then at Moscow, had already assembled to give not only a new monarch, but a new constitution to the empire. Their deliberations resulted in the determination to tender the sceptre to Anne the dowager dutchess of Courland, a daughter of Ivan, brother of Peter the Great, to the exclusion of her elder sister, the dutchess of Mecklenbourg, then at Moscow; of the grandson of Catherine I, and of Elizabeth the daughter of Peter I,—all of whom had more regular claims.

The true reason, according to Manstein, for preferring the dutchess of Courland, was, that she being at Mittau, the remoteness of the place, would afford time for the organization of a new system of government concerted in the assembly. The majority of this body were strongly inclined to the restoration of the old order of things, and the exclusion of foreigners from all share in the administration of the empire. They therefore readily concurred in a project of limiting the power of the empress elect, by such conditions as would make her altogether dependent upon the council of state composed of seven members, who professed to be devoted to the attainment of those objects.

The articles of compact framed accordingly, were of a tenor to convert the government into an oligarchy, and constitute a revolution unique in the Russian annals. Anne signed them without hesitation, well assured, that when once at Moscow, with the sceptre in her grasp, she should find no difficulty in replacing the despotism on its old foundations. The deputies of the council exacted from her, at the same time, a promise not to suffer herself to be accompanied or followed into Russia, by her favourite Biren, a Courlander of obscure birth, who, from an humble station in her household, had reached, by means of a handsome person, and an insinuating address, the first place in her confidence and affections. The appearance of this individual at Moscow, but a few days after

\* See Williams's opinion of this reign—*History of the Northern Governments.*

the arrival of his mistress, was an unequivocal augury of the degree of respect which would be paid to the written stipulations.

I scarcely need relate that no time was lost in forming a vigorous combination for the overthrow of the heptarchy, and that the object was speedily accomplished. Dissentions were adroitly sown in the council itself; the lower nobility were roused by the representation, that under the new constitution, they would be debarred all preferment in the state, of which the first honours were, previously, within their reach; the jealousy already conceived of the power of the council by the higher nobility, was artfully fomented, and the prevailing spirit of sedition industriously chafed into action. When the guards, now as important on such occasions as ever the prætorians were at Rome, had been completely gained over by flattery and largesses, and stationed so as to lend their aid, where it might be necessary, nothing remained for the injured empress, but to assemble, with the utmost solemnity, the council of state and the senate; to receive a deputation professedly from the whole nobility, who urged their desire, and the prayer of the nation at large, that she would take the absolute rule into her own hands, in as much as Russia had for many ages been governed by a sole monarch;—and finally to tear to pieces the instrument of concession which had been extorted from her generous credulity. The palace then resounded with acclamations of joy, which were repeated by the soldiery posted to guard the avenues, and soon echoed throughout the empire. But, the evening after the ceremony, an unusually vivid *Aurora Borealis* gave the horizon the appearance of being suffused with blood. This phenomenon struck terror into the people of Moscow, and was interpreted as a certain presage of a sanguinary reign.

The council of state could not fail to experience the instantaneous vengeance of the sovereign whom it would have reduced to a pageant. It was dissolved, and a new one substituted of a very different character. The princes Dolgorouki, who had finally concurred in the erection of the oligarchy, were dispersed throughout Siberia, and after languishing for eight years in that horrible exile, were brought back, to glut with their blood, the unappeased rage of their enemies. Two of them, including the favourite of Peter II, were broke on the wheel; two quartered, and others of this house, one, as I have said, of the most illustrious and ancient of Russia, cut off by modes of punishment, suitable only for the vilest malefactors.

The apprehensions which prompted the old nobility to stipulate for the elimination of Biren, were fully justified in the sequel. On the day of the solemn coronation by which the Czarina sought to confirm her victory over the council, her favourite was dignified with the title of count, and exalted to the place of high chamberlain, vacated by the exile of prince Ivan Dolgorouki.—But a little time elapsed before his imperial mistress sunk into the condition of a ward, and all Russia lay prostrate at his feet. Menzikoff had



never possessed a larger share of power, nor had he ever employed it with a despotism so fierce and oppressive.

Biren was of a temper still more ferocious and sanguinary; of abilities much inferior, and of manners equally coarse; but he was endowed with considerable energy and firmness of spirit, which he carried into the management not only of his private concerns, but of those of the empire. The executions, confiscations, proscriptions, of which he is accused as the author, caused the short reign of Anne, a period of ten years, to resemble in complexion, and, if we consider the number of the victims, to surpass in atrocity, the administration of Marius at Rome. Not less than twenty thousand exiles to Siberia are said to belong to the list. Yet the sovereign herself is far from being chargeable with the qualities of harshness and cruelty. This instance proves—and similar evidence abounds in the History of Russia—the correctness of the observation, that the principal misfortune of despotic states, is not the being governed by an absolute monarch, but by slaves in power, the creatures of blind favour, chance, or intrigue, who have no direct interest in the prosperity of the people; who, not daring to look to the future on account of the inevitable precariousness of their fortunes, consult only the gratification of the moment; and who, sure of present impunity, give without hesitation into all the excesses to which their nature may be prone, and their situation invites.

The remark I have here made concerning the vice of favouritism in despotisms, might be extended to democracies, in which it is apt to exist, from similar causes, and to prove scarcely less malignant. When in the last mentioned form of government, and in a country already at a high point of intellectual improvement, it happens that foreigners easily become *oracles*, the mischief is altogether without alloy. In Russia it was tempered by the benefit of the lights which their superior science and sagacity enabled them to communicate, by the important aid which they furnished in the proper organization and employment of her natural resources and in placing the government on a level, in arms and negotiation, with the neighbouring powers.

While the avarice of Biren assailed all classes, and his ambition admitted of no rival, his vengeance was particularly directed against the Russian nobility, on whom he inflicted every kind of suffering and degradation. The excuse for his severity to the natives, was, that they were manageable under no other system of government; the same as is urged by the encomiasts of Peter the Great, in justification of his enormities. But the one hated implacably, and the other sovereignly despised the Russian nation: these sentiments, united to the innate violence of character common to both, were probably the true causes of the savageness of their rule.

It was the good fortune of Anne, as regards the prosperity of her administration, to be surrounded with foreigners, whom Peter the Great had raised to the first dignities on account of their capacity, and who were now recommended by the additional merit of



long experience in the public service. Count Osterman, her minister of foreign affairs, a Lithuanian by birth, had negotiated the peace of Neustadt for Peter, and was a statesman of consummate adroitness and profound knowledge of business.—Munich, a Danish soldier of fortune, whom she created a field-marshal, and placed at the head of the war department, possessed all the qualities of a great general and an accomplished intriguer. Many other celebrated adventurers might be cited in addition, of talents similar to those of Osterman and Munich, and of morals not less relaxed; whose flagitious example conduced to heighten the depravity, while their services enlarged the renown and augmented the power, of the empire.

All branches of administration soon wore a flourishing aspect under such directors. The genius and activity of Munich introduced into the Russian army, a better discipline than it ever before enjoyed; and placed the whole military establishment upon a highly improved footing. Judicious regulations were made for the promotion of trade; the ancient treaties of commerce were renewed; the relations with China strengthened, and the foreign powers, such as Denmark, England, and Sweden, whom the movements of Catherine 1st had alienated, and with whom it was not now convenient to quarrel, were tranquillized by politic concessions and assurances. At this period, too, about the third year of the reign (1733) the provinces wrested by Peter the Great from Persia were restored,—spontaneously in appearance, but in reality from the obvious necessity of the sacrifice—to Thamas Kouli Khan, the famous conqueror. Of this transaction, I have already spoken. It is remarkable as the only instance in the history of Russia, since the time of the Czar Alexis, of the relinquishment of the smallest portion of the territory, which she had formally annexed to her empire.

The ambitious projects conceived by Peter the Great were, however, far from being relinquished. The spirit which generated them, had never declined, and gave birth to still more extravagant dreams of aggrandizement. Among other objects the subjection of Poland was steadily kept in view. An opportunity of encroachment on this side could not fail to be eagerly seized, and it was furnished in 1733, by the death of her king Augustus II, of Saxony, whom Peter had established on the throne, to the exclusion of Stanislas Leczinski, the candidate of Charles XII. Stanislas, bereaved in his turn of the crown, which Charles plucked from the head of Augustus to plant on his brow, had been compelled to fly his country, bearing still the titles of royalty, and to wander from court to court in search of protection, until a court-intrigue made him father-in-law to Louis XV, of France, and threw him, in consequence, under the ægis of that power.

The French government had been busy, from the year 1729, in plots for his re-election to the throne of Poland on the death of his competitor, and when this event happened, redoubled

its efforts. The son of Augustus of Saxony, the rival candidate, succeeded, however, in obtaining for his pretensions the determined support of the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg. He gained over the former by signing the *Pragmatic sanction*, so dear to the emperor Charles VI, and the latter, by engaging to make a full cession to Anne, of the districts which had been assigned as her dowry in Courland, and to secure the investiture of that duchy for her favourite Biren.

In declaring herself against Stanislas, Russia avowed as one of her motives, the circumstance of his attachment to Sweden and his enmity to herself; but with both the allied courts, the suppression of French influence in Poland was, independently of the hope of substituting their own, a leading inducement to the course which they pursued. From the manifestoes of the parties, it is evident, that, on both sides, the most illicit means had been employed,—vast sums of money corruptly expended,—to promote the success of their respective candidates. The views of France were, however, conformable to the inclinations of the Polish Diet and nation, who had resolved to elect none but a *piast* or native nobleman, and whom the threats of Russia had served to unite and confirm in this resolution.

These circumstances, the cabals of the French ministry, and the ardent co-operation of the Polish primate and the greater part of the nobility, indignant at the compulsion attempted by Russia, enlisted every voice in favour of Stanislas, who, thirty years after his first coronation, was now, for the second time, chosen king of Poland, by the unanimous suffrages of sixty thousand gentleman assembled at the *Kola* or field of election. The monarch himself, had arrived, two days previous, at Warsaw, and the triumph seemed complete, as it was not deemed possible that any foreign power would persist in attempting to defeat the will of the nation thus expressed.\*

But the court of St. Petersburg was not to be diverted from its purpose. In this interval the empress Anne, says Manstein, had played off all imaginable springs of policy to embarrass the election of Stanislas. She had stationed large bodies of troops on the frontiers of Poland, and signified to the Diet, through her ambassador, that both Russia and Austria would support the elector of Saxony with all their forces, in case the republic should be refractory. By practising upon the cupidity and jealousies of two of the Polish bishops, and some of the nobles, she succeeded in forming a small party of about three thousand dissentients. These, on the day after the great national act, seceded from the field of election, entered a protest against the choice of Stanislas, proclaimed Augustus king of Poland, and solicited the protection of Russia.

This appeal was the signal for inundating Poland with Russian troops. Count Lacy was already on the banks of the Vistula with

\* See Manstein, Ruilhiere, &c.

twenty thousand Russians and Saxons; thirty thousand more were marched in the same direction; Stanislas with his principal adherents, was compelled to fly to Dantzic, and Warsaw was occupied by the Russians.

The magistracy of Dantzic having intimated a determination to defend the illustrious fugitive at every hazard, Lacy proceeded with all possible expedition to invest that city, nominally a free one, but of which Peter the Great had not scrupled to violate the independence. Marshal Munich himself soon appeared to take the command of the besiegers. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of his skill and courage, the siege endured for nearly five months and cost him not less than eight thousand men and two hundred officers. The chief nobility of Poland, together with the French ambassador, fell into his hands, on the reduction of the place; but Stanislas, the principal object of the enterprise, had, to the deep mortification of the Russians, effected his escape only a few days before, in the disguise of a peasant.

The party of this prince in Poland, which embraced nearly the whole nation, prolonged the contest for a year after the surrender of Dantzic; but could, with raw troops hastily collected, make no effectual resistance to the disciplined armies of Russia. The latter proved every where victorious, and at length subdued all opposition. Augustus III was triumphantly crowned at Warsaw under the banners of Munich, and recognised by the majority of the nobles as the lawful sovereign of Poland, while the whole kingdom was yet a scene of devastation committed by his merciless auxiliaries.

France lavished magnificent promises, but gave no important military aid to the Polish patriots, during this destructive war. By her treaty with the court of Vienna, of which the preliminaries were signed in 1735, Stanislas abdicated his crown under her dictation, and was compensated with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which he continued to enjoy during the rest of his life.

About this period, too, happened the death of the reigning duke of Courland; an event of which immediate advantage was taken by the empress Anne to crown the ambition of Biren. By means similar to those employed in the case of Poland, the states of the duchy were forced to nominate as its sovereign an adventurer, to whom its nobility had formerly refused admission into their order with marked aversion and disdain. The new king of Poland, Augustus, did not hesitate to grant the investiture to Biren, conformably to his promise, and Courland, although nominally a fief of the republic, became from that moment, virtually, a province of Russia.

The cabinet of St. Petersburg awaited only the completion of their enterprise in Poland, to commence a war, already projected, against Turkey.—The resolution had been early taken to wipe away as soon as circumstances would permit, the disgrace of the treaty of Pruth, in concordance with the intentions of Peter the Great, and to realize his views of dominion in that quarter. Every mode of apo-

logy and concession was tried by the Ottoman Porte to avert hostilities; but in vain. The conjuncture was too favourable to be neglected, as the Turks were then defending themselves against Thamas Kouli Khan, and the cabinet of Vienna had secretly engaged to co-operate in their destruction.

Ignorant of this circumstance the Divan applied to Austria for her friendly interposition, and a congress was opened at Serock upon the Neister, under her auspices, for the settlement of all disputes.\* The conferences were brought, however, to a speedy conclusion, by an unexpected demand from the mediatrix, of Moldavia and Wallachia for herself. On the refusal of the Turks even to entertain so shameless a proposition, she issued a declaration of war against them, alleging the obligation which the treaty concluded with Catharine I, in 1726, imposed upon her of assisting Russia.

During the first campaign of 1736, the Tartars allied with the Turks, were defeated with great slaughter: the Crimea and the Kuban were overrun; Asoph was reduced; but this campaign cost Russia, according to general Manstein, little less than thirty thousand men. In the further progress of the war, marshal Munich gained several splendid victories, took Oczakow and Chocksim, and made himself master of all Moldavia. While the Russians were thus reaping laurels, and gaining important advantages on one side, the Austrians encountered on theirs, a series of the most calamitous defeats.

The treaty of peace which the latter were compelled, in 1739, to sign in the Turkish camp, yielded up Belgrade, together with most of the valuable conquests of prince Eugene, and forms one of the most humiliating and disastrous epochs in the history of the house of Lorraine.

The havoc of her resources, and the apprehension of an immediate attack from Sweden, conspired to incline Russia to a peace, notwithstanding her successes. She accepted the mediation of France, who adjusted a treaty, by which she was content to relinquish all her acquisitions, except Asoph, on condition of being allowed to extend her frontiers twenty German miles on the side of the Ukraine, and to occupy Samara and its districts.—This was an important convenience with a view to the prosecution, at another opportunity, of her designs on the Crimea and the Black Sea. The abrogation of all former treaties, also stipulated on this occasion, was another sensible advantage for Russia. By that of Pruth, she had covenanted to abstain from interfering in the affairs of Poland; an obligation which she had indeed grossly violated in the proceedings narrated above, but which it was well to put entirely out of the way, to relieve her from all formal responsibility to the Turks on the score of the republic.

The mortality in the Russian armies occasioned by the sword and other causes, during the war with the Porte, is computed by

\* *Langier Hist. de La Paix de Belgrade. Vol. II.*

Manstein, at one hundred thousand lives.—The general result was nevertheless, prosperous for the empire. The name of Russia became still more formidable to the Turks, and authoritative in Europe; her troops enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being trained in the school of experience by foreign tacticians and disciplinarians, such as Munich, Keith, Lacy, and Lowerdal, not inferior to any commanders of the age.

Towards the close of the contest with Turkey, Russia conceived a strong suspicion of the intentions of Sweden, whose military arrangements on the side of Finland were, indeed, of a nature to excite uneasiness for the safety of St. Petersburg.—The Russian minister at Stockholm sent advices to his court, that a treaty was in agitation between Sweden and the Porte, and that a Swedish officer, a major Sinclair, had been despatched to Constantinople to bring back the ratification. The Russian cabinet resorted to a most execrable expedient, in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of the affair;—the assassination of the messenger on his return.—Sinclair was way-laid, massacred, and rifled, by Russian officers selected for the purpose. The crime, however, proved almost gratuitous, as his papers disclosed nothing of consequence. It was solemnly disavowed by the empress Anne in memorials presented to all the European courts with which she was connected.—But the fact of its having originated with the Russian government seems unquestionable. General Manstein affirms, that the transaction was concerted, without the knowledge of the empress, between Biren, Osterman, and Munich; that the latter was charged with providing instruments for its execution, and that the assassins were all seized, sent into Siberia, and confined there in dungeons, to preserve the secret more effectually.\*

The Czarina had, in the early part of her reign, adopted her niece, the princess Anne, daughter of the dutchess of Mecklenburgh, and, about the year 1739, married her to prince Anthony Ulrick of Brunswick. The fruit of this union was a boy born in 1740, and baptized by the name of Ivan. The mother continued to be considered as heiress to the crown, but she was destined to experience a different fortune.

Within a couple of months after the birth of Ivan, the Czarina was seized with a dangerous disease. Biren nominated the infant as her successor. The next step was to obtain for himself the post of regent during the minority, setting aside the prince and princess of Brunswick. The empress sunk under her malady in the course of a few weeks; Ivan was proclaimed emperor, and the duke of Courland regent, until he should attain the age of seventeen, in virtue of an act of regency signed by the defunct.

The reader must be struck with the similarity between the occurrences here narrated, and those which accompanied the demise of Catherine I. The analogy continues between the attempts of Menzikoff and Biren to secure the throne for their own posterity;

\* *Memoirs*, p. 244.

their conduct towards the parents of the infant sovereigns, and their precipitate downfall. The impotency of precedent to teach circumspection, and moderation, is especially remarkable in the history of the candidates for power in despotic governments.

The deportment of the duke of Courland in his new situation, was in unison with the tenor of his former life. The tyranny which he practised left him without defence against the machinations, of which he would have been the object, had he even pursued an opposite course. The prince and princess of Brunswick were oppressed, and outraged by his insolence. Munich, who had seconded his pretensions to the regency, was exasperated by his ingratitude, and the Russian nobles were universally his enemies. A conspiracy could not but result from such circumstances. The malecontents soon came to an understanding, and Munich being the colonel of the principal regiment of guards, took upon himself the task of avenging their common wrongs. His aidecamp, general Manstein, the author of the memoirs which I have so frequently had occasion to cite, penetrated at night, with a few trusty soldiers, into the palace of the regent, seized him in his bed, and conveyed him with his family to a fort at some distance from the capital.

As soon as the person of Biren was known to be secured, all the regiments then at St. Petersburg, were assembled in arms round the palace, and the princess Anne of Brunswick declared herself grand dutchess of Russia, and regent of the empire during the minority of Ivan. The tribunal constituted for the trial of Biren, condemned him to death as guilty of high treason; but the grand dutchess commuted this sentence into exile and the forfeiture of all his property and honours. Munich himself gave the first sketch with a pencil, of the prison which the duke and his family were to occupy in Siberia. The interment and obsequies of the empress Anne, which had not yet taken place, the punishment of the few adherents of Biren, and the promotion of her own friends, next occupied the new regent. Munich, in contributing to her elevation, had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying all power under her name, even in the distribution of offices. His associates, however, including the prince of Brunswick, her husband, contemplated a very different order of things. They regarded him as a dangerous rival, and found no difficulty in bringing the regent to view him in the same light. His lofty pretensions, and his haughty demeanor, furnished arms wherewith to effect his disgrace. In the course of a few months, the author of the late revolution saw himself among the number of its victims. The dexterity of his enemies reduced him to a subordinate station in the government, from which he was glad to escape, by accepting permission to abdicate all share in the direction of affairs. So formidable, nevertheless, did he continue, even when divested of official authority, that, according to Manstein, 'the prince and the princess did not sleep in their usual bed, but changed apartments



every night, till marshal Munich had removed to his palace over the Neva, being every moment afraid of a new revolution.'

This revolution which they apprehended, was approaching from another quarter. The grand dutchess had scarcely time, after the dismissal of the marshal, to receive a splendid embassy from Persia, to select a lover, to force the brother of her husband upon the states of Courland, as their duke, in the place of the exiled Biren, to declare war against Sweden, and to digest a plan for occupying the throne in her own right,—when a storm arose in the political horizon, like the tornado of the natural world, which swept her from her seat, and involved the infant emperor, her husband, and their partisans in one common destruction.

A daughter of Peter the Great, by Catharine, the princess Elizabeth, existed in the capital, where she had resided during the vicissitudes of which I have spoken, unmolested, and seemingly indifferent to political events. She could not fail, however, for obvious reasons, to attract about her malecontents, who aimed at inspiring her with the desire of vindicating her plausible title to the crown, and who were ready to aid her in the attempt. Their representations had the natural effect. As early as the reign of the empress Anne, Elizabeth suffered a small party to be formed in her name, and studiously ingratiated herself with the guards and the populace. The plot ripened during the feeble and incautious administration of the grand dutchess, and found an able conductor in the French ambassador at the court of the regent, the *Marquis La Chetardie*. This nobleman had received instructions from his government, to make every exertion to involve Russia in new revolutions, that she might not take part in the war of the Austrian succession, which was then raging in Germany.

*La Chetardie* had an active agent in Lestocq, a German surgeon of French extraction, belonging to the household of Elizabeth, and supplied him abundantly with the money requisite for the purchase of adherents among the soldiery. I need not trace the several steps by which the enterprise was brought to completion. It will be sufficient to add, that, in the proper crisis, and under the guidance of determined associates, Elizabeth repaired at midnight to the barracks of the guards, assembled three hundred partisans of the principal regiments, proceeded at their head to the palace where slept the regent and her husband, and caused the 'usurpers,' as she afterwards styled them in her manifesto, to be surprised in their beds, and to be seized and conveyed with their children to different prisons. The next day the senate, the chief nobility, and the troops were assembled as usual, and the same oath of fidelity which had been administered to them on every similar occasion, was now taken without hesitation to the fortunate Elizabeth.

The incidents I have here noted, bear, as it will be perceived, a curious resemblance to those of Biren's overthrow. Siberia was, in like manner, the destiny of his immediate successors. There seemed to be an established routine of punishment in these trans-

actions. The grand dutchess, and the prince of Brunswick, after being detained for eighteen months in prison, were ultimately sent to perish in a small island of the northern Dwina, near the white sea. The young emperor, Ivan, was confined in the fortress, where he was strangled twenty-three years afterwards. By the judgment of a court, consisting of senators and other Russian nobles, count Osterman was condemned to be broke alive on the wheel; marshal Munich to be quartered, and a number of others, both foreigners and Russians, eminent for their services and rank, to lose their heads. After they had been grouped together on the scaffold, their fate was softened, or rather aggravated, into banishment, with the loss of their estates. Thus were the favourite servants of Peter the Great, the chief instruments of the prosperity of the empire, sent by his daughter to drag out a life of penury and wretchedness amid the snows of the polar regions. Munich occupied in Siberia, the very edifice, which, as I have already mentioned, he had himself designed as the dwelling of Biren, and it is related that the rivals met on a narrow causeway, as the one evacuated it, to give place to the other.

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ART. III.—*Brief Notice of the Labours of Men of Science, for 1817, from the Journal de Physique, for January 1818.*

**A**STRONOMY.—Herschell has been occupied in determining the arrangement of the celestial bodies, and the extent of the milky way.

M. Linderau, and Mr. Pond, have been reviewing the generally assumed parallax of the fixed stars, and correcting preceding observations.

M. Wurm has published a dissertation on the stars that have been observed to change their size, particularly the changeable star in the Whale, discovered by Fabricius, in 1596.

The observations of Dr. Herschell, that the spots in the sun were depressions in its surface, have been confirmed by those of M. Hubert, who remarked the same appearance in two spots, on the 3d January 1817, which were manifestly cavities in the sun.

Mr. Mosely remarks on the spots of the sun of last year, that they could have no effect on the temperature of the seasons; 1st, Because they were not large enough to intercept any material part of the sun's light. 2dly, Although numerous, they were not sufficiently permanent for this effect. 3dly, The effect would not have been confined to any particular portion of the earth, owing to its rotation.

The comet of Dr. Olbers, mentioned in the journal for November, has not been verified by any other observer.

M. Schroeter has published observations on the famous comet of 1811, and M. Le Baron de Linderau on that of 1812.

Dr. Schroeter has published observations on the planets Mercury and Vesta.

Mr. H. Lee, and Dr. Brewster, have been employed on means of correcting the errors of astronomical observations arising from refraction.

Dr. Del Negro has described an oligochronometer, to measure small fractions of time.

Mr. Emmet has published a description of an instrument for taking more exactly, the distances between the sun, moon, and fixed stars, freed from the errors of refraction and parallax; by which means, lunar observations to determine the longitude, are rendered more easy, and the calculations shortened.

*Meteorology.*—M. Volta has been occupied in observing the periodical return of storms. The paper of M. Humboldt on isothermal lines and parallels of vegetation, has already been published in our periodical papers. M. Pictet, of Geneva, says that the temperature of 8 o'clock in the morning, is at all seasons the exponent of the average temperature of the 24 hours. Mr. J. Davy, in a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, has pursued the observations of our Col. Williams on thermometrical navigation. Mr. Scoresby's remarks on the possibility of reaching the north pole, are known from the British Reviews.

Messrs. Breguet, Gay Lussac, and Maasal Hall, have proposed improvements in thermometers.

Dr. M'Culloch has published some remarks on the imperfection of barometrical measurements of heights, where the observations are not perfectly simultaneous, especially in stormy regions, and in winter. Improvements in the barometer have been suggested by M. Marsigli, Landriani, Mr. Adair of Edinburgh, and Dr. Wollaston of London.

And here it is worth while to notice an improvement in the barometer, for measuring heights, by Dr. Playfair. Fill a tube of iron with mercury: measure the mercury contained in it; and the mercury which falls into a cup, on inverting it at the bottom and the top of a mountain, will give data to calculate the height. All danger of breaking is thus avoided.

The proposal of Mr. Wilson to substitute the bladder of a rat, in lieu of the common substances used as hygrometers, has been frequently mentioned. The scale is formed by dipping it in water of 60 Fah. for one point, and keeping it in air long exposed to oil of vitr. of 1,85 as the other point; and dividing this scale in 100 degrees.

M. Schluber and Mr. Fr. Reynolds have suggested some improvements on electrometers, and the observations connected with atmospheric electricity.

Mr. Evans's observations on magnetism are inserted in the Phil. Magazine.

M. Lefevre Guineau, has repeated experiments to show that metallic needles suspended in a fluid, point to the magnetic meridian; but he says this is true of iron only, not of copper or silver.

Mr. Bain, of Edinburgh, has published an essay on the variation of the compass, arising from changing the direction of the head or prow of the vessel. He confirms the result obtained by Capt. Flinders, that the error produced by a combined attraction is proportional to the sine of the angle between the head of the ship and the magnetic meridian, in whatever direction the head is placed.

M. Outzen Bijorn, has published some speculations on aerolites: the aerolite said to have fallen lately in the Rue Richelieu at Paris, did not fall there: it is a mistake.

M. Stromeyer found cobalt in a specimen of a mass of native iron from the Cape of Good Hope. And M. Laugier has found sulphur in a specimen of the iron noticed by M. Pallas. M. Sommering and M. Wedemannstadt have observed a rectilinear radiated crystallization in some polished meteoric iron, on moistening the surface with nitrous acid.

M. Chladni has published some remarks on aerolites; and states that not only sulphur and copper have thus fallen, but also a gelatinous kind of mass which he saw when dry, and which was gray, spongy, light and pliable. It fell on the 8th of March, 1796, at half past 10 in the morning, in various places in the north of Germany. Sulphur fell at Petersburg, 18th June, 1815, (Qu? was it not pollen?) and copper at St. Louis de Potosi in Mexico, in 1799, and at Colchester, in England, in 1801.

*Light and Colours.*—M. Fraunhofer has published some observations on the colour of various spectra, natural and artificial. Dr. Vermburgh has also published some observations on prismatic spectra. M. Prevost thinks we judge of the colour of opaque substances, not by means of reflected, but radiated light. His experiments are curious, but too long to be detailed here.

The work of Mr. Ch. Bompas on light, is theoretical merely.

M. Lampadius first proposed a photometer. M. Horner, of Zurich, has proposed a new one; for the detail we must refer to the paper.

The experiments of Malus on the refraction of light, have been pursued this last year by Arago, Biot, Brewster, Shebeck, Fresnel and Pouillet.

*Electricity and Galvanism.*—M. M. Nelis, Schweiger, Configliachi, Stadion, and Parrot, have been at work on the pile of Volta, and the dry pile of Hatchet, De Luc, and Zamboni; it does not appear that the theory of its action is yet settled: that the atmosphere, and that humidity affects it, is certain: but whether moisture be necessary to the result—or the admission of the air—or the hygrometric moisture of the air—or temperature, seem to be points not yet satisfactorily decided.

*Caloric.*—The blow pipe of Dr. Clark, originated, as to the idea of burying hydrogen and oxygen together, with Mr. Hare of Philadelphia. It appears from the joint experiments of Hare, Silliman, Clarke, Murray, and Ridolphi, that there is hardly any sub-

stance but what can be fused by means of this kind of combustion. (The apparatus of Mr. Hare is too complicated for use: that of Dr. Clark and Mr. Newman, dangerous: the simple machine for burning these two gases, introduced by Mr. Cloud, of Philadelphia, is certainly the best hitherto invented. It is in common use in America.)

M. Lampadius has found, that oxygen burned in combination with coal-gas, or carburetted hydrogen, produces a greater degree of heat than with hydrogen.

M. Benedict Prevost defines *ebullition*, the intestine motion of a liquid exposed to heat, owing to the formation of steam therein internally.

*Evaporation*, takes place independent of atmospherical pressure.

*Vaporization*, or the production of steam, is modified by that pressure.

*Elastification*, he proposes as the generic word to comprehend all these states.

M. V. Michelotti has published some experiments on the elasticity of steam.

Mr. Davenport has discovered that the painful sensation, on plunging the finger into hot liquids, depends more on their affinity for heat, than on their heat or their density. He could move his finger 5 or 6 inches deep, during two or three seconds, in tar, heated to 220 of Fah. without pain, but he could not do so in water, heated to 140° of Fah.

Sir H. Davy has published some experiments on the refrigerating power of gases, and M. Despretz on the capacity of bodies for heat dependant on the periods of their cooling.

M. Meinecke has invented an instrument for taking the specific gravity of gases, (stoechiometry) but the details are too long to be given here.

Mr. G. O. Syms has confirmed the common opinion that the greatest density of water is at, or very near, 40° of Fah.

(The very ingenious improvements on the common steel-yards, for taking the specific gravities of solids, by Mr. J. Lukins, and Mr. Coates, Jun. of Philadelphia, will appear in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of that city, vol. 2d.)

Mr. Faraday, M. Girard, and M. Hechette have pursued their experiments on the flowing of gases and liquids through capillary tubes.

M. Allent has deduced some useful practical observations from a consideration of the surfaces of imperfect fluids, such as sand and earth.

*In Chymistry*.—Sir H. Davy's experiments on combustion, with ether, are already well known here. That gentleman has also ascertained that ignited diamond will continue to burn till consumed in oxygen gas.

(The experiments of Dr. Ure, on the production of water from uriat of ammonia, have been so completely confirmed by Dr.

Murray, that the notion of M. Dulong, that the water was contained in the muriat of ammonia of commerce, and of Sir H. Davy, that it was formed by the hydrogen combining with the oxygen of the red lead, that entered into the composition of the glass, are equally inadmissible. Dr. Murray, in a late paper on the subject, (5th Jan. 1818) has proposed a new theory, viz. that it is not water that enters as such, as a component part in muriatic gas, but the elements of water, viz. oxygen and hydrogen. But on whatever theory, the simple nature of chlorine gas, is fully overturned by these experiments of Drs. Ure and Murray; and the old theory of Berthollet revived.)

M. Dalton has been occupied in the combinations of nitrogen and oxygen. Dr. Higgins complains (with good reason) that Dalton has assumed the discovery of the atomic theory first proposed by Dr. Higgins.

Mr. Murray has ascertained the combustion of sulphuret of carbon in chlorine.

The compound blow pipe has made us better acquainted with some metallic substances, particularly manganese; whose specific gravity is 7,451 to 7,467. It is magnetic, and probably, therefore, impure. Mr. Johnson alloyed iron with copper, by covering 400 grains of copper with black oxyd of iron; and exposing them to heat, he procured 526 grains of very red oxyd of copper. Copper united to white arsenic becomes more white, soft and ductile; but does not augment in weight. With tin it is less malleable, yellowish or whitish; with lead somewhat brilliant under the hammer, but slightly malleable; the same with zinc.

Mr. Mushet succeeded in uniting manganese to iron, in proportion of 21,84 per cent. But on cooling, it cracked, and at length flew into an impalpable powder.

Mr. Cooper has discovered an alloy of platina, not oxydable by the air, at the usual temperature, very dense. Platina 7 parts, copper 16, zinc 1 part.

Mr. Holmes and Dr. Wollaston have found copper in the black powder that remains after the solution of tin. M. Vauquelin, Cooper, and Davy, of Cork, have been much occupied on the oxyds and salts of platina. M. Dobreiner has ascertained three sulphurets of copper. Messrs. Chevrueil, Edwards and Chevillot, have been occupied by experiments on the mineral chameleon of manganese.

*Reactives.*—M: Peschier announces a concentrated solution of alum as the best test of the presence of potash alone or combined with acids: and benzoic in place of succinic acid as a test of iron.

Mr. Murray; a drop of a solution of any mercurial salt, even diluted, produces a stain on silver of a copper-colour.

M. Brugnatelli detects the presence of sublimate and arsenic thus. Drop a little of the suspected liquor in a solution of starch blued by Iodine, the colour produced is a brownish red. If it be arsenic, the blue colour is restored by a few drops of sulphuric acid, but not so if it be sublimate.



Gay Lussac procures alumine pure, by igniting alumine with base of ammonia.

M. Bianchini, purifies mercury by digesting it without heat in sulphuric acid.

M. Grotthouss has observed that two salts which will not decompose each other in water, will do so in alcohol.

Mr. Murray on reflection has discarded the analysis of mineral waters by crystallizing the salts they contain; because, during the process, new compositions and decompositions take place: and he adopts the method of reagents.

*Vegetable Chymistry.*—The morphine and morphium of M. Serturner, and the emetine of M. M. Pelletier and Majendie have been long known to American chymists from British publications.

Berzelius has determined the composition of certain acids, by volume or bulk.

|          | oxyg. | carb. | hyd.            |         | oxyg. | carb. | hydr. |
|----------|-------|-------|-----------------|---------|-------|-------|-------|
| oxalic   | - 3   | - 2   | - $\frac{1}{8}$ | acetic  | - 3   | - 4   | - 6   |
| formic   | - 3   | - 2   | - 2             | gallic  | - 3   | - 6   | - 6   |
| succinic | - 3   | - 4   | - 4             | benzoic | - 3   | - 15  | - 12  |

The experiments of Mr. Donovan, who discovered the sorbic acid, have been repeated and extended by Braconnot and Vauquelin; sorbic acid—16.8 hyd. 28.3 carb. 54.9 oxyg.

M. M. Bouillon, Le Grange, and Vogel, say that the malic acid is nothing more than extractive matter, such as nitric acid always forms with sugar.

M. Vauquelin has operated on the ergot of cabbage and barley and concludes against it being a vegetable of the genus sclerotium.

According to the experiments of M. M. Boulay and Vogel, the emulsions of sweet almonds are not very unlike the milk of animals: the bitter almond owes its flavour and properties to prussic acid.

*Animal Chymistry.*—The result of the experiments of M. Chevreuil on the new acids from oils and fats will be found in the new edition of Thomson's elements of chymistry: as also the cholestérine of Pelletier and Caventon.

M. M. Vauquelin, Prevost, and Vogel have experimented on the urine of the rhinoceros and elephant, and on the calculi found in those animals, and in a dog.

The most important notice of animal chymistry, is the formation of fat by M. M. Dobreiner and Berard from the gases that enter into animal fat as elements, in their due proportions passed through a hot porcelain tube.

Mr. Berard after M. Gay Lussac employs the oxyd of copper in vegetable and animal analysis in lieu of oxymuriat of potash.

*Mineralogy.*—It is not yet determined whether external character, chemical composition, on the peculiarities of crystallization ought to be employed in classing minerals. The experiments of M. Beudant tend to show that we cannot depend on crystallization; for if a saturated solution of sulphat of iron be mixed with

a saturated solution of sulphat of zinc, the crystals will have the form of sulphat of iron, if there be only 15 of that solution in the mixture. Similar results, but not in the same proportion, took place with sulphat of copper and of zinc: hence a substance may be accidentally present, and greatly influence the form of the crystal, and yet give no essential character to the substance itself: and on the other hand, there may be foreign substances present in considerable proportion without altering the crystallization.

Mr. Haüy has ascertained that the form of arragonite, is not owing to the presence of strontian.

Mr. W. Philip has corrected some crystalline angles ascertained by Haüy, by means of Wollaston's goniometer.

Berzelius and Mr. Sowerby, both propose a chymical classification of minerals, but the latter does not think the doctrine of definite proportions applicable to this subject.

Stromeyer has analyzed an ore of cobalt: iolite and wacke, have been analyzed: Mr. Gregor has found potash in topaz; but Berzelius can find none. The siliciferous hydrats of alumine of Le Lievre, and Menard de la Groye; the allophane, the vulpinite, or silico-anhydrous gyps, the reddish-yellow barytic sulphat of Nutfield in Surrey, the filamentous celestine of Dornburg near Jena, the glance cupreous silver ore from Schlangenberg in Siberia, and some other minerals, have been analyzed.

*Geology.*—Mr. T. Tredgold has collected many just and useful observations on stratification and its uses. M. Venturine ascribes the boulder stones out of place to deluges and ice. M. Garden has discovered in Blanch Island, New Zealand, a mineral water, containing sulphuric and muriatic acids. M. Reboul has ascertained the height of several points of the Apennines.

The mineralogists of England, in the Memoirs of the Geological Society, have been very busy in ascertaining the correct geology of various districts in that kingdom. The map of Mr. Smith, promises to be superseded by one about to be published by Mr. Greenough, late president of the Geological Society. The best general account of the geology of England is to be found in the review of Smith's map in the Edinburgh Review for Feb. 1818.

Count Borbowski states, that although the mountains in the neighbourhood of Rome are undoubtedly volcanic trap, yet clay predominates; and the action of water has so altered the substances that they have lost much of their original character.

Mr. Borochi, has discovered columnar basalt in the hills round Viterbo.

Then follows a view of the geological essays of Mr. Maclure, in the Journal of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, vol. I.

*Botany and vegetable physiology.*—Little of importance appears under this head, unless the geography of vegetation of Humboldt, of which a specimen appeared in a late number of Brande's Journal of Science and the Arts.

*Zoology.*—It may be necessary to inform the American public, that there exists in Philadelphia, an Institution called ‘the Academy of Natural Science;’ composed of persons, chiefly young men, who labour without ostentation; and who print and publish their own transactions. One volume of their journal in 8vo. has appeared, and another is nearly printed. A very full notice is taken in the latter part of this number of the *Journal de Physique*, of the papers of Mr. Maclure, M. Le Sueur, Mr. Say, Mr. Nuttal\* and Mr. Ord, who appear to have done more in favour of American Science, and brought this country more into notice among scientific foreigners, during the short time they have laboured for the purpose, than any equal number of individuals or collection of individuals for many years past. Yet, who gives them credit in their own country? The Journal of this Academy, has hardly been purchased except by the members belonging to it: there it lays, unknown and unnoticed on their shelves: the same is the case with Mr. Say’s valuable Treatise on American Entomology: of what consequence is it that he ranks with Latreille and Leach in Europe? and that the correspondence of this society is sought for by the Savans of Europe? At home, it is so obscured by the spirit of commercial speculation, and the avidity for gain, that the present information may well be regarded as new to the generality of American readers. As the volume in question, so fully noticed in the *Journal de Physique*, has been published here, there is no need to give any further account of it at second hand. The rest of the number of that Journal, does not contain much matter of interest.

This introductory memoir of the new edition of the *Journal de Physique*, by M. M. Ducrotay and Blainville, who succeeded La Metherie, closes with an obituary of M. de Luc. C.

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ART. IV.—*Letter of Advice from Mr. Godwin to a young American*, on the course of studies it might be most advantageous for him to pursue.

[From the Edinburgh Magazine.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have thought, at least twenty times since you left London, of that promise I made you, and was at first inclined to consider it, as you appear to have done, as wholly unconditional, and to be performed out of hand. And I should, perhaps, have proceeded in that way; but that my situation often draws me, with an imperious summons, in a thousand different directions; and thus the first heat of my engagement subsided. I then altered my mind, and made a resolution, that you should never have the thing you asked for, unless you wrote to remind me of my promise. I thought within myself, that, if the advice was not worth

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\* This gentleman has lately published two small volumes of American botany, to be had at Solomon Conrad’s book-store. It is strange, that after quoting him two or three times rightly, Mr. Nuttal, the editor of the *Journal de Physique*, should misname him, p. 78, as Mr. Mistal, in two places.

that, it was not worth my trouble in digesting. From the first moment I saw you in this house, I conceived a partiality for you, founded on physiognomy in an extensive sense, as comprehending countenance, voice, figure, gesture, and demeanor; but if you forgot me, as soon as I was out of your sight, I determined that this partiality should not prove a source of trouble to me.

And, now that you have discharged your part of the condition I secretly prescribed, I am very apprehensive that you have formed an exaggerated idea of what I can do for you in this respect. I am a man of very limited observation and inquiry, and know little but of such things as lie within those limits. If I wished to form a universal library, I should feel myself in conscience obliged to resort to those persons who knew more in one and another class of literature than I did, and to lay their knowledge in whatever they understood best under contribution. But this I do not mean to undertake for you; I will reason but of what I know; and shall leave you to learn of the professors themselves, as to the things to which I have never dedicated myself.

You will find many of my ideas of the studies to be pursued, and the books to be read, by young persons, in the *Enquirer*, and more to the same purpose in the preface to a small book for children, entitled, '*Scripture Histories, given in the words of the original,*' in two volumes 18mo.

It is my opinion, that the imagination is to be cultivated in education, more than the dry accumulation of science and natural facts. The noblest part of man is his moral nature; and I hold morality principally to depend, agreeably to the admirable maxim of Jesus, upon our putting ourselves in the place of another, feeling his feelings, and apprehending his desires; in a word, doing to others, as we would wish, were we they, to be done unto.

Another thing that may be a great and most essential aid to our cultivating moral sentiments, will consist in our studying the best models, and figuring to ourselves the most excellent things of which human nature is capable. For this purpose, there is nothing so valuable as the histories of Greece and Rome. There are certain cold-blooded reasoners who say, that the ancients were in nothing better than ourselves,—that their stature of mind was no taller, and their feelings in nothing more elevated,—and that human nature, in all ages and countries, is the same. I do not myself believe this. But, if it is so, certainly ancient history is the bravest and sublimest fiction that it ever entered into the mind of man to create. No poets, or romance writers, or story-tellers, have ever been able to feign such models of an erect, and generous, and public-spirited, and self-postponing mind, as are to be found in Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. If the story be a falsehood, the emotions, and, in many readers, the never-to-be-destroyed impressions it produces, are real; and I am firmly of opinion, that the man that has not been imbued with these tales in his earliest youth, can never be so noble a creature, as the man with whom they have made a part of his education stands a chance to be.

To study the Greek and Roman history, it were undoubtedly best to read it in their own historians. To do this, we must have a competent mastery of the Greek and Latin languages. But it would be a dangerous delusion to put off the study long, under the idea that a few years hence we will read these things in the originals. You will find the story told, with a decent portion of congenial feeling, in Rollin's *Ancient History*, and Vertot's *Revolutions of Rome*. You should also read Plutarch's *Lives*, and a translation into English or French of Dionysius's *Antiquities*. Mitford for the *History of Greece*, and Hooke for that of *Rome*, are writers of some degree of critical judgment; but Hooke has a baleful scepticism about, and a pernicious lust to dispute, the virtues of illustrious men, and Mitford is almost frantic with the love of despotism and oppression. Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and Blackwell's *Court of Augustus*, are books written in the right spirit. And, if you do not soon read Thucydides in the original, you will soon feel yourself disposed to read Sallust, and Livy, and perhaps Tacitus, in the genuine language in which these glorious men have clothed their thoughts.

The aim of my meditation at this moment, is to devise that course of study that shall make him who pursues it independent and generous. For a similar reason, therefore, to that which has induced me to recommend the histories of Greece and Rome, I would next call the attention of my pupil to the age of chivalry. This, also, is a generous age, though of a very different cast from that of the best period of ancient history. Each has its beauty. Considered in relation to man as a species of being divided into two sexes, the age of chivalry has greatly the advantage over the purest ages of antiquity. How far their several excellencies may be united and blended together in future time, may be a matter for after consideration. You may begin your acquaintance with the age of chivalry with St. Palaye's *Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, and Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*. Cervantes's admirable romance of *Don Quixote*, if read with a deep feeling of its contents, and that high veneration for, and strong sympathy with, its hero, which it is calculated to excite in every ingenuous mind, is one of the noblest records of the principles of chivalry. I am not anxious to recommend a complete cycle of the best writers on any subject. You cannot do better perhaps in that respect, than I have done before you. I always found one writer in his occasional remembrances and references leading to another, till I might, if I had chosen it, have collected a complete library of the best books on any given topic, without almost being obliged to recur to any one living counsellor for his advice.

We can never get at the sort of man that I am contemplating, and that I would, if I could, create, without making him also a reader and lover of poetry. I require from him the glow of intellect and sentiment, as well as the glow of a social being,—I would have him have his occasional moods of sublimity, and, if I may so call it, literary tenderness, as well as a constant determina-

tion of mind to habits of philanthropy. You will find some good ideas on the value of poetry in sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, and the last part of sir William Temple's *Miscellanies*.

The subject of poetry is intimately connected with the last subject I mentioned, the age of chivalry. It is in the institutions of chivalry that the great distinctive characteristics of modern from ancient poetry originate. The soul of modern poetry, separately considered, lies in the importance which the spirit of chivalry has given to the female sex. The ancients pitted a man against a man, and thought much of his thews and sinews, and the graces and energy which nature has given to his corporeal frame. This was the state of things in the time of Homer. In a more refined age, they added all those excellencies which grow out of the most fervid and entire love of country. Antiquity taught her natives to love women, and that not in the purest sense; the age of chivalry taught her subjects to adore them. I think, quite contrary to the vulgar maxim on the subject, that love is never love in its best spirit, but among unequals. The love of parent to child is its best model, and its most permanent effect. It is, therefore, an excellent invention of modern times, that, while woman, by the nature of things, must look up to man, teaches us, in our turn, to regard woman not merely as a convenience to be made use of, but as a being to be treated with courtship, and consideration, and deference.

Agreeably to the difference between what we call the heroic times, and the times of chivalry, are the characteristic features of ancient and modern poetry. The ancient is simple, and manly, and distinct, full of severe graces, and heroic enthusiasm. The modern excels more in tenderness, and the indulgence of a tone of magnificent obscurity. The ancients, upon the whole, had more energy; we have more of the wantoning of the imagination, and the conjuring up a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds.

It is not necessary to decide whether the ancient or the modern poetry is best; both are above all price; but it is certain, that the excellencies that are all our own, have a magnificence, and a beauty, and a thrilling character, that nothing can surpass. The best English poets are Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser. Ariosto is, above all others, the poet of chivalry. The Greek and Latin poets it is hardly necessary to enumerate. There is one book of criticism, and perhaps only one, that I would recommend to you, Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*. The book is deformed, indeed, with a pretty copious sprinkling of German mysticism, but it is fraught with a great multitude of admirable observations.

The mention of criticism leads me to a thought, which I will immediately put down. I would advise a young person to be very



moderate in his attention to new books. In all the world, I think, there is scarcely any thing more despicable, than the man that confines his reading to the publications of the day; he is next in rank to the boarding-school Miss, who devours every novel that is spawned forth from the press of the season. If you look into reviews, let it be principally to wonder at the stolidity of your contemporaries, who regard them as the oracles of learning.

One other course of reading I would earnestly recommend to you; and many persons would vehemently exclaim against me for doing so,—metaphysics. It excels, perhaps, all other studies in the world, in the character of a practical logic, a disciplining and subtilizing of the rational faculties. Metaphysics, we are told, is a mere jargon, where men dispute for ever, without gaining a single step; it is nothing but specious obscurity and ignorance. This is not my opinion. In the first place, metaphysics is the theoretical science of the human mind; and it would be strange if mind was the only science not worth studying, or the only science in which real knowledge could not be acquired. Secondly, it is the theoretical science of the universe, and of causation, and must settle, if ever they can be settled, the first principles of natural religion. As to its uncertainty, I cannot conceive that any one with an unprejudiced mind, can read what has been best written on free-will and necessity, on self-love and benevolence, and other grand questions, and then say that nothing has been attained, and that all this is impertinent and senseless waste of words. I would particularly recommend Bishop Berkeley, especially his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, and Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, and Hartley's *Observations on Man*. Your own Jonathan Edwards has written excellently on Free-will; and Hutcheson and Hazlitt on Self-love and Benevolence. The title of Hutcheson's book is, *An Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections*, and of Hazlitt's, *An Enquiry into the Principles of Human Action*. No young man can read Andrew Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, without being the better for it.

It is time that I should now come to the consideration of language. Language is as necessary an instrument for conducting the operations of the mind, as the hands are for conducting the operations of the body; and the most obvious way of acquiring the power of weighing and judging words aright, is by enabling ourselves to compare the words and forms of different languages. I, therefore, highly approve of classical education. It has often been said by the wise men of the world, what a miserable waste of time it is, that boys should be occupied for successive year after year in acquiring the Greek and Latin tongues! How much more usefully would these years be employed in learning the knowledge of things, and making a substantial acquaintance with the studies of men! I totally dissent from this. As to the knowledge of things, young men will soon enough be plunged in the mire of cold and sordid realities, such things as it is the calamity of man that he should be condemned to consume so much of his mature life upon;

and I should wish that those who can afford the leisure of education, should begin with acquiring something a little generous and elevated. As to the studies of men, if boys begin with them before they are capable of weighing them, they will acquire nothing but prejudices, which it will be their greatest interest and highest happiness, with infinite labour, to unlearn. Words are happily a knowledge, to the acquisition of which the faculties of boys are perfectly competent, and which can do them nothing but good. Nature has decreed that human beings should be so long in a state of nonage, that it demands some ingenuity to discover how the years of boys of a certain condition in life may be employed innocently in acquiring good habits, and none of that appearance of reason and wisdom which, in boys, surpasses in nothing the instructions we bestow on monkies and parrots. One of the best maxims of the eloquent Rousseau is where he says, the masterpiece of a good education is to know how to lose time profitably.

Every man has a language that is peculiarly his own; and it should be a great object with him to learn whatever may give illustration to the genius of that. Our language is the English. For this purpose, then, I would recommend to every young man who has leisure, to acquire some knowledge of the Saxon, and one or two other northern languages. Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, is the only man that has done much towards analyzing the elements of the English tongue. But another, and perhaps still more important way, to acquire a knowledge and true relish of the genius of the English tongue, is, by studying its successive authors from age to age. It is an eminent happiness we possess, that our authors from generation to generation are so much worth studying. The first resplendent genius in our literary annals is Chaucer. From this age to that of Elizabeth we have not much; but it will be good not entirely to drop any of the links of the chain. The period of Elizabeth is perfectly admirable. Roger Ascham, and Golding's translation of Mornay's *Trewnesse of Christian Religion*, are among the best canonical books of genuine English. Next come the translators of that age, who are worthy to be studied day and night by those who would perfectly feel the genius of our language. Among these, Phaer's *Virgil*, Chapman's *Homer*, and Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, are, perhaps, the best, and are, in my opinion, incomparably superior to the later translations of those authors. Of course, I hardly need say, that lord Bacon is one of the first writers that has appeared in the catalogue of human creatures, and one of those who is most worthy to be studied. I might have brought him in among the metaphysicians, but I preferred putting him here. Nothing can be more magnificent and impressive than his language: it is rather that of a god than a man. I would also specially recommend Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the writings of Sir Thomas Browne. No man, I suppose, is to be told, that the dramatic writers of the age of Elizabeth are among the most astonishing specimens of human intellect. Shakspeare is the greatest, and stands at an immense dis-

tance from all the rest; but, though he outshines them, he does not put out their light. Ben Jonson is himself a host; of Beaumont and Fletcher I cannot think without enthusiasm; and Ford and Massinger well deserve to be studied. Even French literature was worthy of some notice in these times; and Montaigne is entitled to rank with some of the best English prose-writers, his contemporaries.

In looking over what I have written, I think I have not said enough on the subject of modern history. Your language is English, the frame of your laws and your law-courts is essentially English; therefore, and because the English moral and intellectual character ranks the first of modern times, I think English history is entitled to your preference. Whoever reads English history must take Hume for his text. The subtlety of his mind, the depth of his conceptions, and the surpassing graces of his composition, must always place him in the first class of writers. His work is tarnished with a worthless partiality to the race of kings that Scotland sent to reign over us; and is wofully destitute of that energetic moral and public feeling that distinguishes the Latin historians. Yet we have nothing else on the subject that deserves the name of composition. I have already spoken of the emphatic attention that is due to the age of chivalry. The feudal system is one of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind. It is a great mistake to say, that these were dark ages. It was about this period that logic was invented; for I will venture to assert, that the ancients knew nothing about close reasoning and an unbroken chain of argumentative deduction, in comparison with the moderns. For all the excellence we possess in this art we are indebted to the schoolmen, the monks and friars in the solitude of their cloisters. It is true that they were too proud of their new acquisitions, and subtilized and refined, till occasionally they became truly ridiculous. This does not extinguish their claim to our applause, though it has dreadfully tarnished the lustre of their memory in the vulgar eye. Hume passes over the feudal system and the age of chivalry as if it were a dishonour to his pen to be employed on these subjects, while he enlarges with endless copiousness on the proofs of the sincerity of Charles the First, and the execrable public and private profligacies of Charles the Second.

Next to the age of feudality and chivalry, the period of English history most worthy of our attention, lies between the accession of Elizabeth and the Restoration. But let no man think that he learns any thing, particularly of modern history, by reading a single book. It fortunately happens, as far as the civil wars are concerned, that we have two excellent writers of the two opposite parties, Clarendon and Ludlow, beside many others worthy to be consulted. You should also have recourse to as many lives of eminent persons connected with the period then under your consideration, as you can conveniently procure. Letters of state, memorials, and public papers, are, in this respect, of inestimable value. They are to a considerable degree, the principal actors in the scene, writing their

own history. He that would really understand history, should proceed in some degree as if he were writing history. He should be surrounded with chronological tables and maps. He should compare one authority with another, and not put himself under the guidance of any. This is the difference I make between reading and study. He that confines himself to one book at a time, may be amused, but is no student. In order to study, I must sit in some measure in the middle of a library. Nor can any one truly study, without the perpetual use of a pen, to make notes, and abstracts, and arrangements of dates. The shorter the notes, and the more they can be looked through at a glance, the better. The only limit in this respect is, that they should be so constructed, that if I do not look at them again till after an interval of seven years, I should understand them. Learn to read slow,—if you keep to your point, and do not suffer your thoughts, according to an old phrase, to go a wool-gathering, you will be in little danger of excess in this direction.

Accept in good part, my young friend, this attempt to answer your expectation, and be assured, that if I could have done better, it should not have been less at your service. Your dispositions appear to me to be excellent; and, as you will probably be enabled to make some figure, and, what is much better, to act the part of the real patriot and the friend of man, in your own country, you should resolve to bestow on your mind an assiduous cultivation. It is the truly enlightened man that is best qualified to be truly useful; and, as lord Bacon says, ‘It is almost without instance contradictory, that ever any government was disastrous, that was in the hands of learned governors. The wit of one man can no more countervail learning, that one man’s means can hold way with a common purse.’ My best wishes attend you.

*February 12, 1818.*

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ART. V.—*Jurisprudence of France.*

1. *Memoirs of Madame Manson, explanatory of her Conduct on the Trial for the Assassination of M. Fualdès: written by herself, and addressed to Madame Enjelran, her Mother. Translated from the French, and accompanied by an Abstract of the Trial, and a concise Account of the Persons and Events alluded to in the Memoirs.* 12mo. pp. 276. Baldwin and Co. London, 1818.
2. *Procédure de l’Assignat de M. Fualdès, devant la Cours d’Assises de Rhodéz.* 8vo. pp. 300.

[From the British Review.]

**I**T is, with reference to two points of observation that we request attention to the contents of the publications whose titles are placed at the head of this article; viz. the interest which Madame Manson has excited in France,—and the forms under which the ministers of justice there conduct its investigations. We do not know that any more curious history could be offered to our readers: for however contemptible may be the individual whose name gives the greatest interest to this case of murder, the influence which

she has had in impeding the course of justice, and the attention which has been paid to her extravagancies by the gravest legal authorities, as well as by the body of the nation, render the circumstances of her notoriety highly interesting and singular.

Every body by this time has heard, that M. Fualdès, a gentleman of respectability, and an inhabitant of Rhodéz, a town in the south of France, was one morning, about twelve months ago, found murdered in the river that runs near that town. The circumstances of his assassination are said to be, that he was seized forcibly in the street about eight in the evening; carried by a troop of men into a house of bad fame, and stretched out upon a table; that his throat was then cut with a blunt knife; the blood given to a hog; and the body carried, in a kind of procession, to the river at no very late hour: some of the neighbours being at their doors, and several persons in the streets. The principal persons accused of contriving and executing this murder, are Jaussion and Bastide, men of property and consideration in society; the first a relation, and both intimate friends, of the murdered man. An accomplice states the fact of carrying the body, but does not speak to the murder, not having been present. A little girl, the daughter of Bancal, who kept the disreputable house where the assassination is said to have taken place, is stated to have told some other little girls that she saw the above horrible scene take place from her bed, where she lay unknown to the murderers. She has since, however, denied the whole story, and has not been examined in court. The woman Bancal, Bastide, Jaussion, Colard, and Bach, were condemned to die, as authors of the murder with premeditation; Anne Benoit, and a man named Missonier, were sentenced to be imprisoned for life, as concerned in the murder without premeditation; and a daughter of Bancal, with the wife of Jaussion, and the sister-in-law of Bastide, were declared innocent. The parties appealed in cassation,—and the court of cassation broke the whole proceedings; chiefly on account of an irregularity in administering the oath to the witnesses, sending the condemned persons to be tried again before the Court of Assizes at Albi.

The reading of the whole confused mass of reports, conjectures, speculations and facts, as contested, affirmed, and any thing but proved in court, certainly leaves on the mind a strong impression that the condemned parties are really guilty. There are, however, many grave and almost insuperable difficulties in the way of such a conclusion, and nothing can be further removed from what would be deemed to warrant conviction in England. Still, however, we repeat, that, on the whole, we believe them to be guilty; but God forbid that we should have their lives on our consciences in consequence of what has taken place against them in the French court. The general evidence it is not our intention to state; neither shall we detail the full particulars of the case: the public journals, and the publications themselves, are sufficient for the gratification of curiosity. We shall only observe that Jaussion and Bastide are supposed to have been induced to commit the murder by cer-



tain money transactions subsisting between them and the deceased; and that the other persons accused are miserable creatures, who, if they have committed the crime in question, have been brought into it by the principal agents. A more strangely stupid scheme than this was certainly never contrived. Some of the many persons, male and female, so needlessly employed, appear to have had no previous intimation of the design, and to have been in situations leading most naturally to the speedy divulging of their share of the secret. Our object, however, is only to notice such particulars of the case as illustrate the monstrous imperfection of the mode of proceeding in the French criminal courts. It is not, therefore, to be supposed that nothing was stated in evidence beyond what we are about to quote: our design is not to establish either the guilt or the innocence of the accused—but to make it manifest that the observances which common sense, prudence, humanity, and justice impose, to guide and define the course of a trial for life or death, do not exist for a prisoner in France; that a looseness of proceeding is admitted which can scarcely fail to be frequently fatal to innocence,—and which involves outrages on justice almost as glaring as any crime that can come before the tribunal.

The most remarkable of the witnesses in this case we have not yet noticed; it is Madame Manson. Shortly after the discovery of the murder, it seems to have been reported in the town of Rhodéz that this lady, who lived there in a state of separation from her husband, was, by some accident or adventure, found in the disreputable resort at the instant when the murder was committed. Such reports are very clearly made out to have been caused by her own conversations. It was said that she had seen the assassination take place from the window of the closet where she was concealed; that she had been subsequently discovered by the murderers; that one of them wished to put her to death; but that her life was saved by another. Report mentioned Bastide as the person who wished to destroy her, and Jaussion as her preserver. M. Clemendot, an officer on the staff, who is by some supposed to be the gallant for the sake of whom Madame Manson went to the house of Bancal, declared before a magistrate that she had avowed to him having been an eye-witness of the murder. The lady was in consequence examined,—at first she denied totally. Confronted with M. Clemendot, ‘I ought,’ says she in her Memoir, ‘*to have torn from his head the few hairs that there are left.*’ After two or three examinations by the prefect, she intimated, that if her father would engage that her allowance should be regularly paid, and, above all, that she should not be compelled to live in the country with her mother and brothers, she would confess the whole truth. It was at this period that she commenced a series of letters to the prefect, which that worthy magistrate appears to have very graciously received, and which are all written in a style of sentimental heroics, that we are afraid would have been wasted on our Bow-street justices, and irreverently, we may say, considering the occasion, indignantly treated in our public journals, but which have



had great success in Paris, where Madame Manson became the object of general eulogy and interest. The members of the French Academy, who edit the *Minerve*, quoted passages from them as equal in eloquence to the sermons of Bossuet! In her first letter she declares she will unveil the mystery. May heaven grant her force to speak! Perhaps her life will be in danger,—but at all events she will do justice to a brave officer—meaning M. Clemendot. Elsewhere she draws the following portrait of this brave officer, which certainly is not in the manner of Bossuet: ‘His lower jaw projects; he has an enormous mouth and a mean nose; he squints; his complexion is wan; he is bald, and speaks through his nose; he is not taller than I am; his legs are like two gun-barrels; added to which, he has a rage for wearing short breeches and black stockings.’ Probably it was this decent passage which inspired a poetical address to her that we have seen quoted in the Paris journals:

“J’ai vu de votre esprit tout Paris tributaire!  
On vous croit un secret: je vous en connais deux:  
N’avez vous celui de plaire!”

In the presence of M. Clemendot, and before the magistrate, she now owned being at Bancal’s. The officer having retired, and her father having come in, she retracted all, saying she had only joked with the aid-de-camp. Her editor, who at first professes to believe her the most *naïve* and romantic of creatures, and who afterwards, when he quarrels with her, gives himself the lie, makes very light of these contradictions: ‘an impassioned moment might conduct such a character to make a false confession, and to sustain it in a *tete-a-tete*. Madame Manson has proved that she can brave all sufferings but the inquisition of the thought—the *question morale*.’ This was unanimously considered as satisfactory in Paris, or, what was better, as finely and delicately said.

Besought by her father to speak the truth, she declared she was at Bancal’s, but that she could not recognize any of the persons concerned in the murder. Conducted to the place she pointed out the closet, the window, the table; declared that the assassin had shown her a piece of paper, on which was written, ‘*if you speak, you perish*.’ She added, that she was in a man’s dress, and that she had burnt her pantaloons, because they were spotted with blood; ‘in fact,’ says she, in her Memoirs, ‘I was so tired, and so hungry, for it was five o’clock, that I said any thing that came into my head to escape most quickly from M. Le Prefect.’ The publication of such passages as these, so kindled the enthusiasm of French gallantry in her favour, that she has concluded a bargain with a bookseller for the copyright of a volume formed of the tender and complimentary letters which she received during the course of the affair. Neither by the members of the French Academy who write in the *Minerve*, nor by any one editor of any French journal, we believe, was a word said calculated to lead this infatuated woman to shame and penitence, and to spare their country the disgrace of having its magistrates and its public thus

made the sport of her falsehoods, in the serious matter of a trial for murder.

During the course of the night which followed this examination she 'began to think that what she had said might be attended with bad consequences.' She accordingly wrote two more letters to the prefect. In the first of these she says, 'in you alone I put all my confidence;' but tells him nothing, because she 'feels it to be impossible to connect two ideas together:' in the second she makes stronger claims than ever on the admiration of the editors and poets. 'Abandon an unfortunate! overwhelm me with the weight of your anger!' One cannot imagine a correspondence of this nature going on between sir Nathaniel Conant, and a female witness who had seen an assassination committed in a brothel. She hints to the prefect that her confession is false; *but that if he bids her sustain it, she will do so at all perils of her life.*

At the next interview with the magistrate, she agrees that she was in the house: soon afterwards, her confessor having told her, what she had not before thought of, that she implicated the woman Bancal by saying that she had seen a murder committed in her apartment, she retracts all again, and writes to the prefect, complaining against 'the malignity of the public;' accounts for her false deposition, by saying 'she had lost her head,' that her energy had been subdued for a moment, but that she will recover it again.

Again 'reflecting on her situation,' she continued the correspondence. She begged the prefect not to imagine that it was her design to amuse him by false tales. 'Could you suppose me capable of such wickedness?' she asks. She requests the magistrate to prove to her that *virtue exists in the nineteenth century*—and hopes that he will *burn her letters!*

The judges arrive in the town; still more letters to the prefect: she informs him that should *one* being show himself interested in her fate, she might yet love life; that her heart is ulcerated; that she has not studied Machiavel. The public prosecutor (le Procureur General du Roi) received a visit from her; he told her that her fine voice was well known at Montpellier, and then spoke of the murder. From the public prosecutor she passed to the chief judge, who was to preside at the trial the next morning. Our readers will be astonished to hear that he received her, and conversed with her on the cause! The other judges came into the room; the president did the honours of his apartment with more politeness than lord Ellenborough would probably have shown in such circumstances, introducing Madame Manson to his brethren. He observed to them that 'Madame was in such a state of irritation, that she was resolved to force M. Clemendot, the pistol at his breast, to speak the truth, and that she would blow his brains out if he resisted!' She declares in her Memoirs, that she made a great impression on the bench at this private interview. She again writes to her old correspondent, the prefect, to say, that she '*had seen in his eyes all the excess of his sensibility!*'

When the trial came on, she resolved in good earnest to shoot M. Clemendot: full of this design, she called a young milliner from the street, bade her step to Madame Pons, and ask *for a loaded pistol.* ‘This lady flatly refused what I demanded;’ but ‘rage passed away, and religion and reason *returned!*’ She wrote to her father that the great blow should be struck; that the tribunal would be astonished; that the wretches should perish!

Introduced into court as a witness, the president made her a speech, in the course of which he told her that she was *an angel destined by providence* to clear up a horrible mystery. She was invited to tell all she knew of the assassination; on which, says the reporter, she darted a terrible look at the accused, and fainted away. A *marechal-de-camp* and others, fly to her help. Recovering, she cried out, ‘remove from my sight these assassins!’ She then deposed that she knew of no assassins, and that she had never been at Bancal’s:—she added, that she believed Bastide and Jaus-sion were there. ‘Why do you believe so?’ ‘In consequence of anonymous notes I have received.—‘Since you say you know nothing yourself against these men, why did you call them assassins?’—‘By conjecture: besides (turning to Jaus-sion) when one kills one’s children, one may kill one’s friend.’ The chief judge enters with much eager curiosity into the story about killing children; and a good deal of loose talk takes place on this subject between him and his visiter of the evening before, all in the hearing of the jury. Being still further pressed, Madame Manson again fainted away—but this time she kept her seat. On her *recovery*, she put her hand on the sword of an officer, who was administering the remedies proper in such cases, and exclaimed, ‘you have got a knife!’ The officer removed his sword that she might not be alarmed by its sight.

M. Fauldès, the son of the murdered person, is busy in court during the whole proceedings; he is indulged with permission to make speeches as often and as long as he pleases, and on any subject that may occur at the moment. The public prosecutor and another lawyer are employed against the prisoners, but that appears to be no reason why M. Fauldès should not also take possession of the court at his pleasure. The best possible understanding seems to have existed between him and the judges; he abused Bastide’s advocate in outrageous terms, often interrupted the prisoners in their defence, and favoured the audience with long accounts of his mode of living at Paris, what company he kept, and what were his motives and feelings in pursuing the assassins of his father. Nothing could equal the nobleness of his conduct, say the reporters; and the audience never failed to dissolve in tears whenever he opened his mouth. When the accused persons take the undue liberty of cross-questioning him, the court murmurs disapprobation! The display of grief made by M. Fauldès, is scarcely less theatrical than Madame Manson’s horrors; but what is most offensively ridiculous, is his intolerance and impatience, which perpetually goad him to interrupt the debates. The advo-

cate for Jaussion having objected to the testimony of a domestic belonging to the family of the murdered man, that his statement before the court went much further than his deposition before the judge of instruction, M. Fauldès gets up without ceremony, and informs the court, that his servant ought to be easily excused for the omission, inasmuch as he himself could scarcely, at first, bring himself to believe in the guilt of Jaussion (then on his trial). ‘I was in my bed,’ said M. Fauldès, ‘when at the approach of that person I felt an indescribable horror, so much so, that I shrunk beneath the clothes to avoid his sight. It was then, as if by inspiration, I felt convinced he had been the principal instigator of the murder of my father!’ All this goes without a word of caution from any body to the jury. M. Fauldès, as attentive to the inspirations of others as to his own, requested the court to order a file of armed men to be placed between the prisoners and Madame Manson, that she might feel reassured; this arrangement of the scenery took place, and had a striking effect. Madame Manson played her part still more interestingly; she assured M. Fauldès, with whom she carried on the dialogue, that to discover the assassins of his father, she would give all she had—‘All,’ she added with a sigh, ‘but my son!’

Is it not strange, is it not most lamentable, that there should not be found one person in France to point out how unworthy all this miserable mummary is of a court of justice, to indicate the folly and the enormity of permitting melo-dramatic scenes of mock-sensibility to be acted before a jury assembled to try men on life or death: to show the judgment seat is degraded, and the moral principle that can alone sustain its dignity, injured, when a judge declares to a witness, in the situation of Madame Manson, that she is an *angel commissioned from heaven to reveal the truth!* Is it not fearful that it should not strike one Frenchman to maintain, that life and character can only be safe in a country where justice takes a calm, dry, and deliberate course in pursuing its investigations, limiting its proceedings to the establishment of absolute facts, and carefully excluding from access into the tribunal, not only the heated imaginations of individuals, but also those natural emotions, which, if honourable to friends and relations, lose their respectability when paraded in public, and which ought never to be permitted to disturb the gravity of an official inquiry. That the multitude should be rash, violent, and prejudiced, with reference to an enormous crime, is not to their discredit; but here are judges and lawyers, substituting heroics in the place of deliberation, and, instead of opposing the necessary checks to tumultuous precipitation and mistake, as their stations call upon them to do, joining the general extravagance, as if fearful to lose their share of the *eclat!* Is it illiberal to suggest in what a very different and how much more respectable a manner, such an affair would have been conducted in this country? A woman of the character of Madame Manson might have been permitted to amuse the public in matters of a less tremendous character than an assassination; our people may be ‘fooled to the top of their bent’ in many

things; but luckily we do not so terribly confound what ought to be kept immeasurably separate. When a certain barrier is passed, the public mind in this country returns to seriousness and reflection; and those whose peculiar duty it is to give the signal when trifling ought to cease, have not yet been found to be totally regardless of that sacred charge.

The astonishment of our readers will be increased when they find the chief judge exclaiming, in the middle of the trial, to the two prisoners, Bastide and Jaussion,—‘*You certainly were in Bancal’s house; TELL US which of you saved the life of a female?*’ To the woman Bancal he said, ‘you know you are guilty;’ and then exhorted her to look at the figure of Christ, suspended over his head, and no longer conceal the truth! After this, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the humane and just rule of our law, that no prisoner can be called upon to criminate himself, has no place in French theory or practice. On the contrary if the accused do not criminate themselves by avowals, the judges tell them that they have done so sufficiently by their silence or their denials. Questions of the most indecent and appalling nature are put from the bench to the accused, in a tone of severity, and often of sarcasm, which would scarcely be permitted to advocates in England (free as they are in this respect) towards an unconcerned witness. The judges cover the prisoners on their trials with reproaches; charge them with falsehoods; enter into contestations with them; declare that they are caught before the jury, and so forth. In England, the judge is held to be officially counsel for the accused; in France, he appears to be his natural and inveterate enemy. Independently of the inhumanity of this practice, it is necessarily fatal to that solemnity and majesty which ought to mantle the judgment seat in the eyes of society.

The president having again affirmed, by way of address to Bastide, that he was in the house of Bancal the night of the murder, Madame Manson suddenly exclaimed, ‘*avow wretch!*’ This indecent interruption would have been severely rebuked with us,—but in France ‘all hearts trembled,’ says the reporter. She had just declared, be it remembered, that she knew nothing of the affair; yet there appears to have been no one in court, not even the counsel for the prisoners, to charge the jury, as they valued their consciences, to dismiss entirely from their attention the mountebank tricks of this infamous woman. A. M. Amans Rodat is then invited by the judge to state in court a sort of metaphysical lecture, which he delivered one day to Madame Manson, on the propriety of speaking the truth, when examined in a case affecting men’s lives, and the punishment of murder. After several modest excuses, he commenced the repetition of his discourse, in which he told her, that, ‘if a *wicked* world should judge of her by *appearances*,’ (in consequence of her having been in a brothel) ‘it would at the same time say, as has been said of our first mother, *oh, happy fault!*’ ‘Go on! speak, sir!’ said the president, ‘your words may serve for *public instruction*.’



We can conceive nothing more calculated to devest the jury of the power of keeping their minds impartially fixed on substantial facts, and even to fill them with the most deadly prejudices, than the desultory, vague, and vulgar style in which the official act of accusation is drawn up. It is long and historical, with no appearance of technical precision about it. It enters at large into all the reports and surmises of the neighbourhood, lays great stress on public opinion as directed against particular individuals, and relates all the extravagant stories which any great crime is sure to set afloat, in the inflated style of a common newspaper, desirous to sell a second edition by the attraction of its horrors. By the French law it seems to be the duty of the nearest magistrate to proceed to the spot where a crime has been committed, and there to collect and embody in a process verbal, every thing that any one shall choose to tell him, in the way either of opinion, hearsay, surmise, or knowledge, in regard to the offence. Persons are designated by individuals as objects of public suspicion; and when so designated, the magistrate receives from all mouths, anecdotes of their private lives, no matter how distant the date, or how remote from any connexion with the fact that has occasioned his official researches. All this mass of terrible matter is read to the jury on the trial. In our courts it is perhaps the principal care of the judge to impress on the jury, that they are to drive every thing from their minds but what they shall hear in court; that they are to discharge from their memories, if possible, even, every report and circumstance which they may have known out of doors; and that, if any thing should escape, even within the walls of the court, that is not evidence according to legal rules accurately defined, it ought to have no share in the formation of their verdict. In France, on the contrary, if we are to believe the report of the trial of the accused murderers of M. Fauldès, the procureur-general laid down the astonishing doctrines, that the jury ought to judge by their impressions, and even their sensations, and that it was an error to suppose legal proofs of a determined character necessary! Should it have happened that his words on this important point have not been exactly reported (a supposition to which we are almost driven by the monstrous nature of the principle), it is but too certain, that the evidence was received in conformity to this system. Two hundred and forty witnesses for the prosecution is a number only to be accounted for by the fact, that all who pleased to offer a deposition were received, no matter whether what they had to say, had, or had not any connexion with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. In several cases the ridicule thrown upon the name of judicial investigation, was as great as the insult offered to justice. Will our readers believe that, in France, in the year 1817, a witness was permitted to make the following statement as regular evidence against a man on trial for his life? J. Vignes, who described himself as *professor*, being sworn and questioned, declared as follows:



‘ I met Bastide on the 19th of March, about two o’clock in the day, on the Boulevard d’Estourmel, below the garden of Mr. Seguret. I said to my companion, “ That man *looks like a rogue.*” “ He belongs to a respectable family, however,” said my friend. “ No matter,” replied I; “ He carries a bad look with him.” More late in the day I was in the shop of M. Fontana, the jeweller, with the same person: Bastide again passed: *I was seized with horror*, and hastily retired into the shop. “ You will get yourself into a quarrel,” said my companion, “ I cannot help it; I am not master of myself,” I replied. When I heard of the affair in which he was involved, I felt no surprise, and I observed to my friend *that I was not deceived.*’

This is the whole of the witness’s deposition! Happily we have judges, who, if they had had patience to hear him out, would have asked when he had finished, What does this man prove, except his own consummate folly? Bastide, however, is questioned by the president what he has to say to *this testimony!* Though the presumptions are very grave against the prisoner, one can scarcely help feeling respect for him, compared with his judges, when we find him contenting himself with congratulating the department on having a professor who was so good a physiognomist! Five or six witnesses are brought in, merely to say, that they had heard from others, that these others had heard it reported, that Mr. Fualdès had been watched for a considerable time before his death. A justice of peace is examined, who commences his testimony by declaring that he has nothing at all to say in regard to the murder, but that he has been told that *eighteen years ago Bastide opened a cabinet at his brother’s, and took out some papers!* For the first and only time, one of the counsel here rose; and said that the jury ought to distrust the reasonings and surmises of witnesses, who should confine themselves to plain and applicable facts. The court, who had listened with interest to the physiognomist, stopped the advocate in this proper discharge of his duty, and begged that its time might not be occupied by such unnecessary remarks! In the act of accusation, it is said that Colard, one of the prisoners, had been heard to declare, that he would take any one’s life away for twenty-five louis; that the good things of the world were not well divided; that the rich had more than their share; and that if every one were of his mind, those who had nothing would take where they could. The jury were so struck by this passage, that they desired it might be read to them twice, though it had no earthly connexion with the case they had to try; and the judge, in his charge, particularly alluded to this atrocious speech, as he called it—so much the more improperly introduced, as it has a direct bearing on the political opinions that have so long agitated France, and was therefore very likely to excite in the breasts of some of the jury, feelings of prejudice against the prisoner totally irrelevant to the crime with which he stood charged. The sanction given to stories of this nature by repetition from the organs of authority, must have a very strong effect on the minds of the mayors of villages and other petty functionaries in country places,

of which description of persons we observe the jury in this case was principally composed. The liberty of raking together all the loose floating matter which scandal or mistake may have scattered, and to convert it into a substitute for regular evidence, when people's tempers and imaginations are disturbed by the commission of a great crime close to their homes, must expose the best intentioned persons to the hazard of being betrayed into dreadful error—a hazard which ought to make all who may be employed in such investigations tremble for themselves, and which may well alarm every friend of justice and humanity, much more those unhappy individuals whom accident may expose to the enmity or misapprehension of authority thus mischievously armed. The advantage of strict, and even narrow general rules to confine the reception of evidence, is, that being applicable alike to all cases, they counteract the effects of a disposition to oppression, or the influence of delusion in particular instances. That no such disposition or influence could exist, would on each separate occasion be affirmed with zeal, and most frequently with the consciousness of sincerity; but the unanimous voice of history too well proves, that the members of society are only safe in the fixed impartiality of general regulations, controlling or excluding the exercise of discretionary power.

All the follies, scandals, surmises, and irrelevant facts, stated by such witnesses as we have been regarding (and many others were received equally idle) were mixed up together in the speech of the public accuser to the jury. On the strength of these, and not with reference to the murder, he styled Bastide a monster such as nature seldom engenders. Quoting stories, which rest on no foundation that would entitle them to be listened to in common conversation, he asked if such a man would hesitate to murder Mr. Fualdès for 26,000 francs, although nothing like *regular* proof had been offered of the pecuniary interest which this prisoner had in the death of the murdered person. On the other hand, the falsehoods and tricks of Madame Manson he ascribes to *a character naturally generous, sentimental, and elevated!* He observes that though she had not criminated Jaussion, the jury would draw a conviction against him *from her exclamations and her gestures!* Upon this prisoner he then turns short round, to abuse him for habitual usuary and hard dealing—a circumstance neither proved, nor entitled to be proved, on the trial.

The decision of the jury against the prisoners we have already stated, together with the quashing of the whole proceeding by the Court of Cassation: but it is not to be supposed that the circumstances which we have pointed out as gross improprieties, had any share in producing this decree. None of these, in fact, would be regarded as improprieties in France. The principal informality lay, as we have said, in the administration of the oath to the witnesses. To prevent mistake we will here also repeat, that it is not our wish to leave an impression on the minds of our readers that the persons condemned are innocent: we have said that the *proba-*

*bility* is that they are guilty. But, we apprehend no doubt will now be entertained of what we set out with asserting, viz. that a fair trial is not to be had in France under its present system of judicial proceedings; and what more disgraceful thing can be said of a nation? It is quite obvious that no man's life or property can be safe where such a farrago of folly, passion, pretension, display, and intolerance, can assume the name and place of the administration of justice. There is no person whom accident might not expose to condemnation, while all the principal sources of human error are thus largely opened to discharge themselves into the public tribunals. In point of fact, the most dreadful mistakes occur. It is clearly proved that a man named Wilfred Regnault is innocent of the murder for which he was condemned to die. The government, being satisfied of his innocence, has saved his life, but sent him to prison for *twenty years* to avoid throwing discredit on the court! A woman, also condemned for murder, was the other day discovered to be guiltless just as they were about to execute her. All these cases are of murder, it will be observed: These chiefly excite popular prejudices and clamours, and therefore chiefly produce the fatal development of the evils which so miserable a system necessarily includes in its course of operation.

While we have been writing this article the second trial has been proceeding at Albi; and some part of the proceedings have already reached this country. It appears that, at last, Madame Manson has lost her popularity with the crowd, but she preserves it with the judges and the lawyers. The public prosecutor still speaks of her romantic and noble disposition! She has again confessed being at Bancal's, and has accused Bastide in plain terms. 'Never,' says the Report, 'has a scene so eminently dramatic terrified the audience of a tribunal. Never did the Champmelés, the Clairons, the Raucourts, of tragic memory, produce on their spectators an effect so prompt, so terrible.' \*\*\* "The voice, the countenance, the attitude of Madame Manson, in making this terrible reproach to Bastide, cannot be described! judges, lawyers, guards, spectators, and criminals, all turned pale!—a general cry was raised; then a doleful silence took place, which was soon *interrupted by a peal of applause!*" It has been said that Bonaparte alone knew how to manage this nation; for the future it should be added—and *Madame Manson*.

It was during the interval between the first and second trial, that this lady, being in prison on a charge of—one has not been clearly told what—published her Memoirs, to which she would be apt to think that we have hitherto paid too little attention. They are certainly curious as proceeding from such a being; but we can now only spare room for a few lines on the introduction by the editor, which is highly characteristic of him, of her, and of the people to whom they both belong. A *young author*, says the *Journal de Paris*, is the person from whose hands the Memoirs of Madame Manson have been given to the publisher; and some-

thing is said, and more is suggested, about the interest excited in the breast of the young author by the lady, and in the breast of the lady by the young author. He turns out to be a short-hand writer employed to take notes of the trial. His introductory letter is intended to supply information and explanation; for 'Madame Manson's style is not remarkable for throwing a light on circumstances.' He believes, however, that it may be difficult to reconcile the lady's conduct 'to frigid or prejudiced minds.' 'France entire,' he says, 'supposes artifices, combined interests, and profound calculations:' all the secrets, however, he assures us, 'repose in the human heart.' To elucidate this, he deems it necessary to enter 'into a general analysis of her disposition, education, life, and character.' The analysis, however, is very compendious. We learn that she is about thirty-three years of age; that in her youth she displayed 'a grand finesse,' a 'sensibilité exquise,' and that when she was but eight years old she manifested heroic resignation under the troubles of the revolution. She herself, in a letter to one of the ministers of state (for she did not confine her correspondence to the prefect) declares, that if her parents had perished on the scaffold at that time, *she would have mounted it with them!* Her modest wish is to be examined by his excellency at Paris: and, writing to her mother, she exclaims, 'Ah! could I but *see his majesty Louis XVIII*, and the august daughter of Louis XVI, whose fate we have so often wept over!'

The young author intimates that Madame Manson was crossed in her first love. 'She married to obey her father,' as is often done in France; and as such cases generally turn out, 'the marriage was unhappy.' M. Manson quitted her at the end of three months; and the lady, it appears, 'gave occasion for talking;' but, says the young author, 'she was singular, because she was superior.' Her husband returned, and wished her to live with him: she refused; but being superior, and therefore singular, she hid him in her mother's house. He was discovered in his concealment and 'sacrificed,' that is to say, he was turned out of doors; but Madame Manson, 'under pretence of going to the village to fulfil a pious duty, used to meet him in a wood.' 'Who can explain these caprices?' asks the young author. To prove that he cannot, he quotes Madame de Stael, who says, that 'the vulgar take for madness the uneasiness of a mind that cannot respire in the world enough of air, of enthusiasm, of hope?' To make this quite clear, he adds a note in which we are informed that Madame la Duchesse de Longueville, on drinking a glass of deliciously cold water, exclaimed, '*What a pity it is not a sin!*'

The analysis does not go much further: 'the young wife became a mother;' but she seems to have lived entirely separated from her husband ever since. On the Memoirs themselves, which relate chiefly to her acquaintance with Mr. Clemendot and the events of her imprisonment, we cannot enter. They operated miraculously in her favour in France. Nothing was talked of in society

or in the newspapers, but the graces of her style and the *respect* due to her misfortunes! A hundred thousand francs are reported to have been offered to her to preside in a café after her liberation. The work, as we have before said, is interesting as a specimen of human nature, but barefaced profligacy is marked on every page. Her inhumanity and selfishness in scattering insinuations of guilt at random amongst men, and women, and children, would have directed against her in this country, one general expression of contemptuous abhorrence. But, indeed, in this country we never should have heard of her Memoirs. Justice here would have found a way to extract the truth within her knowledge without theatrical parade, or would quietly but severely have chastised her falsehoods, and examined and settled the case on such valid evidence as could be procured. The star of Madame Manson would never have pierced the fogs of our atmosphere: instead of calling her to preside in a coffee-room, we should most probably have sent her to Bridewell; and it is very certain that lord Ellenborough would never have styled her an angel, nor sir Samuel Shepherd have directed a jury to accept as proofs against men on trial for their lives, her faintings, her attitudes, and her exclamations. At the Old Baily there would have been no mareschals de camp to receive her as she fell; but there the lady would not have fallen. M. Fualdès, the son, had he attempted there to explain his revelations, would have been desired not to interrupt the court, but to confine his grief to its proper sphere—his own chamber. With a general eagerness for the discovery of the culpable, and a *serious* horror at the crime, our people would neither have shed tears, nor raised cries, nor displayed tremblings: in short, we should have none of those dramatic incidents which rendered the assizes at Rhodéz so touching. On the other hand, as some compensation for this deficiency, the proceedings would have borne a firm, clear, distinct, and precise character: nothing but substantial and applicable facts would have influenced the fate of the accused; praters on physiognomy would not have dared to open their lips within the solemn precincts of the court; dignity, gravity, and decency, would have marked its operations: the prisoners would have been treated with humanity, judged with strictness; and, if found guilty, punished with rigour.

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ART. VI.—*Sketch of the Internal Improvements* already made by Pennsylvania, with observations upon her physical and fiscal means for their extension, particularly as they have reference to the future growth and prosperity of Philadelphia. Illustrated by maps of the head-waters of the principal rivers of the state. By Samuel Breck, one of the members of the senate of Pennsylvania, for the district composed of the city and county of Philadelphia.—Philada. 1818.

**O**WING to the advanced period of the month, at which this pamphlet fell into our hands, we cannot pretend to do any thing like justice, on this occasion, to its important subject and great merits. But we would lose no time in pointing it out to the no-



tice, and recommending it to the serious attention, of the public. When a gentleman such as the author, of independent fortune, habitual sincerity, unmixed patriotism, and of the degree of intelligence, manifested in this performance, imposes upon himself, besides the immediate duties of a legislator, the task of counselling and enlightening his fellow-citizens in this way, he deserves to be formally thanked not only for the worth of the instruction, but the utility of the example. It is such men, disposed to employ their masculine and well-trained minds about the matters discussed in the present pamphlet, with an elate and contagious zeal, that we wish to see in the legislature, and upon whom the state may count as the most certain agents of its highest welfare. They may overrate means and results,—as Mr. Breck will, probably, be suspected of having done, in the fervor of his wishes;—but the enterprises at which they aim, must ever be productive of mighty advantages; and it happens with states as with individuals—*possunt quia posse videntur*.

The objects of the pamphlet are to vindicate Pennsylvania from the charge of inactivity in internal improvements; to demonstrate the ability of Philadelphia to engross the greater part of the western and north-western trade, and to rouse her to the exertions necessary to frustrate the alert rivalry of New York and Baltimore. The author has succeeded in the first by means of details and considerations which are conclusive; and he has gone far towards establishing his second point; or, at least, has clearly evinced that it is well worth the while of Philadelphia to engage, even at a much heavier cost than is at all likely to be incurred, in the scheme of water-communication which he recommends. In regard to his third object, it may be hoped that she will be promptly obedient to exhortations flowing from such a source, and founded on calculations so substantial. Her interests could not be exhibited to her with more distinctness and earnestness, or with more of the authority of knowledge and affection, than they are in this instance.

There has prevailed, as Mr. Breck suggests, a fashion of representing the government and people of Pennsylvania as sluggish and parsimonious, with respect to the great ends of public economy. It is a prejudice which has grown out of the ideas entertained of the character and habits of the Germans, who are supposed, at a distance, to give tone and direction to the Pennsylvanian legislature. However this may be, the details furnished in the present pamphlet, are evidences of an exceedingly industrious and efficient public-spirit, which has incalculably advanced the comfort and wealth, and is steadily expanding with the wants and liberal aims of the community. We have it asserted by Mr. Breck, that Pennsylvania—to use his own language—‘has achieved very much within the last six years as to internal improvements—that she has granted numerous charters for turnpike-roads, bridges, canals, &c. the major-part of which she has aided with funds to an amount *exceeding two millions of dollars*—that her public seminaries and private schools have been patronized by laws and by money—that



her agriculture has improved, and her general policy been attended to by its legislature with skill and vigilance.'

The facts which he adduces in support of these allegations, are abundantly satisfactory. We can notice only a few of them, and that in the most summary manner.—As early as 1808, an act was passed, authorizing the governor to subscribe 3400 shares to the stock of six or seven turnpike companies then incorporated:—in 1811, eight hundred and fifty thousand five hundred and fifty dollars were appropriated to roads and bridges:—during the subsequent four years, an average annual sum of 200,000 was allotted to public works, academies, schools, &c. though the war expenses of the state-treasury during this period amounted to near a million, never claimed from the general government: at the session of 1816-17, 700,000 dollars were appropriated in like manner, &c.

The Pennsylvania turnpike roads are of a much more solid and expensive structure, than those of New York and New England. In a short time the principal points of the state will be connected by near *one thousand and fifty miles of paved road*, united by stone bridges, and which have cost about six millions of dollars, to which the state contributes one million 200,000 dollars. Many of these roads give the stockholders six per cent; some, eight. The annual wagon-freight between the Ohio and Philadelphia, is computed at a million of dollars, and will probably be double that sum, when the roads are completed. In bridges, Pennsylvania eclipses, not only her sister-states, but—looking to dimensions—Europe likewise. The Pennsylvania bridges are universally built upon stone piers, and very generally protected by handsome roofs. The total cost of those of the first class amounts to one million six hundred and ninety-eight thousand and five hundred dollars. Those of the second class are both numerous and expensive. The state contributed about four hundred thousand of the sum just mentioned. Many of the bridges produce six per cent;—the daily toll of the Harrisburg bridge is not less than fifty dollars.—In deepening rivers and making canals, the government of the state has accomplished a great deal, and never spared money or exertion of any kind. Individual companies have done much under its patronage; but we must deny ourselves the pleasure of citing the particulars mentioned by Mr. Breck. For the completion of the navigation of the Schuylkill, three hundred thousand dollars were asked and subscribed in Philadelphia in a few days by individuals.

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania has granted to colleges and academies 427,333 dollars, while the people have borne an expense, annually, of 120,000 dollars for the education of the poor. But Mr. Breck acknowledges that Pennsylvania might have done more for these objects than she has done. Virginia has outstripped her far by her vast and noble 'Literary fund;' New York and some of the New England states, have greatly exceeded her by splendid appropriations; and the reserved lands of the western states will make the exchequer of education there, as rich as the friends of knowledge could wish. It is not that elementary schools are want-

ing throughout Pennsylvania. They exist in all parts of it, and the inhabitants are universally disposed to encourage them. But a due sense of the importance of the higher branches of instruction is rare, even, we fear, in the legislature. A great apathy reigns on this score; we might, perhaps, say—a blind antipathy. The author of the excellent pamphlet before us, is far from partaking in either of these feelings, and writes, in the most decided tone, in favour of the sound doctrine of the case, and true course of proceeding. ‘It would,’ he says, ‘have been particularly desirable to see Pennsylvania patronize, *with especial love and care*, one central school—one seminary of genius, in which the promising youth of the state could find, *at little cost*, professors of all the higher branches of science, and procure that aid in perfecting their education which would send them forth—“the best patterns of their species, and give a dignity to that nature of which we all participate.” Philadelphia has many of the elements of such a school within her University, but many yet are wanting. It is the sovereign hand of the state alone that can collect and sustain them all in one focus, and give to the great whole, or to each constituent part, a full and efficient support. We may hope that the day is not distant, when she will make it her pride and her duty to accomplish this all important task.’

The business of government, in truth, is not merely to promote the animal prosperity, or even to accomplish what is usually understood by the happiness, of the people; but to aim at the perfection of the rational being; to raise the greatest possible number of citizens to the highest moral dignity of which our nature is capable. All the most enlightened governments have recognised this as one of the chief ends of their existence, and sought to accomplish it, in part by means similar to that proposed in the quotation just made. A great school of philosophy is of unquestionable and unrivalled efficaciousness in refining and elevating the moral man. Philadelphia offers a better theatre and more facilities for such an institution, than are to be had elsewhere in the Union. As a place of residence, learned professors must find it the most eligible for them, under every point of view—as a place of resort for the liberal youth of the country, it possesses the most solid advantages, and holds out the noblest temptations. Pennsylvania, then, would seem doubly culpable in looking with indifference upon the *University*, in the formation of which Franklin, from the considerations we have suggested, took an especial pride and interest, and upon which, believing that those considerations would in time be equally operative with the whole state, he built towering hopes.

The medical school—conducted, as it has been, with signal ability, has flourished without extraneous aid, from its being the immediate avenue to a lucrative profession, and appealing thus, directly, to what may be considered as the besetting sin of the American character. The corrective is in the influence of the moral sciences which abstract the attention and affections from

merely personal and professional prosperity:—They are in themselves of more dignity than the physical; they are conversant with higher matters; they look to more exalted ends; they lead to the most perfect civilization, which has its seat in the mind, and does not consist in the achievements of manual and commercial skill and industry—estimable as these are on their own account, and as instruments of its progress and preservation. It would not be difficult to show that those sciences are the most important to the nation,—from their closer connexion with our sublimest and dearest interests, the religious and political.

There is no expedient for promoting the study of them, and turning them in every way to the best account, more certain than the establishment of professorships, organized as a primary faculty of a University which should be overshadowed and hallowed by government. Such a Faculty with us would not, as its subjects of instruction are not in immediate contact with the ordinary business of life, appear likely to be numerously followed at first, and could not therefore be well officered, unless it were liberally endowed by the state, or by the city of Philadelphia, which has a still more urgent interest and obligation in this respect. Well constituted, it could not fail to draw to it, *in time*, crowds of pupils from all parts of the Union, as the medical school has done, and thus give returns worthy, in every sense and aspect, of any degree of generosity and activity which might be now exerted in its favour. We have not the intention of enlarging, at present, on the nature of those returns which we should be glad, however, to see placed before the public in such detail and evidence as would leave the most general and complete impression of their value.

But we would advert to one particular use which, to our apprehension, is far from being imaginary or insignificant—of such professorships as those, for instance, of public law, of ethics, of the science of government, political economy, the history, characters and institutions of nations, and even of the Belles Lettres and criticism,—supposing always that they were invested with the due adventitious authority and dignity; conducted with form, temper, and disengagement from party-prepossessions; and bottomed on judgment and taste, deep reflection, and extensive research. The use to which we allude is this—that they would, under such circumstances, more effectually than all the elaborate treatises within our reach—as often false as true guides—counteract the spurious principles, crude theories, partial and interested and too commonly ignorant judgments in all those branches of knowledge, which are daily served up in our newspapers, and in the productions of foreign empiricism reprinted among us, and which find, through these channels, an easy access to the confidence of so large a portion of the reading population of America. We speak with freedom, and will be understood by the many enlightened and thinking persons who must have marked this evil, and cannot but be aware of the extent and mischievousness in which it may prevail, from the undistinguishing cupidity with

which the worst trash of the English press is republished and disseminated in this country; from the overweening boldness with which the writers of our gazettes approach and decide all questions however abstract and complicate; the predominant credit which their sibylline leaves enjoy with the majority of their readers, and the impression which they must, insensibly, leave upon the minds of all of whatever description or pursuits.

Before we leave this topic of public lectures in moral science, we would make another remark of obvious validity—that they can be no where attended with equal utility, or equal dignity, as in these United States; because they cannot elsewhere be prosecuted with the same latitude of inquiry and independence of opinion; with so complete an exemption from all warping or chilling, external influences; with so little danger of the intrusion of prejudice and partial interests. Established religions, monarchical forms of government, ancient theories, the punishments and rewards of political authority, every where in Europe set barriers to reason and truth, and thus deny full scope to the energies of public instruction. It seems incumbent upon the state of Pennsylvania to improve the concurrence, which she sees at home, of every possible circumstance favourable to the perfection of the system; and it will not be a little glorious for her to have been the first of the Union to make, upon the proper scale, an experiment, of which the success would ensure a repetition of it and its final victory in all our great cities.

To return to Mr. Breck's statements.—He recapitulates the sums expended in Pennsylvania, *principally within seven years*, by the public and by incorporated companies, upon roads, bridges, rivers and schools; and presents an aggregate in round numbers of *eleven millions of dollars*. He then proceeds to speak of the financial means and annual expenses of her government, and gives as the gratifying result, 'a clear estate of *five millions, seven hundred and thirty-six thousand and fifty-seven dollars*, and an excess of revenue over and above the generous supply of all her regular expenses, of more than *one hundred and eighty seven thousand dollars*, while she owes nothing except the unpaid balance of the appropriations for internal improvement.' A considerable part of her funds are invested in bank-stock, which, in 1817, yielded enough to defray two-thirds of the whole expenditure of government.

She is not deficient in judicious and enlightened internal regulations. A general survey, says Mr. Breck, has been made of each county, and separate county draughts, executed for the most part with great topographical elegance and accuracy, are to be seen now at the Surveyor-General's office. A complete, detailed atlas of Pennsylvania might be formed out of this collection. A grand ichnographic view of the state will result from the surveys, and the most comprehensive statistical tables may be expected under the system of official inquiry pursued simultaneously.—For the punishment of vice, without unnecessary cruelty or an in-

decent exhibition of the culprit, the code of Pennsylvania is ample and salutary. She is now engaged in perfecting a system of penitentiary punishments *which she originated*, and which she has had the satisfaction to see adopted in both hemispheres. Her arsenals are numerous and well supplied with munitions of war; her inspection-laws are such as have given to her objects of exportation, the highest credit and character abroad: her laws for the reparation of by-roads are in general well executed. She has incorporated an Agricultural Society, and will at the next session of the legislature, grant money for the purchase and maintenance of a pattern-farm. In speaking of these arrangements, Mr. Breck takes occasion to advert to a prevailing opinion which we ourselves, we must confess, had hastily espoused, and which we are glad to find contradicted by one whose testimony is of so much weight. We quote his own emphatic language on the subject:—‘Some of my constituents suppose with great injustice, I think, that there is a disinclination in the western section of the state to serve the eastern, During the four months which I sat in the senate, I saw no signs of such a disposition—no bad temper upon the subject—nothing in the least hostile to Philadelphia. No jealousy, no ill-will was shown towards this city; nor was there the slightest difficulty to obtain any local laws, even for the exclusive advantage of our district, whenever its representatives were unanimously disposed to support such a law. If they differed among themselves, the gentlemen from the west and elsewhere, exercised their judgments, as they were bound to do, and sided with whichever of our own members they thought right.’

Nearly one half of the present pamphlet is devoted to the purpose of showing the ‘superior situation of Philadelphia, geographically considered, for the attraction of the great and increasing trade of the countries bordering on the Susquehanna, the Lakes, and the Western rivers.’ It will not, we think, be denied by any of his readers that the author has at least made out a strong case, and is entitled to a most serious and grateful hearing from the citizens of Philadelphia. He may be a little too sanguine, too magnificent, as to consequences; but the water-communications which he would have opened are practicable, and, unquestionably of great moment to that capital. We cannot follow him in his ample and scrupulous details, though we must stop to cite such a fact as the following, well supported as it is by geographical evidence—that the *totality* of the portage now existing between the Schuylkill at the Market-street permanent bridge, and the mouth of the river Columbia on the Pacific ocean is seventy-five miles! We could almost indulge ourselves in supposing with the author that, at some future day, ‘our teas and silks will arrive from the river Columbia, through the Missouri, Ohio, Alleghany, Susquehanna, and Schuylkill, to the Delaware, by safe and sound steam-boat conveyances.’



He sets in a strong light the geographical advantages which he thinks Philadelphia has over New-York and Baltimore for the attraction of the trade in question, but he is very sensible of the danger from their rivalry, as things now are, and very earnest in calling the attention of the Philadelphians to that danger. There is something startling for them in the following heart-felt suggestions:—‘It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell, that if we remain idle, with no water-communication with the Susquehanna, and a heavy toll to pay upon a road three hundred miles long, Baltimore will acquire very soon a superiority over us;—nay, I will boldly aver, that the trade from the Ohio, *through its usual overland route*, will wholly leave Philadelphia in a few years.—1st. Because Baltimore is nearer to that river by ninety miles, over the new national road *toll-free*, from Wheeling to Cumberland, and will of course supply the Western states with all light Atlantic luxuries, much cheaper than we can; and 2dly, Because the steam-boats, on the Mississippi and its tributary streams, which are already numerous, and susceptible of any increase, will transport all articles of bulk from New Orleans at a less rate than can be done by us.’

Mr. Breck states, in another place, that there will be this year, thirty steam-boats on those waters, and that fifteen hundred flat-bottomed boats and five hundred barges arrived at New Orleans from the upper country in the year ending October 1st, 1817.—It is this system of transportation becoming so vast, waxing daily into invincible habit, and multiplying interests so powerful and various on the side of New Orleans, that the Philadelphians have to dread, though they should open a safe water-route to the Susquehanna and thence to the Alleghany. We should not, perhaps, even hint at certain political contingencies which would defeat the grand consummation so fondly wooed by our author. But they are possible, although infinitely to be deprecated, and his scheme of communication has doubtless a sure tendency to avert them. All such plans of internal improvement are strongly recommended by the single trait, separately from all other merits, of favouring the perpetuity of the Union.

Foreigners may generalize the picture which this pamphlet presents of the weal of Pennsylvania, and consider it as shadowing out the condition of most of the American states, which are all indeed in the same career of unexampled prosperity. The pages of Mr. Breck serve, moreover, the purpose of displaying the importance and fruitfulness of the functions of the state governments, and, concurrently, the beauty and harmony of the federal system. It is in relation to such commonwealths as this system embraces, and above all to the one treated of in the pamphlet, which we have thus cursorily noticed, that we may repeat the well-known observation of Cicero—*Nihil est illi principi Deo, qui omnem hunc mundum regit, quod quidem in terris fiat, acceptius, quam consilia cætusque hominum jure sociati, quæ civitates vocantur.*



ART. VII.—*Beppo, a Venetian story.* 8vo. pp. 50. Murray, London, 1818.

(From the British Review.)

**WHEN** any new entertainment is observed to be rising fast in fashion and favour in the country, it requires to be watched a little by those who exercise any guardianship over the morals of the community, but which, except when it infects the literature of the day, does not fall under the cognizance of reviewers. Of this description is the practice of what is called *quizzing*. In its object and character, it is in the moral, not much unlike that which, in the political world, is called the levelling principle: it is by far the most effectual weapon by which virtue and decency can be assailed: it is strong in proportion to the indelicacy of the person using it, and the dignity of the person or thing against which it is employed. ‘Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,’ are the natural game after which the quizzer is in restless pursuit. The poem before us is a very superior performance of the quizzing kind. It has a double aspect, being at once an apparent parody on lord Byron’s poetry when dressed in its best attire—the Spenser stanza; and at the same time an attack upon the charities and bonds of social life, in a spirit of seeming good humour, careless scorn, and gay indecency.

As far as it can be considered as a burlesque upon lord Byron’s manner, it is harmless and happy. It detracts no more from the high claims of the original than the battle of the frogs has had any such effect upon the *Iliad* of Homer;—a comparison which such of our readers as suspect the poem before us to have really proceeded from the pen of lord Byron himself will acknowledge to be peculiarly appropriate. And, indeed, as far as the profligacy of sentiment running through this poem of *Beppo* can be placed to the account of imitation and parody, it is a part of its merit; for the resemblance between the solemn banter, and epicurean sarcasm which mark every page of the *Childe Harold*, and the derisory ease and ironical pleasantry with which all serious things are treated in this poem of *Beppo*, is most successfully preserved; so successfully, indeed, that we cannot help yielding to the suspicion that these productions, both original and imitative, are by the same hand.

‘None but himself could be his parallel.’

If lord Byron has been his own imitator, his task could not have been difficult; since he had little else to do than to adapt the measure and spirit of a style of poetry, in which he was so habitually conversant to villany less heroic, and vice in its more domestic and familiar habitudes. And it is worthy of remark also how little of the charm, and vivacity, and melody of this species of versification is lost in treating of subjects the most familiar.

Flexibility and compass, and a certain facility of accommodation to all subjects, whether sublime or mean, sad or humorous,

loose or severe, are the privileges of this stanza, on which Spenser has impressed the seal of his genius, and fixed our prejudices for ever. There is, besides, in its structure, a sort of quaint simplicity which humours the mock seriousness of the burlesque. Even the imperfections of this verse were favourable to the objects which this writer had in view. The prolixity of this stanza has a tendency to dilute its strength, and sometimes to produce a nerveless expletory line to make up the complement of the verse, which must, for the most part, sustain the thought unbroken to the end; and this is perfectly in harmony with that colloquial humour and familiar cast of expression which is so playful and pleasing throughout this little poem. Put feeling, and virtue, and the interests of human happiness, out of the question; assume the hypothesis of a world without souls; level man to the consideration of brutes; take him out of his moral state; set him at large the vagrant son of nature in full physical freedom to indulge his temperament; suppose all the enclosures of civilized life laid open, and family ties, and 'relations dear,' and 'all the charities—of father, son, and brother,' fairly out of the way, and then this little poem of Beppo, which it is said, but which we are slow to believe, lord Byron, an English nobleman, an English husband, and an English father, hath sent reeking from the stews of Venice, is a production of great humour and unquestionable excellence.

There is throughout the performance an evident care taken to make the ridicule fall not on the manner, or the sentiment, or the principles of lord Byron's poems, but upon poor unrespected virtuous love, and woman's honour, and rustic shame, and household joys, and hum-drum human happiness. We are quite sure that many a maiden and many a mother, British-born and British-bred, will rise from the perusal of this little delightful display of Italian manners, this light and sportive raillery on the marriage vow, with many troublesome prejudices removed, an increased dread of being righteous overmuch, and a resolution, in spite of a prying and censorious world, to live in charity with her neighbours of the other sex, though it should be called facility or levity.

In all seriousness, then, we mean to say, that the way in which the writer of this bantering poem has treated the sin of adultery, and all the sanctions by which marriage is made holy and happy, designates it as the product of a mind careless, cold, and callous: for who but a man of such a mind, could, at a distance from his country and home, with a full knowledge of what makes that country great and prosperous, her families honourable, her sons manly and true, and her daughters the objects of delicate and respectful love, send among us a tale of pollution, dipped in the deepest die of Italian debauchery, relieved and recommended by a vivacity and grace of colouring that takes from the mischief its apparent turpitude, and disarms the vigilance of virtue.

Madame de Stael, who, amidst her eccentricities and varieties, seems to have possessed a good heart, and had certainly a perspicacious mind, has felt and described with great truth, in many places of her work on Germany, the dreadful force of ridicule as the aux-

iliary of vice. In the language of that distinguished lady, this mischievous power 'has erected for itself a sort of republican government, which pronounces a sentence of ostracism on all that is strong and distinguished in human nature. It undermines love, religion, all things, except that selfishness which cannot be reached by irony, because it exposes itself to censure, not to ridicule. It was in this spirit that Voltaire composed his *Candide*, that effort of diabolical gayety, which appears to have been written by a being of a different nature from ourselves, insensible to our condition, well-pleased with our sufferings, and laughing, like a demon or an ape, at the miseries of that human species with which he has nothing in common. *Candide* brings into action that scoffing philosophy, *so indulgent in appearance*, in reality so ferocious.'

Such is the real character, and such the success of all these little facetious, frolicsome attacks upon the great pillars of human repose. These supports resist the storm and the tempest, the loud and boisterous agitation of those angry elements that vex the moral world; God's threatenings pass by and spare; but when a few human hands begin the work of undermining, with their little implements of mattock and spade, digging away the earth, until the foundation is laid bare, then the slightest impulse suffices to bring to the dust the fairest fabric of man's labour, and the monument of ages. Society reels and totters when its fastenings and stays are loosened, and the solid ground loses its tenacity, and forsakes the base; while civil commotions, and even revolutions, with all their dire concomitants, will often leave the moral structure fundamentally and vitally whole. There is but one way, says the ingenious lady from whom we have already quoted, of resisting this influence (speaking of the influence of French ridicule) and that consists in very decided national habits and character. And we are quite of the same opinion, only perhaps a little differing from her as to the extent and comparative dignity of the great formative principles of national character. We are not among those who rejoice in the cosmopolitan liberality, which has of late years become a marked feature in the system of British philosophy. If it arose from a Christian enlargement of sentiment, like that which animates our societies for carrying to foreign parts the blessings of God's Holy Word, it would at least have commanded our respect; but as, to speak the truth, we impute it rather to a growing indifference to the distinction of moral worth, than to any Christian expansion of benevolence, we cannot hold it in any high estimation. We dread an amalgamation with the continent: we feel quite persuaded that our nationality and our morality have so long mutually upheld each other that they cannot be separated without mutual injury. No one can have paid any attention to the aspect of society in this country, since the late revolution in France, and the gradual change in the colours of its fashions and habits, without marking the growing indications of denationalizing spirit, an unconcernedness about our honour, or exploits, our prosperity; and, worst of all, a decay of that masculine decency, and sobriety and soundness

of sentiment, which, about half a century ago, made us dread the contagion of French or Italian manners, and placed us in a proud security above the reach of their pollutions.

It is impossible not to see all this with hearts too serious to suffer us to read much of the best poetry of the present day, with pleasure or pride, the great aim of which is to shake the basis of that felicity, which is laid in female honour, and virtuous love. On various other occasions, and particularly in our remarks upon the poems of Mr. Moore, and the former productions of lord Byron, we have spoken out very decidedly on the scandalous objects to which some of the best efforts of the British Muse have been devoted; we shall, therefore, conclude our observations on this little piece of rhyming mischief, with an extract or two, in which such of our readers as have not had the work in their hands, may have a specimen of the spirit and tone in which it is written, without any sacrifice on our parts of the dignity and decency of our pages. The parts we shall select, to become intelligible, will not require the story to be told, which is, in truth, nothing but a trumpery narrative of a lady and her gallant, and a base acquiescing husband, who, nevertheless, is presented to us as a person of sense and worth.

‘ “ England! with all thy faults I love thee still,”

I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;  
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;

I like the government (but that is not it):  
I like the freedom of the press and quill;

I like the Habeas Corpus (when we have got it);  
I like a parliamentary debate,  
Particularly when 'tis not too late.

‘ I like the taxes, when they're not too many:

I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;  
I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any;  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;

I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year.

And so God save the regent, church, and king!  
Which means that I like all and every thing.

‘ Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
Poor's rate, reform, my own, the nation's debt,

Our little riots just to show we are free men,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,

Our cloudy climate and our chilly women,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the tories.

‘ But to my tale of Laura—for I find

Digression is a sin, that by degrees  
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,

And, therefore, may the reader too displease—  
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,  
And caring little for the author's ease,

Insist on knowing what he means, a hard  
And hapless situation for a bard.

‘ Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
What should be easy reading! could I scale  
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing  
Those pretty poems never known to fail,  
How quicky would I print (the world delighting)  
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;  
And sell you, mixed with western sentimentalism,  
Some samples of the finest orientalism.

‘ But I am but a nameless sort of person,  
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)  
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,  
The first that Walker’s Lexicon unravels,  
And when I can’t find that, I put a worse on,  
Not caring as I ought for critic’s cavils;  
I’ve half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes!’

(P. 23—26.)

Again,

‘ The morning now was on the point of breaking,  
A turn of time at which I would advise  
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking  
In any other kind of exercise,  
To make their preparations for forsaking  
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise;  
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,  
His blushes make them look a little pale.

‘ I’ve seen some balls and revels in my time,  
And staid them over for some silly reason,  
And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime),  
To see what lady best stood out the season;  
And though I’ve seen some thousands in their prime,  
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,  
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn),  
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

‘ The name of this Aurora I’ll not mention,  
Although I might, for she was nought to me  
More than that patent work of God’s invention.  
A charming woman, whom we like to see;  
But writing names would merit reprehension,  
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,  
At the next London or Parisian ball  
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.’

(P. 40—41.)

We wish we could have parted better friends with the author of *Beppo*, whoever he may be, for we cannot help respecting his genius. We rather hope that those will be found right in their conjecture who have ascribed it to lord Byron himself; for, under all circumstances, we do not wish for a duplicate of that eccentric nobleman.

**ART. VIII.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature and Politics.***

***On extinguishing Fires in Buildings.***  
By Mr. JOHN MOORE.

SIR—Observing the destruction of property by fire, and the fright and inconvenience to families when it occurs in dwelling-houses, with sometimes loss of lives;—and after taking a survey of the progress of the arts, I am surprised, that recourse is not commonly had to the mixing of some ingredient with the water employed, (as there are many known,) for the more immediate extinguishing of that destructive element. The importance of the subject is so considerable, that I think it ought to have the most serious attention.

To the uninsured, a means of speedy extinction would be a happy resource, and to the public a great acquisition, provided the expense be but trifling. Now in order to stimulate others towards the obtaining so decisive an object, I take the liberty to state to you the ideas that have occurred to me, hoping that improvements on them, or the selection of some more effectual means, will be the result;—therefore, without further introduction, I beg to submit to your consideration what I conceive would be serviceable.

I would have every fire-engine provided with a few sacks of ground clay in powder; the clay to be ground after it is dry and then sifted, in order that no large fragments of it may lodge between the valves, so as to prevent the working of the engine. I doubt not but you will observe, that the greater the quantity of clay and water which passes through the pipes to the fire, so much the sooner the fire must be extinguished; because the clay contained by the water will form a crust, and act like an extinguisher; by which means the flames will not only be prevented from extending their destructive progress, but may, by a judicious application of this clay water, be easily brought under. For clay being unflammable, wherever it falls in sufficient quantity, it will cut off the communication between the fire and air, and thereby exclude the accession of oxygen to support the flame, which will consequently go out.

Alum is also an excellent ingredient to mix with water; because it has no

tendency to inflame, and will also form an extinguishing cap or crust like clay, with which I have no doubt most of your readers are well acquainted: but if any of them should not, let them throw a piece of alum on any common fire, and they will be convinced of the truth of the observation. There is, however, one objection to the employment of alum, namely, the expense; and this is likely to keep it out of use, though its efficacy were much greater.

But the best substance of any for this purpose, is, in my opinion, burnt lime, exposed to the atmosphere that it may absorb moisture, and thereby fall to powder. This, after sifting and being mixed with water, when thrown on fire will be found almost instantly to extinguish the flame. Indeed it has come under my notice more than once, that water impregnated with only the quantity of lime that it is capable of holding in solution, always had a very increased effect in extinguishing fire; for, at a fire that recently occurred, it was observed, that if any burning piece of wood was extinguished thereby, it would not rekindle. Since such was the effect of lime-water, which contains so small a quantity of lime, will it not immediately put out flame, when the lime is thrown in a larger body with the water? and will not each engine be enabled to throw its water a much greater distance, as its density will be much increased by the mixture of either of the foregoing substances?

If the dust of the turnpike roads was collected, and sifted from its grosser particles and kept for use, it would be found of great benefit; because, most stones that are used on the roads being of a limestone nature, the dust of them when thrown on the fire will become lime, and consequently have much the same effect. There is moreover a considerable advantage in the ease with which it may be procured\*.

To show the utility of mixing some-

\* Where lime forms the principal ingredient in the materials employed for making and repairing the highways; the road-dust, as suggested by the author, might answer very well; but where siliceous ingredients form a portion of the materials, such dust would grind the pump-work of the engines to pieces in a very short time.—EDIT.



thing unflammable with the water, I need only mention, that, at a fire at which I once assisted, it was observed, that one of the engines operated much more powerfully than either of the others; and wherever its water came, the flames appeared to be almost instantaneously subdued, whilst the other engines often seemed rather to be increasing than diminishing them. Upon inquiry I found that this efficient engine was supplied with the waste water that was spilled in the street, which was afterwards taken up in buckets, water and dirt together, and thrown into this engine. Is it not therefore reasonable to conclude, that the superiority of it was from the mud being for the most part unflammable?

Besides making each engine carry a reasonable quantity of clay, &c. it might be adviseable, that each watch-house or other convenient places should be provided with a sack or two. Were this done, no fire could possibly take place in any part of a city, without some clay, &c. being at hand, always in a state fit for use.\*

I am, &c.

JOHN MOORE.

Bristol, Feb. 21, 1818.

*Phil. Mag.*

#### *Original Anecdote of Franklin.*

In the newspaper which Franklin established, soon after he domiciliated himself in Philadelphia, he once took occasion to animadvert, with much freedom, upon the conduct of an old and respectable inhabitant of the city, whose public course did not accord with his views of propriety. The attack produced a strong sensation among the friends of the gentleman in question, some of whom proposed that an interview should be had with Franklin, in order to admonish the young adventurer in regard to what they deemed an improper liberty. Franklin acceded readily to the proposal, and accordingly requested several of his patrons to sup with him on a particular evening. They

\* Mr. Moore's communication also contained some hints for extinguishing fires in ships. He also suggests that ships might be rendered more buoyant by making them *air-tight*, and forcing in air by means of an air-pump, which would elevate them to a higher level in the water, and consequently might sometimes save them when they have got upon a bank.

waited upon him at the time appointed; and of the guests the names of Hugh Roberts, Philip Sing, Luke Morris, and John Biddle are recollected.

Previously to being called to supper, they entered into friendly conversation with him on the object of their visit. They were presently introduced into an adjoining room in which a table was spread, covered with a coarse cloth, at one end of which stood a large stone pitcher filled with water; at the other, a huge pudding; and beside each plate a penny earthenware cup. Franklin pressed his friends to be seated, and proceeded to help each of them to a slice of the pudding, with every appearance of earnest hospitality. Having served them all, and desired them to fill their cups with water and be jovial, he himself began to eat heartily. His guests tasted, and tasted again, but could not swallow his pudding. Franklin observing this begged them to be assured that another pudding would soon be served up. No one, however, except himself, could eat, and they sat looking at each other with an expression of lively surprise. Franklin then rose from his chair and said—'This is 'a saw-dust pudding—I can eat it, tho' 'you cannot—and he who can subsist 'upon saw-dust pudding and water, 'needs the patronage of no man.' They all laughed and parted good friends.

PETER THE GREAT.

*From Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times.*

The Czar Peter came this winter (1699) over to England, and stayed some months among us; I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitutions as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him: He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application. He is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge, than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent:

a want of judgment and an instability of temper appear in him too often, and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter, than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire. But he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this, has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people, by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the Providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man, to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world. David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation—*What is man, that thou art so mindful of him?* But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put as it were under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy, and savage temper.

*Letter to the Academy at Philadelphia; with a copy of the Critical Description of Mr. West's Painting, and one of the Critical Descriptions of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims. By WILLIAM CAREY, Esq. of London.*

To Joseph Hopkinson, President, and the Members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

GENTLEMEN.—I have the pleasure of transmitting to you a copy of my 'Critical Description and Analytical Review of Death on the Pale Horse,' painted from the Revelation by Ben-

jamin West, President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, in London, and Historical Painter to the King. In submitting my little volume to your notice, I am emboldened by a hope that your candid consideration of its good intention may induce you to overlook its defects, and deem it not unworthy of a place in the library of your Academy. Long esteemed the father of historical painting in the British School, the painter, whose performance I have ventured to review, has not obtained his reputation without a conflict. Homer had a Zoilus, Michael Angelo found enemies in Torrigiano and Bandinelli; and from the appearance of West's Death of General Wolfe and Regulus, to this grand composition, each of his works in succession has roused the attacks of envy and ignorance. But, beside their high moral aim, and the striking beauties of his performances, his repeated annual election by the chief British artists to the high office which he has so long dignified as their head; the honours paid to him by the most celebrated foreign painters and sculptors; the diplomas presented to him by the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, the mother of all other schools of art, by the Institute of France, the Academies of Florence, Bologna, Manheim, Berlin, Antwerp, Ghent, America, and by every other Academy in the world, have refuted the invidious criticism of his enemies, confirmed the public judgment, and fully established his fame. Thus, although I have given an independent opinion of his performance, I can boldly reply to the cold cavils of anti-contemporarianism, and the anonymous publications of malevolent jealousy, that I am not the creator of a new fame, or the promulgator of a singular opinion. The meanness, which is wounded by the success of the painter, may asperse my impartiality; but, believe me, gentlemen, although I could be the friend and admirer of a Raphael, or Lionardo da Vinci, I could not be the slave or parasite of either.

Like your hardy pine lifting its green head amidst the Apalachian snows, the mind of this Nestor of painting exhibits, in the deep winter of his years, the powers of his prime. In this last work he maintains his distinguished reputation, and proves the wide dominion of the Fine Arts, when employed to

inculcate the social duties and sublime truths of religion. Even now, we learn, that the people of America crowd your public hospital in Philadelphia, to behold his painting of Christ healing the Sick, and each retires with a lesson of Christian charity, and a prouder sense of his country, from the view. At the same moment, in London, we meet persons from all parts of the empire, and foreigners, the visitors of our capital, assembled in the same apartment, to contemplate Death upon the Pale Horse, the consummation of his labours and his glory.

Americans, you point to the tombs of his kindred, and claim the honour of his birth and genius for the *NEW WORLD*. But, proud of the English blood, which flows in his veins, of his residence for more than half a century in our island, and the execution of his celebrated performances here, Englishmen as justly claim him as an enviable honour for the country of his adoption, in *THE OLD*. Your professional brethren of a neighbouring state, in sending across the Atlantic for his portrait, by the pencil of Lawrence, whose exquisite sense of colouring and resemblance, rank him as the *TITIAN* of the age, have acted affectionately and wisely. They justly anticipate a standard of style, exalt their own character, and furnish a noble excitement to emulation. As a work of art, placed on high in their Academy, its technical excellence must long continue to give lessons of instruction, and, as an honour conferred upon merit, stimulate the generous ardour of the students to the same goal. Continue to cherish this esteem for intellectual eminence; for when commerce, wealth, and manufactures, with every other basis of social prosperity, sink, and the dear-bought glories of war are lost in oblivion, the works of genius, after having fanned the flame of living virtue for ages, immortalize the memory of nations, in the tomb. Before the reign of the Fine Arts, empires rose and flourished, disappeared and were forgotten. Greece and Rome had artists, and will live for ever.

Happy is he, who either by his public or private virtue, his mental vigour, or excellence in the arts which humanize the manners and embellish life, has the good fortune to concentrate the es-

teem and affection of remote nations in his own person. Few indeed enjoy, like the American-Englishman and English-American West, the rare power of forming this inestimable bond of attraction and union. May Europe and America, agreeing in their esteem for this venerable master, at the same moment hasten to forget their points of difference, and agree in all that can promote their mutual good. May each, with generous emulation, vieing in benevolence and philanthropy, imitate whatever is noble and virtuous in the customs and institutions of the other, and avoid their imperfections and evils. Receive from the nations on this side the great deep our mechanical inventions, our improvements in the sciences, our love for the belles lettres and polite arts. But guard against those dangerous refinements of luxury, which subvert domestic happiness, poison public morals, and effect the mere slavery of the body by the corruption of the mind.

Your professional brethren in New York have recently elected several eminent English artists honorary members of their Academy. To be thus chosen by a body of which Trumbull is the head, is indeed an honour. America may well be proud of the painter whose pencil has immortalized the *Sortie from Gibraltar*, and the deaths of Montgomery and Warren. In your countrymen, Allston and Leslie, you will receive an important accession. You confided them to England, young and inexperienced. England returns them to you distinguished artists, in the highest department of painting. In this spirit of generous reciprocity, may benefits ever be the interchange between the mother country and America. I lament what I have lost, in not having met with any picture by Leslie, for the venerable president, West, speaks of him as an historical painter of power, one of his most eminent pupils. But I have seen by Allston, *Jacob's Dream*, a vision of sublimity and beauty, rich in *chiaro-scuro*, and forms of celestial grace and elegance; a piping youth, an image of the purest sensibility and naked nature, in the shadowy recess of a grove; and the prophet Elija fed by Ravens, a figure of mystic inspiration, under a sky of deep-toned lustre, in a scene of wild

and thrilling solemnity. I have also seen by this artist the Archangel Uriel, an epic conception, breathing the spirit of Milton. This fine performance has had the double honour of obtaining the prize this year from that public-spirited body, the British Institution, and of being purchased by their deputy president, the Marquis of Stafford. That nobleman, whose munificent patronage of the Fine Arts, has endeared him to all Europe, and ranked his name among the imperial and royal patrons of ancient and modern times, designs to place the **URIEL** in his superb collection of paintings, selected from the works of the most celebrated masters of the different schools. But how powerful is the love of country, how immutable the law of nature! At the moment of his triumph, *Allston* hastens from his brilliant prospects here, to the land of his fathers. His natural suavity and polished acquirements, the noble pride of aspiring to fame, without seeking to lower his competitors; the study of the *chefs d'œuvre* of art in Italy; the mind of a poet, the eye of a colourist, and the hand of a draughtsman, set a stamp of superior value on this accomplished artist. The regret and esteem of indelible remembrances will accompany him to your shores; but I hope that our good fortune will, at least, preserve to England the three commanding testimonies of his genius, which I have herein mentioned.

I accompany this with a copy of the second edition of my Critical Description of Stothard's Procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims, from Chaucer, of which I entreat your acceptance. May the Academies of America, vieing in purity of principle and elevated practice with the artists of ancient Greece and Rome, by employing the Fine Arts as instruments of public morality, diffuse a lustre on your rising empire! May your country fulfil her high career in indissoluble union, tranquillity, and glory. These are the sincere wishes of,

Gentlemen,  
Your respectful servant,  
WILLIAM CAREY.

Mary-la-bonne-street, Piccadilly,  
London, March 20, 1818.

*From the Literary Gazette and Journal of the Belles Lettres.*

No. I. THE ANGEL URIEL. *W. Allston.*

The glorious vision . . . .  
The gorgeous form that now upon his throne  
Of rocky amber, like some mountain peak  
Dark 'gainst a lunar sky, before me rose  
In giant majesty! . . . .

Th' archangel Uriel. *Vist to the Sun*

We have already pronounced this to be a grand and imposing picture. The character and style of the painting are rather more worthy of consideration and praise than the management of the subject. It is, indeed, one of those giant forms which are of every day occurrence; but its excellence lies in an approach to the exalted system of ancient art. What honour is paid to a modern and a young artist when we declare that we cannot look upon his work without being reminded at times of Michael Angelo and at times of Corregio! The manner in which Mr. Allston has treated his Uriel may aptly be compared with that of the Cartoons, or more strictly, perhaps, with that of the Roman School, whose painters have done so much to improve our national taste and ennoble the arts. There is much of the *fresco* in its coup d'œil, and with something of a want of detail, an evident want of solidity in the figure. If we could add to it that solidity which distinguished the chef d'œuvre of Guercino, seen last year on the opposite side of Pall Mall, and now in the King's Mews, it would deserve almost unqualified approbation. As it is, it is certainly a great and extraordinary production—aiming with no mean flight at the highest elevation, and ranking its author with the most able artists of the British School.

1. *The Angel Uriel.* WM. ALLSTON. This is an Archangel introduced into some pleasing lines from a poem called a *Vist to the Sun*, which *Vision*, describes him as the same

'That once entranced th' immortal Milton saw.'—

The same which *Satan* in his journey from Hell to Earth addressed on his

arrival in the sun, and who saw him as  
 'A glorious angel stand,  
 On some great charge employed  
 He seem'd, or fixed in cogitation deep.'

From these lines in MILTON, and from the following in the *Vision*, the painter has given not an unsuccessful poetical portrait of the *Archangel*:

'The gorgeous form that now upon his throne

Of rocky amber, like some mountain peak  
 Dark 'gainst a lunar sky, before me rose  
 In giant majesty!'

Now as this is a subject which mingles the beautiful and the grand with a poetic fervour of feeling, that fixes thought not on the common place or even elegant of what is earthly, upon a nobler species of beings, upon an object unearthly and celestial, even a partial success in painting it demands much praise for the artist, and this praise we cordially bestow on Mr. ALLSTON, whose pictures always have a high and in part at least a successful aim. His is no 'vulgar bosom

But alive to thoughts of honourable fame.'

But still we confess that nothing less than the powerful grasp of intellect, the high pictorial attainment of a DA VINCI, a CORREGGIO, a RAFFAELLE, will prevent us from feeling some disappointment in the representation of subjects of such a high poetical cast. In the *St. Cecilia* of REYNOLDS, we feel regard for the feminine grace, gentleness, and musical powers of the performer; but in the *St. Cecilia* of RAFFAELLE, as copied by the tender and pathetic GUIDO, and as seen in the Mews Gallery, we feel a hallowed love, a sacred respect for a being, who, beautiful beyond any that have touched our hearts among living mortals, appears as if her thoughts were raised above earthly things, while she elevates ours by the seraphic eloquence of her look, the wrapt composure of her limbs and eyes. Though we are here judging our artists by the highest standard of genius, it will not, we trust, render us insensible to their beauties, for of merit there are infinite degrees; and as well as those who may not see such hitherto unapproached excellence as we think we do in the productions of former times, we can equally with them admire, in Mr. ALLSTON's *Uriel*, that *Form*, whose colossal size, and pliant and well-turn'd limbs, indicate the powerful 'Regent of the Sun,' but which power is agreeably tempered by such a complacency

of expression, as shews that the celestial being enjoys the bliss and is conscious of 'the approving smile of Heaven,' mixed and enlivened with a look that becomes the activity of ken and movement of him, whom MILTON describes as

'One of the seven,

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,

Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run thro' all the Heaven's, or down to the earth

Bear his swift errands.'

Not a small part of the beauty of this figure arises from the agreeable balance of vivid light and sober shade, the first displaying the fresh complexion of the angel, and the fervour of the solar atmosphere; and the latter, by softening down a degree of that fervour, aiding the placid sentiment of the picture. We here, however, think, that there is a little discordance from the change of warm fleshy tints in the lights to too grey a tint in the shadows. This picture would make a striking print. It is already engraved on our hearts.

#### *New opinion in regard to Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

It is at present the general belief that the two celebrated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. It is now, however, maintained, that this was not the case. Pompeii is said to be covered by a bed of lapillo, of the same nature as that we observe daily forming by the agency of water on the shore at Naples; while Herculaneum is covered by a series of strata, altogether forming a mass sixty feet thick, of a tuff, having the character of those tuffs formed by water. From the facts just stated, it is conjectured that the cities were destroyed by a rising of the waters, which deposited over them the stratified rocks, and not by matter thrown from Vesuvius. It is also said, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place in the year 79.

The following *Jeux d'esprit* will serve to amuse those who understand the French language, and to prove that the press can take some serious liberties with the government, in France.

ETAT DE LA FRANCE.

Le Royaliste défend tout;  
 Le Jacobin attaque tout;  
 Les Députés contestent tout;  
 De Caze qui, devore tout



A toujours pour reponse a tout  
 Q'avec de l'or on corrompt tout;  
 Le Chanceliér propose tout,  
 Les Vilains Pairs accordent tout,  
 Et *Pasquier* Legalise tout.  
 Molé desorganise tout,  
 Et Gouvion, qui l'imite en tout,  
 Glisse des Waterloo par tout:  
*Royer Collard* Braille sur tout,  
*Barrante* fait argent de tout,  
 Et quand *Mezy Colporte* tout  
 Richelien sourit a tout;  
 Le *Bon Chretien* qui souffre tout  
 Attendant que *Monsieur* soit tout,  
 Le revere par dessus tout;  
 La *Princesse* Gemit de tout;  
*D'Angouleme* se prete a tout;  
 Son frere jure et mandit tout;  
 Le fin monarque approuve tout,  
 Et, si le Ciel ne change tout,  
 Le Grand Diable avalera tout.

AUTRE RAPPORT, EN CHIFFRES.

|                     |   |   |          |
|---------------------|---|---|----------|
| Les Braves          | - | - | H. E.    |
| Le Peuple           | - | - | A. B. C. |
| L'Armée             | - | - | D. P. C. |
| Les Places fortes   | - | - | O. Q. P. |
| La Garde-nationale  | - | - | L. A. C. |
| Les Departements    | - | - | C. D.    |
| Le Credit           | - | - | B. C.    |
| La Liberté          | - | - | O. T.    |
| La Charte           | - | - | L. U. D. |
| Les Pairs           | - | - | E. B. T. |
| Les Deputés         | - | - | K. O. T. |
| Les Ministres       | - | - | A. I.    |
| Les Ministeriels    | - | - | H. T.    |
| Les Voltigeurs      | - | - | K. C.    |
| Wellington          | - | - | R. A. T. |
| Le Trone            | - | - | S. A. P. |
| Le Sceptre          | - | - | E. K. C. |
| Notre Ruine         | - | - | H. V.    |
| Les Patriotes       | - | - | L. V.    |
| Le Clergé           | - | - | A. T.    |
| Les Princes         | - | - | H. A. C. |
| La Justice          | - | - | D. C. D. |
| La Duchesse D       | - | - | R. I. D. |
| La gloire nationale | - | - | A. V. Q. |
| La Patrie           | - | - | M. E.    |
| L'Espérance         | - | - | R. S. T. |
| La Garde Royale     | - | - | N. R. V. |
| Les Ultras          | - | - | A. Q.    |
| Notre Deliverance   | - | - | A. T.    |

The following ingenious epigram was made upon *Voltaire* on the occasion of the completion of his statue by *Pigalle*.

En  
 Dignum lapide Voltarium  
 Qui  
 In poesia magnus,

In historiâ parvus,  
 In philosophiâ minimus,  
 In religione nihil;

Cujus

Ingenium acre,  
 Judicium præceps,  
 Improbilas summa;

Cui

Arrisère mulierculæ,  
 Placuère scioli,  
 Faveré profani:

Quem

Seratus populusque phisico-atheus,  
 Ære collecto,  
 Statuâ donavit.

*French Theatre.*—The Parisians have always been impatient of mediocrity on their stage, and very soon rid themselves of it by the weapon of ridicule. Some of their *bon mots* to this effect, are exceedingly pleasant. Such for example as the following: A Flemish actor, making his début in no very captivating style at the Theatre François, in the character of Andronicus, had unluckily occasion to repeat in the course of his part, the following verse of interrogation:

*Mais pour ma fuite, ami, quel parti  
 dois-je prendre?*

A wag in the pit instantaneously cried out,

*L'ami, prenez la poste et retournez en  
 Flandre.*

The advice was quickly followed.— Again; a performer with a remarkably vulgar countenance, undertook to personate Mithridates in Racine's tragedy, but when Monimia tells him in the progress of the dialogue; *Seigneur, vous changez de visage; Laissez le faire*, exclaimed a voice from the gallery, and put the unfortunate Mithridates to flight. In another instance, the same part was wretchedly performed, amid heavy groans from the audience, by a provincial hero of the buskin, who, indignant at his reception, advanced to the edge of the stage and harangued the pit, on the consonance of his mode of acting to the principles of good taste. When he had finished, one of his hearers replied to him immediately, in the following lines taken from the part he had just performed, *Prince, quelques raisons que vous nous puissiez dire  
 Votre devoir ici n'a pas du vous conduire.*



## FROM NEALE'S TRAVELS—CONSTANTINOPLE.

‘It would be difficult for any imagination, even the most romantic or dis-tempered, to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated, even within a few hours perambulation, in and around the Turkish capital. The barbarous extremes of magnificence and wretchedness; of power and weakness; of turpitude and magnanimity; of profligacy and sanctity; of cruelty and humanity, are all to be seen jumbled together in the most sublime or offensive combinations. The majesty and magnificence of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of human art, contrasted with the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, and brutalizing inherent degeneracy, fill up the vacant spaces of this varied picture.

‘The howlings of ten thousand dogs re-echoing through the deserted streets all the live-long night, chase you betimes from your pillow; approaching your window you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun gilding the snowy summits of Mount Olympus, and the beautiful shores of the sea of Marmora, the point of Chalcedon, and the town of Scutari: midway your eye ranges with delight over the marble domes of St. Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering amidst groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts, and spiry minarets of a thousand mosques. While you contemplate this superb scenery, the thunders of artillery burst upon your ear; and, directing your eye to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, you may behold, proudly sailing around the point of the Seraglio, the splendid navy of the Ottomans, returning with the annual tributes of Egypt. The curling volumes of smoke ascending from the port-holes play around the bellying sails, and hide at times, the ensigns of crimson silk; besprinkled with the silvery crescents of Mahomet! The hoarse guttural sounds of a Turk selling *kaimac* at your door, recall your attention towards the miserable lanes of Pera, wet, splashy, dark, and disgusting; the mouldering wooden tenements beetling over these alleys, are the abode of pestilence and misery. You may mount your horse and betake yourself to the fields, rich with the purple fragrance of health and lavender, and swarming

with myriads of honied insects: in the midst of your progress your horse recoils from his path, at the loathsome object occupying the centre of the highway;—an expiring horse, from which a horde of famished dogs are already tearing the reeking entrails? Would you behold his unfeeling master, look beneath that acacia, at the hoary Turk performing his pious ablutions at the sacred fountain.—If we retrace our steps, we are met by a party passing at a quick pace towards that cemetery on the right: they are carrying on a bier the dead body of a Greek, the pallid beauty of whose countenance is contrasted with the freshness of the roses which compose the chaplet on the head. A few hours only has he ceased to breathe: but see! the grave has already received his corse, and amidst the desolate palaces of the princes of the earth, he has entered an obscure and nameless tenant.

‘Having returned to the city, you are appalled by a crowd of revellers pressing around the doors of a wine-house; the sounds of minstrelsy and riot are within. You have scarcely passed when you behold two or three gazers around the door of a baker’s shop,—the *Kaimakan* has been his rounds, the weights have been found deficient, and the unfortunate man, who swings in a halter at the door, has paid for his petty villany the forfeiture of his life. The populace around murmur at the price of bread, but the *muezzins* from the adjoining minarets are proclaiming the hour of prayer, and the followers of Mahomet are pouring in to count their beads and proclaim the efficacy of *faith*. In an opposite coffee-house a group of Turkish soldiers, drowsy with tobacco, are dreaming over the chequers of a chess-board, or listening to the licentious fairy tales of a dervish. The passing crowd seem to have no common sympathies, jostling each other in silence on the narrow foot-path; women veiled in long caftans, emirs with green turbans, janissaries, Bostandjis, Jews and Armenians encounter Greeks, Albanians, Franks, and Tartars.—Fatigued with such pageantry, you observe the shades of evening descend, and again sigh for repose; but the *passawend* with their iron-bound staves striking the pavement, excite your attention to the cries of *yanga var* from the top of the adjoin-

ing tower, and you are told that the flames are in the next street. There you may behold the devouring element overwhelming in a common ruin the property of infidels and true believers, till the shouts of the multitude announce the approach of the *arch despot*, and the power of a golden shower of sequins is exemplified in awakening the callous feelings of even a Turkish multitude, to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and of rendering them sensible to the common ties of humanity.—The fire is extinguished—and darkness of a deeper hue has succeeded to the glare of the flames; the retiring crowd, guided by their paper lanterns, flit by thousands, like *ignes futui*, amidst the cypresses of the *Champ des Morts*; and, like another Mirza, after your sublime vision, you are left, not, indeed, to contemplate the lowing of the oxen in the valley of Bagdad, but to encounter the gloom and cheerless solitude of your own apartment.’

—  
*Political Portraits—from Madame de Stael’s ‘Considerations on the French Revolution.’*

*M. de Calonne*—The world gave him credit for great abilities, because he treated with levity things of the greatest moment and virtue amongst the rest. The French are but too apt to fall into the great mistake of ascribing wonderful powers to those who choose to set themselves above moral restraint. Faults consequent on passion may at times be taken as indicative of vigour of intellect; but a disposition to venality and intrigue belongs to a kind of mediocrity, the possessor of which can be useful in nothing but for his own good. We should be nearer the truth in setting down as incapable of public business any man who has devoted his life to an artful management of persons and circumstances. Such was *M. de Calonne*; and, even in this light, the frivolity of his character followed him, for when he meant to do mischief, he did not do it with ability.

His reputation, founded on the report of the women in whose society he was in the habit of passing his time, pointed him out for the ministry. The king was long adverse to an appointment at variance with his conscientious feelings: the queen, although surrounded by persons of a very different way of thinking, partook of her husband’s re-

pugnance; and one is almost tempted to say that both had a presentiment of the misfortunes into which such a character was likely to involve them. No single man, I repeat it, can be considered the author of the French revolution; but if we are to fix more particularly on an individual an event prepared by preceding circumstances, it must be attributed to the faults of *M. de Calonne*. His object was to make himself acceptable at court by lavishing the public money; he encouraged the king, the queen, and the princes to dismiss all restraint in regard to their favourite objects of expense, giving them the assurance, that luxury was the source of national prosperity. Prodigality, according to him, was an enlarged economy. In short, his plan was to be easy and accommodating in every thing, that he might form a complete contrast to the austerity of *M. Necker*. There was, however, as little comparison between the two in talent as in probity; the paper controversy that took place some time after between them, in regard to the deficit in the revenue, showed that, even in point of wit, all the advantage was on *M. Necker’s* side.

*M. de Calonne’s* levity was apparent rather in his principles than in his manners; he thought there was something brilliant in making light of difficulties, as in truth there would be, if we overcame them; but when they prove too strong for him who pretends to control them, his negligent confidence tends merely to make him more ridiculous.

—  
*Mounier and Malouet.*

There were two parties among the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*; the leaders of the one were *Mounier* and *Malouet*—of the other *Mirabeau* and *Sieyes*. The former aimed at a constitution in two chambers, and were in hopes of obtaining this change from the *noblesse* and the king by amicable means; the other was superior in point of talent, but unfortunately more guided by passion than opinion.

*Mounier* had been the leader of the calm and well planned revolution in Dauphiny; enthusiasm in the cause of reason was the basis of his character; he was enlightened rather than eloquent, but consistent and firm in his path, so long as it was in his power to choose one. *Malouet*, whatever might

be his situation, was always guided by his conscience. Never did I know a purer mind, and if he was not altogether qualified to act efficiently, it was owing to his having concerned himself with measures without regarding men; trusting always to the self-evidence of truth, without sufficiently reflecting on the means of bringing it home to the conviction of others.

—  
*Mirabeau.*

One would almost say that in every era of history there are personages who should be considered as the representatives of the good and of the wicked principle. Such, in Rome, were Cicero and Catiline; such, in France, were M. Necker and Mirabeau. Mirabeau, gifted with the most comprehensive and energetic mind, thought himself sufficiently strong to overthrow the government, and to erect on its ruins a system, of some kind or other, that would have been the work of his own hands. This gigantic project was the ruin of France, and the ruin of himself; for he acted at first in the spirit of faction, although his real manner of judging was that of the most reflecting statesman. He was then of the age of forty, and had passed his whole life in law-suits, abduction of women, and in prisons: he was excluded from good society, and his first wish was to regain his station in it. But he thought it necessary to set on fire the whole social edifice, that the doors of the Paris saloons might be opened to him. Like other immoral men, Mirabeau looked first to his personal interest in public affairs, and his foresight was limited by his egotism.

Mirabeau proceeded to circulate doctrines of the wildest anarchy, although his intellect when viewed apart from his character, was perfectly sound and luminous. M. Necker has said of him in one of his writings that he was ‘a demagogue by calculation, and an aristocrat by disposition.’ There cannot be a more correct sketch of the man; not only was his mind too enlightened to avoid perceiving the impossibility of a democratic government in France; but he would not have desired it, had it been practicable. He was vain in a high degree of his birth, and could not speak of the day of St. Bartholomew, without saying, ‘Admiral Coligni,

who, by the way, was a relation of my family.’ So desirous was he of reminding people on all occasions of his descent.

He possessed a larger share of intellect than of talent, and it was not without difficulty that he spoke *extempore* in the assembly. A similar difficulty in composing made him have recourse to the assistance of friends in all his works; yet not one of them after his death would have been capable of writing what he had found means to inspire into them. In speaking of the Abbé Maury he used to say, ‘When he is on the right side of the question, we debate; when he is on the wrong, I crush him;’ but the truth was, that the Abbe Maury often defended even a good cause with that kind of eloquence which does not proceed from real emotion of the heart.

Mirabeau was not to be restrained by those generous sentiments; he put himself at the head of a party who aimed at political importance, cost what it would; and the most abstract principles were in his hands nothing but instruments of intrigue.

Nature had effectually seconded him by giving him those defects and advantages that operate on a popular assembly: sarcasm, irony, force, and originality. The moment he rose to speak, the moment he stepped to the tribune, the curiosity of all was excited; nobody esteemed him, but the impression of his talents was such, that no one dared to attack him, if we except those members of the aristocratic body, who, declining a conflict in debate, thought proper to send him challenge after challenge to meet them with the sword. He always refused these challenges, and merely noted the names of the parties in his pocket-book, with a promise that they should be answered at the dissolution of the assembly. It is not fair, he said, in speaking of an honest country gentleman, of I do not know what province, to expose a man of talent like me, against a blockhead like him. And, what is very extraordinary in such a country as France, this behaviour had not the effect of bringing him into contempt, it did not even make his courage suspected. There was something so martial in his mind, and so bold in his manner, that no one could impute cowardice in any way to such a man.

*M. De La Fayette.*

M. de la Fayette, having fought from his early youth for the cause of America, had early become imbued with the principles of liberty which form the basis of that government. If he made mistakes in regard to the French revolution, we are to ascribe them all to his admiration of the American institutions, and of Washington, the hero citizen, who guided the first steps of that nation in the career of independence. La Fayette, young, affluent, of noble family, and beloved at home, relinquished all these advantages at the age of nineteen, to serve beyond the ocean in the cause of that liberty, the love of which has decided every action of his life. Had he had the happiness to be a native of the United States, his conduct would have been that of Washington: the same disinterestedness, the same enthusiasm, the same perseverance in their opinions, distinguished each of these generous friends of humanity. Had general Washington been, like the marquis de la Fayette, commander of the national guard of Paris, *he* also might have found it impossible to control the course of circumstances; *he* also might have seen his efforts baffled by the difficulty of being at once faithful to his engagements to the king, and of establishing at the same time the liberty of his country.

M. de la Fayette, I must say, has a right to be considered a true republican; none of the vanities of his rank ever entered his head; power, the effect of which is so great in France, had no ascendancy over him; the desire of pleasing in drawing-room conversation did not with him influence a single phrase; he sacrificed all his fortune to his opinions with the most generous indifference. When in the prisons of Olmutz, as when at the height of his influence, he was equally firm in his attachment to his principles. His manner of seeing and acting is open and direct. Whoever has marked his conduct may foretell with certainty what he will do on any particular occasion. His political feeling is that of a citizen of the United States, and even his person is more English than French. The hatred of which M. de la Fayette is the object has never embittered his temper, and his gentleness of soul is complete; at the same time nothing has ever modified his opinions, and his con-

fidence in the triumph of liberty is the same as that of a pious man in a future life.

*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox.*

Mr. Pitt rendered great services to England, by holding with a firm hand the helm of affairs. But, notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his tastes and habits, he leaned too much to the love of power; having become minister at a very early age, he never had time to live in the capacity of a private man, and by that means to experience the operation of authority upon those who are subject to it. His heart had no sympathy with weakness; and the political artifices, which men have agreed to call machiavelism, were not viewed by him with all the contempt which might have been expected from a genius like his. Yet his admirable eloquence made him love the debates of a representative government: his talents were still a tie between him and liberty; for he was ambitious of convincing, whereas men of moderate powers aspire only at command. The sarcastic tone of his speeches was singularly adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed: when all the aristocracy of sentiment and principle triumphed at the sight of popular excesses, the energetic irony of Mr. Pitt suited the Patrician who throws upon his adversary the odious colour of irreligion and immorality.

The perspicuity, the sincerity, the warmth of Mr. Fox could alone escape these sharp-edged weapons. He had no mystery in politics; for he regarded publicity as still more necessary in the affairs of nations, than in any other relations of men. Even when his opinion was not followed, he was better liked than his opponent; and, although force of argumentation was the distinctive characteristic of his eloquence, so much of soul was perceived beneath his reasoning, that it was impossible not to be moved by it. His character, like that of his antagonist, bore the stamp of English dignity; but he had a natural candour, which intercourse with the world was unable to impair, because the benevolence of genius is unalterable.

It is not necessary to decide between these two great men, nor is there any person who would dare to think himself qualified to judge in such a cause.

But the salutary reflection, which ought to arise from the sublime discussions of which the English parliament was the theatre, is this;—that the ministerial party was always in the right when it combated jacobinism and military despotism, but always in the wrong, and greatly in the wrong, when it made itself the enemy of liberal principles in France. The members of the opposition, on the contrary, deviated from the noble functions which are attributed to them, when they defended men whose crimes were ruining the cause of the human race; and this same opposition has deserved well of posterity, when it supported the generous few of the friends of freedom, who for twenty-five years have devoted themselves to the hatred of both parties in France, and who have no strength but what they derive from one powerful alliance—the alliance of truth.

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*Robespierre and Danton.*

No name of the epoch of the Convention will remain, except Robespierre. Yet he was neither more able nor more eloquent than the rest; but his political fanaticism had a character of calmness and austerity, which made him feared by all his colleagues.

I once conversed with him at my father's house, in 1789, when he was known merely as an advocate of the province of Artois, who carried to a great height his democratical principles. His features were mean, his complexion pale, his veins of a greenish hue; he maintained the most absurd propositions, with a coolness which had the air of conviction; and I could easily believe, that, at the beginning of the revolution, he had adopted sincerely certain ideas, upon the equality of fortunes as well as of ranks, which he caught in the course of his reading, and with which his envious and mischievous character was delighted to arm itself. But he became ambitious, when he had triumphed over his rival in the arts of the demagogue, Danton, the Mirabeau of the mob. The latter had more genius than Robespierre, and was more accessible to pity; but it was suspected, and with reason, that he was not proof against the seductions of money; a weakness which, in the end, always ruins demagogues; for the people cannot endure those who enrich themselves: this is a species of self-denial

with which nothing can prevail upon them to dispense.

Danton was factious, Robespierre was hypocritical: Danton was fond of pleasure, Robespierre only of power; he sent to the scaffold some as counter-revolutionists, others as ultra-revolutionists. There was something mysterious in his manner, which caused an unknown terror to hover about in the midst of the ostensible terror which the government proclaimed. He never adopted the means of popularity then generally in use; he was not ill dressed; on the contrary, he was the only person who wore powder in his hair; his clothes were neat, and his countenance had nothing familiar. The desire of ruling carried him, without doubt, to distinguish himself from others, at the very moment when equality in every thing was desired. Traces of a secret design are also perceived in the perplexed harangues which he made in the convention, and which, in some respects, recall to our recollection those of Cromwell. It is rarely, indeed, that any one, who is not a military chief, can become dictator. But the civil power had then much more influence than the military: the republican spirit led to a distrust of all the victorious generals; the soldiers themselves delivered up their leaders, as soon as the least alarm with respect to their fidelity arose. Political dogmas, if the name can be applied to such wanderings of intellect, reigned at that time, and not men. Something abstract was wanted in authority, that every body might be thought to have a share in it. Robespierre had acquired the reputation of high democratical virtue, and was believed incapable of personal views: as soon as he was suspected, his power was at an end.

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*The Emperor Alexander of Russia.*

I have had the honour of conversing several times with the emperor Alexander, at St. Petersburg and at Paris, at the time of his reverses, as at the time of his triumph. Equally unaffected, equally calm in either situation, his mind, penetrating, judicious, and wise, has ever been consistent. His conversation is wholly unlike what is commonly called an official conversation; no insignificant question, no mutual embarrassment condemns those who approach him to those Chinese phrases, if we



may so express ourselves, which are more like bows than words. The love of humanity inspires the emperor Alexander with the desire of knowing the true sentiments of others, and of treating, with those whom he thinks worthy of the discussion, on the great views which may be conducive to the progress of social order. On his first entrance into Paris, he discoursed with Frenchmen of different opinions, like a man who can venture to enter the lists of conversation without reserve.

In war his conduct is equally courageous and humane; and of all lives it is only his own that he exposes without reflection. We are justified in expecting from him, that he will be eager to do his country all the good which the state of its knowledge admits. Although he keeps on foot a great armed force, we should do wrong to consider him in Europe as an ambitious monarch. His opinions have more sway with him than his passions; and it is not, so far as I can judge, at conquest that he aims; a representative government, religious toleration, the improvement of mankind by liberty and the Christian religion, are no chimeras in his eyes. If he accomplish his designs, posterity will award him all the honours of genius; but if the circumstances by which he is surrounded, if the difficulty of finding instruments to second him, do not permit of his realizing his wishes, those who shall have known him will at least be apprised that he had conceived the most elevated views.

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*M. de Talleyrand.*

M. de Talleyrand considers politics as a manœuvre, to be regulated by the prevailing winds, and stability of opinion is by no means his characteristic. This is called cleverness, and something of this cleverness is perhaps necessary to veer on thus to the end of a mortal life; but the fate of a country should be guided by men whose principles are invariable; and in times of trouble, above all, that flexibility, which seems the height of political art, plunges public affairs into insurmountable difficulties. Be this as it may, M. de Talleyrand is, when he aims at pleasing, the most agreeable man whom the old government produced; it was chance that placed him amidst popular dissensions: he brought to them the manners of a court; and those graces, which ought

to be suspected by the spirit of democracy, have often seduced men of coarse dispositions, who felt themselves captivated, without knowing how. Nations which aim at liberty, should beware of choosing such defenders; those poor nations without armies, and without treasure, inspire attachment only to conscientious minds.

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*The Abbé Sieyes.*

In the first rank on the popular side of the constituent assembly was seen the Abbé Sieyes, insulated by his peculiar temper, although surrounded by admirers of his talents. Till the age of forty he had led a solitary life, reflecting on political questions, and carrying great powers of abstraction into that study; but he was ill qualified to hold communication with other men, so easily was he hurt by their caprices, and so ready was he to irritate them in his turn. But, as he possessed a superior mind, with a keen and laconic manner of expressing himself, it was the fashion in the assembly to show him an almost superstitious respect. Mirabeau had no objection to hear the silence of the Abbé Sieyes extolled above his own eloquence, for rivalry of such a kind is not to be dreaded. People imagined that Sieyes, that mysterious man, possessed secrets in government, from which surprising effects were expected whenever he should reveal them. Some young men, and even some minds of great compass, professed the highest admiration for him; and there was a general disposition to praise him at the expense of every body, because he on no occasion allowed the world to form a complete estimate of him.

One thing, however, was known with certainty—his detestation of the distinctions of nobility; and yet he retained, from his professional habits, an attachment to the clerical order, which he showed in the clearest way possible at the time of the suppression of the tithes. ‘*They wish to be free, and do not know how to be just,*’ was his remark on that occasion; and all the faults of the assembly were comprised in these words. But they ought to have been applied equally to those various classes of the community who had a right to pecuniary indemnities. The attachment of the Abbé Sieyes to the clergy would have ruined any other



man in the opinion of the popular party; but, in consideration of his hatred to the *noblesse*, the party of the *Mountain* forgave him his partiality to the priests.

CEYLON.

*Immense Boa*.—Some time ago Mr. Edwin, an Englishman, resident in the East Indies, saw a *boa constrictor* that measured thirty-three feet four inches in length. It was covered with scales, and ridged in the centre; the head was green, with large black spots in the middle, yellow streaks round the jaws, and a circle like a golden collar round the neck, and another black spot behind that; the head was flat and broad, with eyes monstrously large and very bright and terrible; its sides were of a dusky olive colour; its back was very beautiful, a broad streak of black, curled and waved at the sides, running along it—along the edges of this and a narrow streak of fleshy colour, on the outside of which was a broad streak of a bright yellow, waved and curled, and spotted at small distances with roundish and long blotches of a blood colour. When it moved in the sun it appeared exquisitely beautiful. It had perched itself on a large palm tree; as a fox passed by, it darted down upon him, and in a few minutes took him into his stomach. Next morning a monstrous tiger about the height of a heifer, passing, it darted down, seized him by the back with its teeth, and twined itself three or four times round his body; it then loosed its teeth from his back and seized his head, tearing and grinding, and choking him at once, whilst the furious tiger resisted to the utmost; finding him hard to be conquered, and his bones not easily broken, it, by winding its tail around his neck, dragged him to the tree, and then setting him against it, twined himself about both him and the tree, and crushed him against it till his ribs and the bones of his legs, and at last his skull, were broken and bruised; after it had killed him with this inexpressible torture of about a day's continuance, it coated over his body with slaver till it became like a lump of red flesh, and at last, with a labour of some hours' continuance, sucked up the whole carcass into his stomach. While it was gorged herewith, and no doubt fatigued with the late toil, Mr. Edwin and his Ceylonese companions

killed it with clubs; its flesh was whiter than veal, and had a fine taste, and indeed in Brazil, and many other places, serpent's flesh is eaten for food.

— *Lit. Pan.*

AFRICA: WESTERN.

*Sierra Leone*.—A letter from this place, dated Jan. 21, 1818, gives the following account of the settlement, and the manners and customs of the natives:

'I have visited several of the towns in the interior. Regent's-town is the principal. It contains a population of 1700 liberated slaves: there is a handsome church, but not sufficiently large, and therefore now receiving an addition. There is a very handsome house for the minister and teacher. It was a most gratifying sight to see the full congregation of both sexes, very neatly dressed, and particularly well behaved, go through their several exercises, reading the Bible, reciting and singing hymns, &c. The church and parsonage were principally built by the young men, who have learned masonry and carpentering, under the direction of two or three European instructors. The first classes are now all married, and fifty of them have formed a building society, the plan and object of which is to build stone houses, on a certain scale for each other, according to priority by lot, till the whole number shall be completed, which will be a few years hence.'

*Chemical Analysis of Pimento.*

M. Braconnot has subjected this substance to an elaborate examination, the result of which is, that it consists of the following ingredients:

|  |   |   |   |       |
|--|---|---|---|-------|
| 1. Fecula  | - | - | - | 9.0   |
| 2. A very acrid oil                                | - | - | - | 1.9   |
| 3. Waxy matter united to a red colouring principle | - | - | - | 0.9   |
| 4. A peculiar gummy matter                         | - | - | - | 6.0   |
| 5. Animalized matter                               | - | - | - | 5.0   |
| 6. Citrate of potash                               | - | - | - | 6.0   |
| 7. Insoluble residue                               | - | - | - | 67.8  |
| 8. Muriate of potash                               | } | - | - | 3.4   |
| 9. Phosphate of potash                             |   |   |   |       |
| Loss   |   |   |   |       |
|  |   |   |   | 100.0 |

Mr. ALLSTON's large picture of the Angel *Uriel* sitting in the centre of the sun, was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford immediately on seeing it—

and the Directors of the British Institution have awarded the artist a premium of 150 guineas.

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Count *Camillo Borgia* of Rome, nephew of the last cardinal of that name, succeeded some time since, in ingratiating himself with the Bey of Tunis, and obtained the permission, never before given to a stranger, not only to penetrate into the interior of that kingdom, but to examine the sites of its ancient cities, and excavate in Ancient Utica, at his leisure. He spent two years in research and visited upwards of two hundred and fifty ancient cities and villages in ruins. He has taken drawings of several hundred monuments never described, and copied a multitude of inscriptions, Latin, Greek, and Punic, altogether unknown. Among the monuments of which he has complete designs, are temples, theatres, amphitheatres, porticos, baths, fountains, statues, &c. During his residence among the Arabs, and Moors, he carefully studied their usages, character and condition; and had access to the library of the Bey, which sheds important light upon the history of the kingdom of Tunis. The whole result of the Count's interesting researches, is now in a course of publication at Naples, and will fill five large volumes octavo, besides an atlas of about one hundred engravings, to be executed by the ablest masters.

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*Books recently published in England.*

An Essay on the principles and construction of Military Bridges, and the passage of rivers in military operations. By Sir Howard Douglas, inspector general of the royal military college at Farnham.

The practical and theoretical principles of making Malt. By John Reynoldson, esq.

The Law of Merchant Ships and Shipping. By F. L. Holt, esq.

Sermons on the offices and character of Jesus Christ.

—  
*Works lately published in Paris.*

Journal of Pharmacy and the subsidiary Sciences. By Vauquelin, Bouillon, Lagrange, &c. Nos. 1 & 2, for the 4th year.

A complete History of the Trial of the murderers of M. Fualdès, embellished with portraits and engravings.

Supplement to the Works of Diderot; containing Travels in Holland; more of his joint correspondence with Grimm; Political Fragments, Tales, &c.

Belisarius—a Tragedy. By *M. de Jouy*, the author of the Parisian Spectator.

The Méroveid, a poem, in 14 cantos. By N. Lemercier, member of the Institute.

Philosophical and Literary Miscellany, of the 18th century. By the Abbé Morellet.

Chronology and complete Chronicles of Eusebius—an Armenian translation of the fifth century, with a Latin version and notes.

Theoretical and practical Treatise on the art of Building; in 4 vols. 4to. By *M. Rondelet*, member of the Institute.

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The following charming little composition is taken from the Mississippi Republican. It would do honour to the muse of Moore, and we therefore sincerely hope it may be of American origin.

TO PLEASURE.

Oh, Pleasure! I have fondly woo'd,  
But never won thy fleeting favour;  
My early suit was wild and rude,  
And, startled, thou didst fly forever.

Awhile, I deeply sorrow'd o'er  
The wreck of all that perish'd then;  
But wilder, sweeter, than before,  
Thy smile though distant beam'd again.

And, my sad heart, tho' deeply chill'd,  
Still panting, sought thy lov'd embrace,  
Trac'd every path, thy votaries fill'd,  
To meet thee in thy Resting Place.

I saw thee, mantling warm in wine,  
And deeply bath'd my fever'd lip;  
I saw thee pause at beauty's shrine,  
And surely hop'd thy sweets to sip.

But wine and beauty both conspir'd  
To fill my soul with dark regret;  
For scarcely now, their sweets expir'd,  
And pleasure, fleeting, 'scap'd me yet.

And now;—with scarce a feeling warm,  
When all should bloom in hearts unwasted;  
I turn me, from thy lovely form,  
Thy joys unknown, thy sweets untasted.

Then fare thee well, deceitful shade!  
Tho' bright the charms that still adorn thee;

Too fondly press'd, they withering fade,  
And all who follow, soon must scorn thee.

—  
*For the Analectic Magazine.*

In the year 1793, an unknown maniac, whose dress and figure bore the vestiges of a once better lot, wandered to Ballycastle, a beautiful village on the shore of the county of Antrim, Ireland. He was sullen, melancholy, and incommunicative: his days and nights were spent among the lofty rocks in the neighbourhood of the bay, and his food was the shell-fish or sea-weed that was washed in by the tide. A life of such hardship and privation would soon have terminated the career of one endued with unimpaired reason; but insanity hardens the constitution by depriving it of a sense of its affliction, and by diverting the mind from real, to imaginary objects. At certain periods of the month his sullenness was changed to frenzy, he would then groan and shriek as if suffering from excessive anguish, and although the neighbouring peasantry were frequently disturbed by his nightly moanings, yet as he never attempted any act of violence, they suffered him unrestrained to indulge his misery. For several weeks he continued thus alternately melancholy or outrageous, until one night, in the latter end of July, when the neighbouring cottagers were awakened by the loudness and horror of his shrieks. For a while they continued violent, then grew fainter, and at length sunk in total silence. Early the following morning, a fisherman arose to examine a kelp-kiln, which he had lit the night before, when the shocking spectacle of the half consumed maniac met his sight. The wretched sufferer, while wandering on the projecting ledge of a steep cliff, had missed his footing, tumbled down the precipice, and rolled into the blazing kiln, which burned at the base of the rock! His mutilated remains were enveloped in a piece of sail cloth, and buried in a little green recess at the foot of the precipice from which he fell. The verdure of this spot is rendered more lively, by being contrasted with the gray tints of the surrounding rocks: it is adorned with sea-pink and other marine flowers, and on no part of the romantic shores of Antrim, does the traveller of taste, feel emotions more varied, or sensations

more interesting, than on the spot where heaves

#### THE MADMAN'S GRAVE.

Where Rathlin's fierce contending tides,  
In storms and calms incessant roar,  
And rudely lash the moss-grown sides  
Of Ballycastle's rock-bound shore.  
Where western winds for age prevail  
And chide the weary wanderers stay,  
Who crowd the heaven aspiring sail,  
And swiftly fly the dangerous bay.\*  
Where the dark mine of old so fam'd,†  
Now echoes to the tempest's moan—  
By song of poets never nam'd,  
Unmark'd by any sculptur'd stone.  
'Tis there beneath the rock's bold brow,  
And lash'd by every foaming wave,  
The child of sorrow's eyes may view,  
The poor deserted madman's grave.—  
The sea-pink droops its feeble head,  
The lonely night-hawk screaming flies  
Above the spot where low and dead,  
The maniac's form for ever lies.  
No plated mockery held his frame,  
No train of friends wept o'er his bier;  
No child sobb'd loud a father's name,  
Or kiss'd a speechless mother's tear.  
Long, long beside the dangerous shore  
Beneath the wint'ry blast he stray'd,  
And mingled with the ocean's roar  
The dreadful cries he nightly made.  
His feet by every rough rock torn,  
Through snares of death he urg'd his way  
With him despair rose every morn,  
And clos'd each sad and cheerless day.  
Yet dark oblivion's gloomy veil,  
O'er all his senses was not flung—  
The midnight wanderer heard the tale,  
Of deep distress flow from his tongue.  
Remembrance rack'd his tortur'd brain—  
Where hope has fled, a dreadful guest,  
And incoherence mark'd the strain,  
Which sighs convey'd from misery's breast  
Dire was the night, when his last cry  
Pierc'd sad and oft the troubled air:  
The sun rose o'er the Fairhead high  
But shone upon no maniac there.  
The storm may raise the troubled sea,  
The wild winds o'er the mountain rave;  
The maniac's soul from pain is free—  
He sleeps in yonder nameless grave.  
Oh God of heaven! on me look down;  
Though dark distress be ever mine,  
Let reason still maintain her throne,  
And I will bear, and not repine.  
With reason all my steps to guide  
My soul shall shine supremely brave,—  
When mercy shuns the vault of pride,  
And peace wide opens misery's grave.

M. B

\* Ballycastle bay is formed by the promontories of Fairhead and Bengore: it is very unsafe from the prevalence of westerly winds.

† A mine was discovered near the Fairhead, which had been worked some hundred years since.

# THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1818.

ART. I.—1. *Views of England*, during a residence of ten years; six of them as a prisoner of war. By major general Pillet, knight of St. Louis, and member of the legion of honour. Translated from the French.

2. *The Truth respecting England; or an Impartial Examination of the work of Mr. Pillet, and of various other writers on the same subject.* Published, and dedicated to the English nation, by J. A. Vievard, proprietor and editor.

THESE works are not a little singular in their character and history. The first is a spirited attack on the English nation by a French general officer, whose book has been suppressed, we understand, by the French government, but translated and republished in the United States; the second, a defence of the same people, published in England, in the English language, by another Frenchman, whose principal ground of apology consists in maintaining that the French nation is more wretched, immoral, and corrupt than the English! Betwixt them both, that unfortunate nation fares so badly, that, notwithstanding the scurvy and unneighbourly manner in which the British writers and critics have, from time to time, treated us of this western world, we have been induced to come forward in behalf of that suffering people: by endeavouring to defend them, as far as lies in our power, not only from the attacks of the major general, but the defence of the redoubtable M. Vievard; which, if the truth must be told, is rather the worst of the two. The general charges them gallantly in the character of an enemy, while M. Vievard, by his vindication, in our poor opinion, leaves them rather worse off than he found them.

Indeed, with all our critical sagacity, we are not, at this moment, perfectly satisfied, whether the latter gentleman is serious or not; whether, in fact, his defence be not rather a mischievous piece of irony, than a serious attempt to vindicate a calumniated nation. Thus, in denying the charge of tippling, brought by the general against the *English ladies of quality*, he admits its truth, when applied to all other classes of people, accounting for it, oddly enough, on the score of patriotism!

‘Political interest,’ says M. Vievard, ‘has on its side contributed to increase the consumption of spirituous liquors. Considerable duties are imposed on them, and they contribute, in a great proportion, to the wants of the treasury. Can we then be astonished, that the English of every rank, endeavour to encourage, by the example which they give, a consumption become national? Can we be surprised, that the custom of drinking, as M. Pillet politely says, is become general in England; in a country where, above all, they are patriots and citizens? When we are fully penetrated with this great truth, that there is nothing which an Englishman does not sacrifice to the interest of his country, and to the support of his government, we no longer think it shameful that the rich, the nobility, the first persons of the state, and even the princes of the royal family, adopt customs and a mode of living which testify a deference for the *spirit* and wants of the nation?’—p p. 66–67. This now is one of the best reasons for drinking we ever heard; it is worth all Dr. Aldrich’s five reasons put together.

Again—in reply to the major general’s assertions with respect to the general cupidity of the English nation, M. Vievard, instead of controverting, proceeds to account for it in the following philosophical manner: After acknowledging it to be true, he observes, page 83, ‘It would be proper, in the spirit of impartial justice, to examine the causes so profoundly multiplied in every commercial and maritime nation, which could induce a whole mass of people, of all conditions, to contract that spirit of avidity and of rapine. If M. Pillet had proceeded to an examination of such importance, with all the information and all the reflection which it requires, that observer would have acknowledged, that this desire of gain, this appetite for riches and fortune, of which he accuses the English character,—that this innate desire of acquiring, as he calls it, does not originate in the *natural* character of the English, but that it is the effect, and the necessary effect of commerce, to which that nation is generally devoted, and which it could not renounce for an instant without compromising its existence.’ Thus, this ‘spirit of avidity and rapine’ appears to be essential to the existence of England, although not originally a part of her character, but naturally growing out of those commercial habits, without which she cannot subsist!

Again—M. Vievard remarking on the assertion of the major general, that the liberty of the press is at present in England in complete dependance on the rich and powerful, and, in some sort, at the mercy of the royal authority, breaks out into the following rhapsody: ‘The liberty of the press, a right the most precious which man can enjoy, since it secures to him the preservation of his civil and political privileges—the liberty of the press is the bulwark, the safeguard, the eternal and invincible protector of the English constitution.’ He adds, immediately after—‘But the law of libel represses, with the utmost rigour, the writer who outrages the royal majesty, who calumniates that majesty *in the person of the ministers*,’ &c. Again our suspicions are excited that M. Vie-



vard is a great dealer in irony. If these passages were not written previous to the late suspension of the laws for the security of free discussion and personal liberty in England, they certainly were intended as a severe satire upon the freedom of the press in that country. And here we will take leave to observe, that the same epithets are applied in different countries, and under different systems of government, not only to different degrees of the same thing, but sometimes to things totally different. During the late struggles in Spain, the word liberty, for instance, was made use of with great effect, and gained many friends abroad, although it afterwards appeared, that this liberty was nothing more than the liberty of restoring king Ferdinand, and reviving the inquisition. In like manner, during the short exercise of power by the Spanish *Cortes*, a *free press* was established, subject to the supervision of three censors, two of whom were ecclesiastics. So, also, in England, where the press is still called free, and where M. Vievard maintains it to be 'the bulwark, the safeguard, the eternal and invincible protector of the English constitution,' we have seen all the provisions of that very constitution, calculated for the security of personal freedom, broken, or as it is politely called, suspended, solely for the purpose of punishing certain free speakers and writers, who, though they transgressed no law, yet were, at the same time, putting the constitution in jeopardy. Thus it appears clearly, that in some free countries, the constitution may be broken to preserve the constitution, and a free press maintained, by the suspension of all laws for its support. It may therefore be well to caution the really free people, of this, the only free nation of the earth, how they suffer themselves to be deceived by mere names; to advise them, in short, when they hear the word freedom used as characteristic of any European government, to look to the system thus designated. They will then generally find, that what is there called, by a figure of rhetoric, liberty, is nothing more than what we are accustomed to look upon as abject slavery.

To us Americans, it must also appear evident, that M. Vievard is indulging this strain of irony in its fullest latitude, when, in reply to the major general, he denies that the English sailors and soldiers are in fact slaves for life, when once they enter the service; and, in the spirit of triumphant burlesque, asks—'Is the English soldier (or sailor) seen to desert, even in time of war, like those of other nations, although in England he alienates a great part of the most precious rights? Is the English subject seen to apostatize his country, and go to beg letters of naturalization in a foreign country?' Thus does this wily Frenchman covertly reproach England with that propensity to desertion and emigration, so remarkably evinced of late years by her soldiers, sailors, and subjects, to the perceptions of our countrymen!

In one part of his book, the major general takes occasion to remark, that the English nation makes a jest of perjury, and instances the case of lord Ellenborough, 'who causes to be exercised, in the name of his son, and by an old domestic of his house, the place of



head gaoler, or marshal of the Fleet Prison, in London.' This domestic; it seems, is obliged to make oath before lord Ellenborough himself, who enjoys the emoluments of this place, that he, the domestic, is the true titular head of the place, and that he does not hold it in the name, or for the advantage of any one. Now we will venture to say, that no person, whose object it really was to wipe away a great national stain, such as that of national perjury, would have made an explanation, or apology, which goes far beyond the original assertion of M. Pillet, in rendering support to the charge. 'Who,' exclaims M. Vievard, 'does not see, in the case of lord Ellenborough, that kind of survivorship, which it is the custom, *every where*, to grant to a functionary after long services; a survivorship which requires, for form's sake, that kind of oath, or fictitious security?' Again, says he—'Can we range equally, in the rank of perjuries, those kinds of false oaths, or rather of false declarations, of personal qualification, of our income in landed property, of fortune, or of merchandize, which take place daily in England, either to fill a public function, or to avoid a surcharge of taxes, or the payment of certain duties, or the delays so hurtful to the facility of commercial enterprize? A multitude of these (false) declarations, which are called oaths, are certainly innocent, at least if we do not view them according to a strict sense of morality, or rather of religion.' If M. Vievard should ever, by any chance, happen to see this obscure article of ours, we beg him distinctly to understand, that if the national character of our country should happen to be assailed by the Quarterly Reviewer, or any other notorious libeller, we will take it as a particular favour (as sir Peter Teazle says to Mrs. Candour) if he will 'refrain from undertaking our defence.'

Pursuing this original and happy mode of extenuating what he cannot, or will not deny, M. Vievard proceeds to assign a curious reason for the prodigious increase of pauperism in England, as noticed by the major general. 'Assuredly,' says he, 'this great number of persons reduced to depend on public help, is a great evil, we might say a great *error*; but it is necessary always to return, in order to explain or excuse it, *to the prodigious extension of industry and commerce*.' This is the first time we ever heard that plenty of business, and a disposition to work, were the causes of poverty among the labouring classes. It takes M. Vievard upwards of twenty pages to make it fairly out, and as usual, he finds it necessary to bolster up his theory by stoutly anathematizing the French revolution, and Napoleon Bonaparte, the roots of all evil past, present, and to come. This ingenious mode of reasoning he borrows, we suspect, from our brothers of the Quarterly Review, who always put honest John Bull off the scent of the real causes of his grievances, by appealing to his fears and antipathies, and starting Bonaparte for a chace.

Having laboured through this ingenious theory, M. Vievard goes on to examine the statements of the major general, relating to the manner in which prisoners of war are lodged and treated in

the depots in England. ‘ Throughout the whole extent of the three kingdoms,’ observes the apologist, ‘ there are few strong places, or citadels, except military ports, and consequently these are not the places to which a great number of prisoners, of a stirring disposition, and induced to undertake every thing to recover their liberty, can be consigned. If prisoners at all times have been better cantoned in France than in England, it must be attributed to the local conveniences which the former offers; a country where a vast extent of internal territory permits legions to be barracked without danger. But England is far from offering the same facilities, and the more prisoners of war she has in the interior the more danger she runs.’

‘ The English are then necessarily forced, by the nature of circumstances, and with a view to their own safety, to confine their prisoners of war in pontoons. A pontoon being nothing more or less than some seventy-four or eighty gun ship, it is obvious how many privations, from want of room, this must occasion to 1500 or 1800 men, since a vessel of this magnitude, when full manned for sea, does not carry more than seven or eight hundred men at the most; and besides, the pontoon, independent of the prisoners which it contains, requires a numerous guard to insure the subordination and the state of tranquillity of the prisoners.’ This ‘being the case, let us, even while we deplore the horrible use England is *obliged* to make of her pontoons, to guard prisoners of war without danger, examine with impartiality whether a great part of the evils these prisoners have experienced, is not a necessary consequence of the state of things.’ ‘ The nature and quantity of these provisions were fixed,’ proceeds M. Vievard—‘ and if this regimen was not the most comfortable, yet this could not be the fault of the English government, who followed the laws of war established among nations. Yet the nourishment of the prisoners of war was neither so scanty, nor so inferior in quality, as M. Pillet sets forth; a crowd of Frenchmen returned *alive* from England, attest this. It is from their authority we speak; and we would boldly assert the contrary if it were proved to us: *we do not speak as Englishmen*; we are Frenchmen, in defending the truth, although our assertions tend to show that a French writer has calumniated the English government. M. Pillet complains highly of the severity of the confinement, the rigour of the orders, of the searches and the musters which take place on board the pontoons; all these are very unpleasant for the people, for the *victims*, if you choose, who are subjected to this order of things: but those victims were reduced to this condition by the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte; it was he alone who provoked and maintained their sufferings! M. Pillet does not say, indeed he takes care not to say, that their return home was open to them, that liberty was offered to every prisoner of war who would espouse the cause of the French in the west, who held out their arms to receive them; M. Pillet does not state, that the intreaties of the French princes, and their faithful servants in La Vendee, were constantly repelled, and that with a kind of fury, by

the emissaries of Bonaparte, by the officers or generals who were prisoners of war.' With respect to the charges of encouraging speculation, and every kind of abuse in the pontoons, brought by the major general against the transport board, M. Vievard thinks it a sufficient answer to say—'It is sufficiently obvious, that there are seen in England petty officers, clerks, and understrappers of the lowest class, who speculate on the nourishment and the clothing of the prisoners, who appropriate to themselves a small perquisite, and who are guilty of some little exaction at their expense. But where is that country in the world in which they do not act similarly; and by what means can it be absolutely prevented? Is it not really highly ridiculous to tell us of breeches too scanty, and of pantaloons badly cut, which were distributed to the prisoners? The clothing given to the prisoners was of excellent stuff; many persons in France wear it to this day; and if some commissary's wife or clerk did turn a few ells of it to their own use, is that any reason to accuse the *transport board*, and all England, of robbing *per fas et per nefas*?'

Now this invidious defence of M. Vievard may be swallowed with good appetite by John Bull; but for our part, were we Englishmen, we would most assuredly serve him up to the public in the manner the author of the '*Resources of the United States*' was served for a similar *defence* of this country. Does this silly, or mischievous Frenchman believe, that merely accounting for a bad system, excuses it? What is it to the unhappy prisoner, or to the interests of humanity, what may be the particular reason for prisoners of war being crowded almost to suffocation in hulks, provided they are so crowded? If England has no proper places for securing prisoners of war, except these floating dungeons, it were better for her philanthropists, instead of ostentatiously coming forward in behalf of African freedom, to interpose their good offices, and solicit subscriptions, for the purpose of softening the hard fate of unfortunate men, victims to the chances of war, and deserving of sympathy, though they happen to be Frenchmen, and to have white faces. In reading the work of general Pillet, we turned with incredulity from his statements relating to this subject, and it is by M. Vievard, the champion of England, who dedicates his work to the English nation, that we at last are led into a belief in the possibility of such cruelties being practised among a people claiming to be the champions and the patterns of humanity! Even yet we cannot bring our minds to a thorough conviction; and after perusing the admissions of M. Vievard, are merely brought to doubt, what we before entirely disbelieved.

We will now take our leave of M. Vievard, reiterating the doubts we have previously expressed, that his pretended defence is in reality a severe ironical attack on the good people of England. Indeed, we have heard it whispered, that his grace of Wellington, on the first publication of M. Pillet's work, sought an audience of the French king, and demanded that the work should not only be suppressed, but that some other Frenchman should make the *amende*

*honorable*, by writing an answer, vindicating England, at the expense of France. The lot fell upon poor M. Vievard, who, to say the truth, has avenged the degradation, by indulging himself in the most severe and bitter irony, the more effectual, from its being only perceptible to those who are in the secret. As to honest John Bull, who works his passage up a canal, by leading the horse along its bank,\* we understand the worthy gentleman is quite in raptures with this vindication, and that the regent is about to grant M. Vievard a pension, as a testimony of the national gratitude. We will now proceed to examine general Pillet's work, and try whether we cannot make out a better defence than that of M. Vievard, although in truth England little deserves such a kind office at our hands. It will be recollected by many of our readers, that during the late war, that same termagant critic, the Quarterly Reviewer, took occasion to sweep the kennel of Grub street of all the writers that had honoured this country with their criticism, and to bring forward every solitary fact, or unauthenticated anecdote, as furnishing a general criterion of national character and manners. This blunderbuss, loaded with all sorts of murderous slugs, rusty nails, and broken bits of glass, he fired right manfully across the Atlantic: after the which he resolutely strutted about all England, believing he had utterly annihilated our good people. Yet America survived the shot; and we ourselves still live to take ample vengeance, by teaching this tremendous Reviewer an example of Christian forgiveness, in thus returning good for evil.

The work of M. Pillet is, in truth, one of the most atrocious libels we ever remember to have met with, especially if my lord Mansfield be right in his principle, that 'the greater the truth the greater the libel.' Justice to England also compels us to say, that it is altogether unprovoked, since we all know the English are a harmless good natured people, who never speak ill of their neighbours, and never have injured the reputation, or hurt the feelings of the French on any occasion, more especially of late years. It is true that the major general was thrust, with his unfortunate fellow prisoners, into the pestilential bowels of a hulk, where he was half starved, half clothed, and more than half smothered; yet as monsieur Vievard has clearly demonstrated, that this was all owing to Bonaparte, and to the obstinate wickedness of these hardened sinners who would not turn traitors to the cause they had espoused, it really appears not a little perverse and unreasonable in the major general to bear malice against a people and government, thus manifestly innocent of any offence. Yet, notwithstanding this, he seems actually to have looked to the immediate instruments of his sufferings, instead of the remoter causes that led to them, and to have wilfully and wickedly sought revenge in the condemnation of a whole people.

The work is dedicated to 'my companions in suffering, the prisoners of war in England,' who are appealed to, to say whether he

\* See a late anecdote copied from an English paper.

has exaggerated. The living and the dead are called on to verify or contradict his statements. 'Wandering shades of one hundred and fifty thousand of our brethren,' he exclaims, 'who in the short space of the two last wars, have expired in the midst of tortures on board the prison ships of England! Sacred manes of more than thirty thousand Frenchmen, who have only set foot on your native soil to see the tomb which now covers your inanimate ashes, open before you! arise! and if my pen is unfaithful, disavow the recital of our sufferings whenever I shall have occasion to speak of them.' There is something feeling and eloquent in all this; and there is an air of solemn sincerity in the appeal that seems to carry with it at least an intention of telling the truth, although it is altogether impossible that the details which follow should be true in their full extent, as we trust we shall prove to the satisfaction of all intelligent readers.

After some acute observations on what he calls the '*Anglo-mania*,' which began in France during the regency of Philip of Orleans, and to which he traces the origin of an English party which has ever since existed in France, the general proceeds to make several observations which we think are not altogether warranted, by analogy at least. The French philosophers, he affirms, set to work praising English liberty, and English character, to the skies—they undermined, by indirect attacks, and unfair comparisons, those of the institutions of their country, which, good in principle, had become corrupted and perverted by the times, and the usurpations and pretensions incessantly urged by the privileged classes;—they were continually telling us of men, when they should have spoken only of things. 'They carefully concealed from us the real character of the people they wished us to admire. Soon it was considered wrong, or at least ridiculous, not to eulogize them; and when at last it was no longer possible to conceal the want of refinement, cruelty, and vices of the English; when it became impossible to palliate crimes which were blazoned over every quarter of the globe, the same philosophers insolently dared to represent their cruelty and their crimes as the sudden transports of vigorous and liberal minds, which we must, nevertheless, continue to admire.'

'Our literati,' proceeds the general, 'burdened with civilities when they visited England, and loaded with favours, always caressed by the first lords of the state, who carefully prevented the people from approaching them, lest they should become too well acquainted, heard it repeated on all sides in England, that she was the only protector of liberty and equality, &c. Incapable of maturing great events, our men of letters, our travelling philosophers, were all taken in the snare of English adulation.' Now, whatever general Pillet may think of the influence of hospitality and personal attentions, in predisposing the minds of travelling philosophers and literary men favourably towards the country where they receive these attentions, he must not pretend to impose on us with his theory, unless he can prove a radical difference between French-



men and Englishmen. Our own experience has demonstrated to us, at least, that the latter cannot be won in this manner. The sturdy independence of Englishmen spurns at any influence derived from such attentions. English poets, men of science, philosophers, and gentlemen tourists, have passed through this country, at different periods, and have been received into the very bosoms of our citizens, who vied with each other in those kind attentions which render the hours of the stranger less lonely, and his situation less desolate. Yet do we find one of them seduced by these kindnesses into a word of praise, either of our country, its institutions, or character? On the contrary, do we not find them honestly forgetting these trifling favours, and through fear of being cheated into a little partiality, by some recollected kindness, deviating into the opposite extreme, and abusing us with all their might, merely to prove they have not been seduced by our blandishments? With this experience, the general must not pretend to palm upon us his theory of travellers being seduced into indiscriminate praise, by kindness and hospitality. We know better—we know that Englishmen, at least, have too much honest obstinacy, too great a regard for consistency of opinion, to abandon even errors, at such a paltry price. With that downright sincerity which marks their character, they rather prefer behaving rudely even at the tables of their hospitable entertainers, than incur the slightest suspicion of being too much pleased, by being a little civil to their host, or paying a compliment to the country. Your Frenchman, indeed, makes no scruple of repaying those who please him, by giving them pleasure in return, either in the way of little gratifying attentions, or adroit compliments: but your freeborn Englishman can be rude, rather than be thought too anxious to please. The difference between the two seems to be, that the one gratifies his vanity, or his sentiment, be it what it may, by making himself as agreeable as possible, while the other administers to his pride by being more disagreeable than is natural to him; and obtaining thus a refined gratification at the expense, only, of other people's feelings. This unbending arrogance is certainly, however, originally the product of freedom, although it not unfrequently lasts long after its genuine source is dried up; it then becomes as ridiculous as it is at all times offensive.

Having finished his introductory remarks, the major general forgetting, it would seem, the great characteristics of his countrymen, politeness to the ladies, proceeds to state, that there is a great similarity in the dress and manners of English women in general. 'The wives of the shoemaker, of the butcher, of the mechanic of a country parish, are all *ladies*, like those of London. Their awkwardness of deportment, and their manner of introduction being the same, it would be difficult to distinguish the classes and ranks of society by their dignified or easy manners. The English females generally, of whatever condition, are destitute of grace, of taste, of style; in one word, it may be said that an English woman has two left hands.'



Now this we will take leave to say is one of the most ungallant things that ever came from the pen of a Frenchman. Besides, our own experience is sufficient to convince us that it is not true in the extent asserted by the general. It has happened to us, to have seen several of the better sort of English women, in this country, who in neatness of style in dress, and likewise in elegance of manners, might almost have passed for our own charming countrymen. They certainly possessed no more than one left hand, and performed the functions usually assumed by the hands, particularly in fanning themselves during our hot summer days, in a style not altogether deplorable.

It is a delicate subject to meddle with a young lady's wardrobe, and we are surprised that major general Pillet so far forgot the chivalrous part of his profession, as to enter into the details of each article of that sacred depository. 'The inventory,' he affirms, 'of the pretty English miss, is almost always composed of one chemise upon her back, and a second in her bandbox; two dimity petticoats, two pair of cotton hose, two short gowns, one white, the other calico, three handkerchiefs, serving alternately for the pocket and the neck; some muslin articles of millinery, a few locks of hair, which is refitted when soiled or injured by use, and one pair of shoes on her feet, which the use of pattens prevents from becoming wet or dirty.' The general, however, candidly confesses, that he prefers the appearance of a young English damsel, thus simply and neatly attired, to all the gorgeous flowing finery of the Parisian girls. We cannot but agree with him, and earnestly hope that the young misses of our own country, will take a hint from the simple economy of young women in the same classes of society in England. Young women of no fortune, who are above the necessity of labouring, are, for the most part, brought up among us in America, with an utter ignorance and disregard to every species of domestic usefulness and economy. They flare away, and sport the summer of life, which lasts while the labour of the parent can administer to their extravagance; and when he dies, become dependents on some brother, or married sister, for the rest of their lives; or in failure of that, retire to board in some cheap country village, become exceedingly pious, and withal a little scandalous—and take snuff at all mankind. There are but few young men in our country that can afford to support an extravagant wife, who does not bring the means of supplying her own fictitious wants, and this is the true reason why there are such swarms of our blooming damsels withering in the streets of our cities, and such an alarming crop of old maids *by brevet*, who are preparing themselves for what is to come, by studying the Balance of Comfort, and deriving consolation from the single blessedness of good Mrs. Charlton, and little Miss Amy Finch. As stanch friends to the gentle sex, we would advise them forthwith to begin the study and the practice of a well regulated economy—to think sometimes of saving as well as of spending—and, above all, to dress according to their means and situation. They will then attract the regards of

prudent and reflecting young men, who seek the choicest gem of life in a gentle, modest, economical wife—they will bring and receive blessings in that state to which reason and nature have assigned the performance of woman's duties, and the enjoyment of her happiness—the country will be enriched by new citizens educated by such mothers—and the dandies, and corset travelled gentlemen may exhibit their thin waists and thick legs, at tea parties, in vain.

The general next proceeds to remark on the public spirit, and national pride of the English, which he considers, we think with some justice, as one great source of their eminence, and as the most valuable of all national possessions. 'I have seen,' he says, 'all her manufactories without employment, her people exhausted with famine, and oppressed with taxes—her paper money every day brought into discredit, by the necessary purchases of gold to supply immediate wants, and pay her armies abroad; I have seen her coasts threatened, and the invasion would have been made with a certainty of success, if France had not suffered herself to be diverted, and directed in some degree, by the flames which England kindled in the midst of the continent, to scatter the fire which threatened her own doors; I have seen her armies melt away in Spain, and the English government, to prevent their total annihilation, obliged to diminish the population of the three kingdoms in a proportion far more alarming than any calls which have been made upon ours; in fine, I have seen her excite commotions in her own bosom, to increase, by terror, the number of her recruits; and I have seen the English people in the midst of all its calamities, I have seen this people, who never make war but with the ambitious design of seizing upon the commerce of the world, whose political security can in no wise be endangered by peace, exclaiming on all sides —“ France must be destroyed; her inhabitants, to the last soul, must perish, and to effect this, every man who is able must bear arms, and even the last guinea must be expended.”'

But while the general pays due honour to the public spirit which distinguishes the British nation, he affirms that it is accompanied by a cruel and ferocious spirit, a contempt for its neighbours, and a total disregard to the rights of other nations, when these rights interfere with the existence or the interests of England. We cannot but affirm that he is misled, by his antipathies in this as in many other instances. The principle of self-preservation applies to nations as well as individuals. If, for instance, the British government found it necessary, to the existence of the nation, or what is the same thing, the maintenance of the ministry in their places, to put all France to the sword, to carry on a war of absolute extermination, none but an unreasonable and prejudiced Frenchman would deny the propriety of such a world of warfare. It follows also, that if the war thus waged was, in its origin, salutary and patriotic—the mode of procuring the means of prosecuting it, whatever that may be; is sanctified by the necessity of the case. Thus, if it became absolutely necessary, in order to en-

able England to carry on this war of extermination against France, to chase the merchant vessels of every other nation from the seas, and monopolize the commerce of the world, the patriotism of the English was nobly exhibited, in their orders in council, their impressments, and their outrages upon the rights and sovereignty of other nations. Consequently these nations were the adherents of Napoleon Bonaparte, the enemies of universal freedom, and all good government, who dared to stigmatize England for a measure without which she could not possibly exterminate the French. These measures were justified by the necessity of the case—by the holy cause in which England was embarked for the liberties of Europe; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the government of the United States, which took up arms against these reasonable pretensions, was guilty of all the guilt of an unreasonable, unnecessary, and unnatural war. The general, therefore, only exhibits his absurd Gallic prejudices, when he endeavours to impeach the purity of that patriotism, which seeks its object at the expense of the whole world. Philanthropy and patriotism are two opposite qualities in England, where no true subject will scruple to commit injustice to other nations, to enlarge the commerce, or enable ministers to pay the interest of the national debt, which is, as it were, the great Juggernaut, to which not only India, but the rest of the world must be sacrificed if necessary.

After this, the general goes on to give to his readers the outlines of the British constitution, together with various speculations on its advantages and disadvantages, as well as the causes that menace its downfall. We shall not trouble ourselves with any remarks on this part of the work. If the reader has perused all that has been written about the British constitution, by natives and foreigners, he may stand a chance of understanding the subject nearly as well as he did before he acquired all this learning; and if he has not, we think he had better postpone his researches, until the British constitution is settled, for it seems, of late years, to have been in perpetual motion. We will therefore proceed to notice the next chapter, treating of charitable institutions.

The major general acknowledges, that all sorts of philanthropic institutions are on a magnificent scale in England, and that their charities are almost unbounded. But, with his usual perverseness, he ascribes all this to ostentation—to the desire of imposing on the world, and in order to fortify this ill-natured assertion, maintains, that '*the heart of an Englishman is in his head.*' This is in direct contradiction to Dr. Pearson, a learned English physician, who once told us he could always distinguish a native of either of the united kingdoms, by the seat of his disorder. 'If,' said the doctor, 'the disease was in the *head*, I knew my patient was a Scotsman—if in the heart, or its neighbourhood, I was equally certain of his being an Irishman—but if in the belly, I pronounced him a John Bull irrevocably.' Now, on the authority of this learned physician, we assert positively, that the major general betrays an utter and consummate ignorance of the anatomy of Englishmen,

by asserting that the seat of their feelings, propensities, and affections, the governing principle in fact, is placed in the head. The learned doctor's authority is decisive against this preposterous notion.

There is a curious chapter following close at the heels of this blunder, called 'sanctity of oaths,' which we have noticed before, and to which M. Vievard, as quoted by us, has given so satisfactory an answer, that instead of adding any thing to it, we will proceed to state the origin of the universal opinion so unjustly prevailing in the world, respecting the disregard of the English people to the sanctity of oaths. This opinion, we doubt, is in a great measure owing to our ignorance of the nice and peculiar distinctions that enter into the spirit of the English laws, and the English morality. Thus a variety of old rules and customs subsist in the statute books, which it has been thought better to erase, by an innocent 'false declaration,' as M. Vievard calls it, than take the trouble to alter. They form a part of the law of England, and among a civil people it is always thought better to let the law be broken, when it ceases to be applicable to the spirit of the times, rather than deface the system by taking out of it, as it were, certain pieces, here and there, and thus weakening the whole edifice. Hence it is, that my lord Ellenborough administers to a man an oath, on the face of it false, but which, as nobody believes, and nobody is injured by, the English morality considers indifferent in itself, and a mere matter of course. It is but a fiction of law, which amounts to nothing when properly understood. There is a great advantage resulting from this practice of suffering the laws to become, as it were, a dead letter, by this habit of making 'false declarations,' as M. Vievard politely calls them, since, by this means, the law still remains a trap to catch notorious or obnoxious offenders, whom the administrators of the laws may wish to get out of the way, such as political opponents or mischievous demagogues, clamouring for reform, but in reality aiming at the destruction of the constitution. It is related of Pope, that happening to stumble one dark night, he involuntarily exclaimed, '*God mend me*'—and heard the lad who was lighting him with a lantern, say to himself, '*He'd better make a new one.*' So with the British constitution, which, in the lapse of ages, has sustained so many shocks, and has become so infirm and ricketty, that to attempt the restoration of its ancient wholesome vigour, would be a more desperate undertaking than to make a new one. This the enlightened philanthropists, and pious politicians, who at present govern that country, are well aware of, and hence it is that they sometimes revive old laws, and suspend later ones, for the sole purpose of catching some of these enemies of the constitution, these pretended reformers.

We will content ourselves with a single instance, which occurred the other day. One of those agents of corruption, who constitute a class of people in England, and receive a certain per centage from the parliamentary candidates, for all the money they distribute in bribes, by the name of Ferguson, was lately imprisoned

for bribery at an election. A few weeks since, sir Francis Burdett moved, in the house of commons, for Ferguson's discharge, on the ground that the practice had become so common, and the impunity of it so glaring, that the law was in fact a dead letter. He instanced the case of lord Castlereagh, against whom such a charge had been proved in that very house, yet the noble lord was not imprisoned, impeached, or in any way punished. His lordship in reply coolly stated, that he perceived the motive of the honourable baronet in bringing forward this motion, but that for his part, 'his conscience was perfectly easy on that subject.' Nobody denied the fact of the bribery, nor did the noble lord himself, whose conscience was so easy on the subject. Some of his friends, however, gallantly carried the war into sir Francis's own territories, and charged him with corrupting the electors of Westminster, so that the baronet finally withdrew his motion—poor Mr. Ferguson remained in prison—my lord Castlereagh remained minister, and the true moral of the following fable was strikingly exemplified, as sir Francis humorously observed. The royal lion being sick, and his doctors suggesting that it was owing to the crimes and wickedness of the subject beasts, they were led up before the competent tribunal for examination. The wolf acknowledged, that for his part, he had sometimes made free with a flock of sheep, and torn them to pieces—the bear confessed that he had been guilty of squeezing two or three men to death in his paws—and the tiger acknowledged, that being very much in want of food, he had more than once devoured people alive. The judges acquitted them, as these were matters of too little consequence to have occasioned his majesty's illness. A poor ass was then brought out, who acknowledged, that tempted once by extreme hunger, he had made free with a thistle belonging to his majesty. The whole court hereupon unanimously declared that the true delinquent was found at last, and condemned him to be torn to pieces, and divided between the wolf, the bear, and the tiger.

But to return to the subject of 'false declarations.' Another source of the mistaken idea that the people of England pay less regard to the sanctity of oaths, than the rest of the world, is to be found in the injudicious avowals of some of their parliamentary orators. It is not a great while since Mr. Stephen, author of *War in Disguise*, brother-in-law of Mr. Wilberforce, and member of all the Bible, and missionary, and manumission societies, ridiculed in the house the idea of the commerce of England being restrained in Germany, by any regard to *trifling scruples*. Now it was well known, at that time, that the introduction of British goods into Germany was necessarily attended with forgery and perjury, and when Mr. Stephen called these trifling scruples, he perhaps was not aware that such a public declaration, from a distinguished member of parliament, was eminently calculated to make an impression abroad, greatly to the disadvantage of the nation. When it is known also, that in the city of London, and other commercial places, there were offices publicly kept, the owners of which pub-



licly, and with complete impunity, advertised to furnish every species of simulated papers necessary to cover trade carried on in express violation of the regulations of a foreign state, it is hardly to be wondered at, that general Pillet should have fallen into this error respecting the disregard of the English nation to the sanctity of oaths, or that the world is prepared to believe his charges. For our part, we will content ourselves with referring to M. Vievard for a full account of this matter, simply asking the reader whether it is possible to believe, that a nation which drinks brandy and beer out of pure patriotism, as its champion affirms—which frees negroes and enslaves Indians—which sends forth every year such excellent books of morality—which takes the money out of the pockets even of a starving people to build churches—and bestows on suffering humanity in alms, almost one twentieth of what it receives from it in taxes—whether such a nation can possibly be suspected of a habitual disregard to the sanctity of oaths?

The next succeeding chapters of the work are devoted to a consideration of that prevalence of crimes in England, which has not only been remarked by their own writers, but is now so notorious to the world, that the repetition is only another proof of the malignant hostility of this writer. He enumerates a variety of cases of husbands murdering wives, and wives husbands—assassination of lovers, parricide, infanticide, adultery, divorce, &c. and from the number and prevalence of these crimes, preposterously draws the conclusion that the whole nation is corrupted. Nothing can be more unjust than this mode of drawing general conclusions from particular facts. True it is, that where the frequent recurrence of crimes of the deepest dye takes place, we may reasonably conclude that there is a great proportion of human turpitude, and that when adultery and divorce become common, there must be a great want of female chastity. Yet for a writer to take occasion, from them, to stigmatize a whole people with the vices only of a part, is a species of flagrant, not to say unprincipled hostility, worthy of the *Quarterly Review*.

It is but fair, however, to state, that the major general does not blame the people altogether, for the multiplicity of their crimes. He ascribes a good portion of them to the climate, to the air, which it seems, 'impels the enormous and incalculable crimes which are there committed.' To prove this, he instances the convicts to Botany Bay, who, he affirms, have generally conducted themselves in an admirable manner, and become excellent citizens. Now we will simply ask the major general, whether it is not ungenerous thus to charge a whole nation with a turpitude which, according to his own admission, is produced by the very air they breathe, and which they cannot escape from, except by retiring to Botany Bay, or some other salubrious climate? For our part, we feel inclined to pity an unfortunate people whom fate hath thus, as it were, deprived of all chance of being virtuous, and think they deserve infinite credit for being no worse than they are. Men must breathe if they would live, and if they inhale the poison of moral contagion with every



breath, it is little to be wondered at, if they should not be quite as good as their neighbours; nor are they altogether inexcusable when they put on the mask of piety, humanity, and disinterestedness, for the purpose of keeping up a tolerable reputation with the world. It shows no small degree of virtue in a people thus unfortunately situated, to take even this trouble to impose on the rest of mankind. We are therefore inclined to think that the English are not a little indebted to the major general for his theory, which although it does certainly preclude all reasonable hope of reformation in their native air, furnishes at the same time an easy and infallible resource, a complete moral resuscitation, in a temporary retirement at Botany Bay. Only rescue this truly unfortunate people from the bad air, and bad company of England, and we will venture to say they will not be much behind hand with the rest of their neighbours.

The next charge which the major general brings against the English is that of cruelty to animals, in their mode of making bacon, which is beating a pig black and blue—cudgelling him in fact, until fat and lean are confounded and amalgamated into a sort of marbled mass, of which the epicures are exceedingly fond. This process we confess, at first sight, has an appearance of barbarity; but when we revert to the fact, that during the whole continuance of the discipline, the pig waxes fat every day, it is reasonable to conclude that he likes this thumping, or at least if he does not, that it is wholesome and salutary—and therefore his squeaking is nothing but sheer affectation. Another instance cited by the major general, is the mode of killing beef, which he says is as follows: ‘A gentleman conducted me to the slaughter-house of a butcher; the boy was furnished with a large knife, with which he hamstrung two cows; he then cut off the teats, and gave them several stabs in different parts of the body, taking care that they were not mortal; at last he left them in this state, to be killed the next day—when they should be in a high state of fever.’ This also at first sight looks a little hard-hearted—but then of what mighty consequence is it how butchers kill meat? It is probably this very process, which enables every little spruce looking, and hungry English emigrant, to boast with such a confident superiority of ‘the roast beef of England,’ and consequently the national honour is concerned, and as M. Vievard remarks on the subject of drinking, it is the ‘patriotism’ of the butchers that causes them to indulge in this refinement of cruelty, against the harmless, honest cow, whose milk is the nourishment of our youth—and who administers in so many ways to the solace of mankind, that nothing but that great motive could justify her being wantonly tortured.

Yet after all, this practice is not a great deal worse than bull-baiting. It certainly does not contribute so much to demoralize a nation, because it is practised in secret, whereas the other is a public exhibition, and corrupts the feelings of the multitude. The one is a practice that never endangers human life, and administers to the comforts of that fortunate portion of the English na-

tion, which sometimes eat beef; whereas the other is often fatal to actors and spectators, and only gives a temporary amusement to a parcel of idle and demoralized people. But even admitting it to be otherwise, we would ask the major general, whether he thinks the trifling article of cruelty to pigs and cattle, can weigh against the solid virtues of the English nation—a nation which disinterestedly fought for the liberties of Europe for twenty years, and as disinterestedly gave them up afterwards—a nation which distributes half a million of bibles yearly to people who cannot read them—and whose rulers take every possible means to reform mankind, except by setting them a good example?

But we must hasten on, or we shall never get through with our vindication. The major general, with a want of gallantry quite characteristic of a revolutionary *sans culottes*, affirms, that the English ladies are as ‘patriotic,’ according to M. Veivard’s theory, as the gentlemen, princes, and common people. ‘I have often remarked, and a thousand others have remarked it as well as myself, that the ladies in the drawing rooms, when the tea was brought forward, were in that state called *half seas over*, although you seldom see more than one small wine glass in the room.’ This tippling, according to the general, goes on in the bed chamber of the lady of the house—where no males are admitted, and he seems to insinuate that this is the reason why ladies do not receive visits in their bed chambers, as in France. Neither unmarried girls, nor new married ladies are, he says, admitted to these select parties ‘until they have passed through a sort of probation, and at a certain age, about forty; a time of life at which every English woman of fashion drinks some spirit before she goes to bed, under pretence of preventing flatulency, and a pain in the stomach.’ He goes on to affirm that this practice is general among the lower orders of women, whose ‘patriotism’ is quite equal to that of the ladies of quality, and that the men never forget their antipathy to a Frenchman, except when tasting his bottle of brandy, and being really satisfied that the delicious beverage is the product of France, and may be had for eight pence a bottle. ‘The reconciliation,’ adds the major general, ‘which this produces, lasts no longer than the intoxication; still it does take place, and drunkenness has never obtained so great a triumph.’

Whatever may be the case with Englishmen, or whatever their ‘patriotism,’ in respect to drinking, we cannot bring our minds to a reception of the charges against the women, and especially the ladies of fashion. We never had the happiness of being in England, but we have had the happiness of knowing several ladies of that country, who have honoured ours with a visit, and pledge our honours as men and Reviewers, that we never saw one *half seas over*, as the general calls it, in the whole course of our lives. True it is the air of this country may have had the same salutary influence as that ascribed to Botany Bay, by M. Pillet, in keeping them from this indecorum, or perhaps they might have been under some restraint before strangers; still on the whole are we con-

vinced he has carried his assertions much too far, and that this indecent practice is not so universal, at least among ladies of quality, as the general would have us believe. The habit which has grown so common of late in England, of celebrating the most trifling actions, and recording the most insignificant amusements of the great, as they are humorously called, is one principal cause, we are convinced, that the people have got the reputation of intemperance, vice, and debauchery. A nation governed by a king has its reputation so much intertwined with his, that it is almost impossible to separate them. A great monarch makes a great people—as a good master makes fat slaves—and a small king, by the same rule, brings down the character of the nation he governs to his own level. Thus when we read the details of unseemly debauches, criminal excesses, and ungentlemanly follies, to say no more of them, ascribed to certain princes, we involuntarily set down their subjects as worthy of the rulers, whom they thus permit to outrage the common duties, and common decencies of life. The following notice of ‘the Belvoir castle festivity,’ as it is politely termed, is taken from an English paper of that day, and we have no doubt has done much injury to the character of the English nation, in the way we have just attempted to explain. It may be proper to state that the entertainment was in celebration of the christening of the young marquis of Granby, son and heir to the duke of Rutland, whose estate, amounting to somewhere about 130,000 sterling a year, he could afford to deal out punch most heartily on this important occasion. The British papers thus announced this grand festivity at Belvoir castle.

‘The house contained more than two hundred individuals, who bore a part in the rejoicings. The cistern of punch, under the direction of the steward, Mr. Douglas, was served up in the anti-chamber, and on Tuesday, a number of brave fellows among the servants and tenants, lay dead drunk on the floor. Every entrance to the house presented the appearance of a castle taken by assault. The healths of the young marquis, the noble host, and the prince regent, were drank to the last. Most of the guests having fallen into the subterraneous passages of the castle, did not begin to show any symptoms of life till the next day. The punch was not entirely finished at ten the next day—and ocular witnesses assert that the castle, in the drawing rooms, as well as in the lobbies, not only had the appearance of a place carried by storm, but also that of a scene of the most disgusting orgies, and the most shameful debauchery.’ It may be worth while to remark that the prince regent stood sponsor, and the archbishop of Canterbury christened the auspicious young marquis, whose baptism was thus gloriously celebrated. If princes and archbishops will go to such christenings, and if the newspapers will trumpet them forth to the world, it is scarcely to be wondered at, if they should contribute to fix a character of intemperance, vulgarity, and indecency on the whole nation.

We now come to notice the most serious of all the charges brought by the major general, against England, that of ill treatment of prisoners of war. The circumstances related by him, if true, are calculated to throw a stain of ungenerous inhumanity, sufficient in itself to dishonour a whole nation. The details are too extensive for us to particularize, and we will merely select such parts as appear most striking. If they are not true, the general ought to be branded as a calumniator; and if they are, the government that sanctions them should be branded with infamy, notwithstanding its sympathy for the woes of Africa, and its struggles for the liberties of Europe. The general proceeds to say, what is within our own recollection, that the medical society of London was consulted about the insalubrity of the hulks, when they declared that a man who should have survived six years imprisonment of this kind, could only expect that the remnant of his life would be feeble and languishing. Yet it seems this decision was not followed by any reform, or amelioration in the situation of the prisoners, who, according to M. Pillet are thus disposed:

‘The space allowed to a prisoner to suspend his hammock, is six English feet long, and fourteen inches wide; but these six feet are reduced to four and a half, because it is so contrived that the cords of the hammocks run into each other, and consequently the head of every man in the second rank, when lying down, is placed between the legs of the two men who are in the first rank of the deck, and his feet are placed between the two heads of those of the third rank, and so on from one extremity of the deck to the other. The breadth of an ordinary man, from one elbow to the other is eighteen inches. It appears then that in the hulks, he is allowed much less room to lie down in, than the space which his body must fill, or exceed.

‘The situation of prisoners, reduced to such a state of torture,’ proceeds M. Pillet, ‘is doubtless dreadful, but the evil does not stop here. The hulks are always full, that is to say, overflowing. If new prisoners arrive, they throw them into the decks, without caring what becomes of them, although the measure of the room allowed is determined, and fixed at less than what is physically necessary. Then a punishment, which it is impossible to describe, commences for the new comers. They find no place to suspend their hammocks, and are obliged to lay upon the damp and naked planks; and a prisoner, whatever may be his rank, is forced to remain in that situation when he comes to a hulk already filled. The agent to whom officers are delivered over, never fails to send them in preference to the full hulks, and always chooses those which are the most inconvenient; there then remains for the officer thus imprisoned, according to the elevation of his rank, or in other words, according to his pecuniary means, the resource of purchasing a place. This is a miserable speculation for a famished prisoner; he consents to sell his place that he may be able to procure a little more victuals for a few days, and that he may not die with hunger, hastens the destruction of his health, and subjects

himself to lying upon a deck running with water, the evaporation of forced sweats, which take place in this abode of anguish and death.

‘Numberless representations,’ continues the general, ‘have been made to those who have the care of prisoners of war, of this barbarous accumulation of them. They have always replied, that the admiralty did not allow their sailors on board their vessels, more room than the space allowed to the prisoners in their hulks. This answer is as ridiculous as barbarous. On board a vessel at sea, scarcely half the places are occupied, because half the crew are always on duty. The atrocious English administration who have the care of prisoners did not add, that the air circulates freely, night and day, in vessels of war; that the sailors can go up and down at will; that continual exercise, abundance of food, and a quantity of spirituous liquors, distributed to each man, preserve the strength of the crew; while the prisoners of war, the unfortunate victims of barbarity and cupidity, are subjected to nourishment insufficient and of bad quality, and are deprived of the use of all sorts of spirits, although this tonic may be thought necessary for them. The prisoners are refused these spirituous draughts because such a refusal makes part of the plan of destroying their health. Those who have the care of prisoners of war, are also as careful not to mention that they are confined with bolts, sixteen successive hours during the winter nights, and that they are as hermetically sealed up as a box perfectly put together, whose cover has been shut down. In this dungeon of actual woes, the air is so loaded with damp and deleterious vapours, that the candles are so impregnated with it as to cease burning. These vapours inhaled and expired in turn by the lungs, soon convey the same sort of death into those individuals who were not yet affected by it; the air is so fetid, dense, and hot, that the guards have been known to call for assistance in extinguishing the fire, when one of the apertures opened, in those cases of necessity abovementioned, conveyed to them the burning exhalations which were escaping from those infected dungeons.

‘This system of murder and cruelty,’ adds M. Pillet, ‘has been pursued in the two last wars, by the transport office, which has always at its head the same men, with a fury and method which almost exceeds belief. In the first war 30,000 men died with inanition in five months. I have seen a spot of ground at Norman Cross, where nearly four thousand men, out of seven thousand confined in the prison, were buried. Provisions were then dear in England, and our government, they said, had refused to pay a demand which they pretended was due for their prisoners. To obtain this demand, all the prisoners were placed on half rations, and to be perfectly sure of their perishing, the introduction of provisions for sale, as had been the custom, was strictly forbidden. To the failure in the quantity, was added the deteriorated and injurious quality of the provisions distributed. Four times a week they gave some water biscuit, fish, and salt meat, and three times black bread,



badly baked, and made of bad meal, or spoiled grain. Immediately after eating it, the prisoner was seized with a sort of drunkenness, followed by a violent headache, fever, and diarrhoea, with redness of countenance, and many died, attacked with a sort of vertigo.' General Pillet goes on to state particulars resulting from this famished state of the prisoners, too disgusting and horrible for us to present to the reader. He states, that such are the abuses practised by the officers and agents connected with these depots of prisoners, that though the government allows each prisoner a jacket, a waistcoat, a pair of pantaloons, two pair of stockings, two shirts, a pair of shoes, and a hat, once in eighteen months, yet the prisoners do not in fact receive a full suit once in four years; so that the nakedness of these poor creatures is frightful, and their rags covered with vermin.

The general further says, that 'when they are to be counted, some soldiers go down to drive up the prisoners, and then shocking acts of brutality are committed. Prisoners have sometimes been pierced with bayonets, or maimed with sabres, at the will of a drunken soldier, because they did not ascend fast enough. In this case there is no redress to be obtained or expected. Colonel Vatable and myself, the witnesses and almost the victims of such an act of barbarity, saw a poor fellow fall under the blows he received from the sabre of a soldier, the chief of which was a deep gash on the arm. We expressed our indignation, and as the only redress to our complaint, we were answered that the soldier was somewhat brutal, that he had been drinking, and that such an affair could never happen again. The next day orders were given that colonel Vatable and myself should, from that time, be shut up before the roll-call, that we might not be witness, or be able to complain of the murder of our countrymen. It is thus,' he adds, 'that justice is generally administered to French prisoners of war in England, where murder has been followed by immediate death, which has often happened; the verdict of the jury has always been justifiable homicide.' Under these manifold sufferings, privations, and cruelties, M. Pillet affirms, that at least one hundred and fifty thousand French prisoners of war perished in the hulks and depots of England.

These are serious charges, and ought to be seriously answered. If false, they ought to be disproved in a manner more satisfactory than the suppression of the work in which they are brought forward, or by obliging poor M. Vievard, to come forward and defend the honour of England, as he does in fact, by acknowledging their truth. For ourselves, we can only appeal to what the English say of themselves, and their conduct to our own citizens under similar circumstances. They affirm themselves to be the most humane, benevolent, and merciful people in the world, and certainly they ought to be, seeing the purgation the nation undergoes, every day as it were, by the number of evil doers, sent to Botany Bay, or turned out at Newgate, or elsewhere. It may be urged by cavillers, that no crime is due to any more than individuals, of course it is a mistake, since no one



can be so accurate a judge of his good qualities as the owner himself. It may be further urged, that his self-love may deceive, or his vanity prompt him to deceive others in the estimation of his own virtues. But, on the other hand, that principle of modesty, for which the English people are so distinguished, will always operate in restraining the effervescence, or at least the expression of this vanity, and hence we are inclined to take the uniform declarations of a whole people, in preference to the assertions of a single Frenchman.

As to our particular experience, it is true, that is not eminently calculated to inspire us with a very exalted opinion of the humanity of the English. Yet we doubt not that there exists in the minds of Englishmen many pleas of justification for their various outrages on the laws and usages of civilization, although we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive what these are. The massacre at the river Raisin, for instance, might have been permitted by them, through fear of disobliging Tecumseh, and their copper-coloured allies, which might have defeated the whole campaign. With respect to the burning of Havre de Grace, the rapes at Hampton, and the *pleasantries* that occurred at St. Mary's, St. Inigoes, and other neighbouring parts of Maryland, there is little doubt that admiral Cockburn, and his roystering companions, considered them as good jokes, mere frolics for the amusement of the men. If so, however we may demur to the English idea of a joke, we ought not to put to the score of inhumanity what was merely the consequence of that want of a clear perception of right and wrong, for which John Bull is so distinguished.

The illustrious Cockburn, that right pleasant free-booter, and jocular sheep-stealer, by way of a frolic, went on shore one Sunday morning, accompanied by a rout of equally pleasant rogues, to crack a joke on one squire Booth, who dwelt just on the bank of St. Mary's river. The first object they selected for the jest happened to be a bullock, blind of one eye, who was standing lashing the flies with his tail, under a tree at the side of a fence, with his blind side towards the enemy. The gallant band formed into a crescent, and silently advanced, intending to take him by surprise—but the admiral happening to take a pinch of snuff, fell a-sneezing, and alarmed the bullock, who forthwith brought his best eye to bear upon them. Frightened, at being thus surrounded, and perceiving the circle of his freedom becoming gradually circumscribed by the approach of the enemy, he suddenly made a dash at a little bandy-legged drummer, who was beating the charge most gallantly, threw him incontinently into a brier bush, with his head stuck into the parchment of his own drum, and made his escape to another part of the field. Hereupon a great laugh arose among these jocular persons, particularly the admiral, who laughed exceedingly thereat. Three times they surrounded the magnanimous bullock of squire Booth, and three times did he break the ranks, overthrowing all before him, and the last time clearing all the fences around him, he made his escape into the swamps, and never was heard of afterwards. The admiral finding this joke rather a

poor one, facetiously ordered squire Booth's flock of sheep to be driven into his own barn yard, counted them himself as they were taken out, for fear of any mistake, and carried them on board, laughing all the way ready to split his sides. Now we will ask any unprejudiced person, whether this little prank, and a thousand others of the same kind, practised by the English forces about the Chesapeake, and elsewhere, ought to be considered as indicating barbarity, or want of principle, and whether they do not come under the class of legitimate practical jokes?

On the whole then, we consider this part of the major general's book as a tissue of atrocious calumnies, notwithstanding the admission of M. Vievard, in his defence of England, and most especially that part of it which attributes a portion of the ill usage he complains of, to a particular hostility to the French. We will merely ask him, whether they did not treat our prisoners in the same way at Dartmoor? If they massacred Frenchmen on board of the hulk Samson, did they not do the same to the Americans at the Dartmoor prison? And if their juries brought in the massacre of these French prisoners, as 'justifiable homicide,' did they not do the same as respected the massacre of Americans? We will therefore take leave to tell the general, that he displays his own national antipathies, when he ascribes these outrages to any particular preference of one nation over another, in the scale of national antipathy. The fact is, and we appeal to our own experience for the truth, that the conduct of England has been strictly impartial as respects her prisoners of war, and the idea of the French being treated more cruelly than others, has not the least foundation.

We have now got through the most exceptionable portions of this most scurrilous book, which, in some parts, is almost as indecently outrageous against England, as the Quarterly Review is against France. It were to be wished, for the honour of the species, that nations would leave off abusing each other. Before that mischievous discovery, the art of printing, wars were conducted in a gentlemanlike manner, and consisted in a mutual exchange of broken heads, till one or other party was satisfied. But of late years, they have been preceded, like the combats of Homer's heroes, by regular scolding bouts, and conducted pretty much in the manner of a set-to between a couple of fishwomen, who scold, and catterwaul, and pull caps, all at once; and not content with scratching faces, by way of episode, call one another divers hard names, such as drunkard, thief, and others it would be indecent to mention. This has been most especially the case with England, who, while sending her armies into different parts of the world, to maintain the freedom of various nations, has signalized ~~its~~ disinterested generosity by arranging its innumerable body of Swiss writers, to prove these very nations altogether unworthy such a magnanimous interference in their favour. She first gave them freedom, that is to say, sir Robert Filmer's\* freedom, and then ruined their repu-

\* Sir Robert Filmer in *Patriarcha*, that 'the desire of liberty was the first cause of the fall of all empires.'

tation. It is a great pity that great nations cannot fight their battles without calling each other hard names, and be content with the decision of Providence in favour of the conquering party, as in the trial by *battle*, without appealing to other people to say whose cause is just. It is not long since this country, being happily exempt from any domestic afflictions and intestine grievances, fell incontinently together by the ears, for the purpose of settling the great question, whether Napoleon Bonaparte, or king Castle-reagh was the greatest rogue. The people elected their representatives and broke each others heads on the score of this interesting inquiry, and there is no knowing to what extremity it might have led, had not the subject been swallowed up by another equally interesting, namely, whether the English or the French nation, is the most corrupt, demoralized, and beggarly in the world. If we take their respective accounts of each other, especially since the appearance of general Pillet's 'Views,' it is a moot point which is the worst of the two, although the English have rather the greatest quantity of abuse in their favour. The redoubtable Quarterly Review, in itself, is equal to a host, and no one can peruse its *criticisms* on France, without being fully convinced that the French are quite as bad as their neighbours and rivals on the other side of the channel—with this exception, however, in their favour, that the French are not so much given to monopoly—they have not, like the unreasonable English, monopolized all the morality, piety, patriotism, and cardinal virtues of the whole savage and civilized world, to the utter exclusion of the rest of mankind.

Yet with all their faults, their vanity, their arrogance, their this and their that, it must be confessed they are nations of the first distinction, that is to say, among their neighbours in Europe. Farther off, it is true, they don't make so distinguished a figure. In China, for instance, their envoys are obliged to make divers unseemly evolutions of the body before the emperor, and crawl, and bow their foreheads to the dust, or are packed about their business without ceremony. In this country also, it must be confessed, they don't stand so high as they used to do—their kings being treated by us with very little ceremony. Now, as all national dignity is concentrated in these countries in the person of the king, who is the great punch of the puppet show, in all public exhibitions, it is pretty clear that in treating such exalted personages with disrespect, we can feel little admiration of the people who submit to the sacrifice of their rights, to uphold a puppet, for slaves to adore, and freemen to despise.

Nevertheless, we will conclude this long article, with repeating our conviction, that the French and English nations are superior to all the rest of the world, and in so doing convict them of being the greatest liars in existence; since, if we were to believe what they write of one another, we should come to a conclusion directly opposite. It is somewhere said by Voltaire, that after Jupiter had made the Frenchman, he was alarmed at the wonderful intellec-

tual superiority which he perceived would result from the perfect organization of his brain, by means of which he would, in a little time, master the whole world. To remedy this, he took a mallet, and cracked his skull a little, to bring him nearer to the level of the rest of mankind. There is a story not altogether dissimilar, respecting the three kingdoms.

The immortal Jove, after creating all nations, at last with the advantage of the great experience thus acquired, sat down to finish his master work, in the composition of the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman. It has been generally boasted by the natives of Asia, that they were the last, best work of Jupiter, but this story contradicts them satisfactorily. When he had finished his work, his prescience enabled him to foresee, that such was the perfection, moral and physical, of the being thus created, that if suffered to go forth in his present perfect state, he would in time endanger the dynasty of Olympus, and depose the legitimate race of gods. Upon this he poured a little small beer into the skull of the Englishman, deposited a good sized potato near the brains of the Irishman, and wrapped those of the Scot in a salt herring. And this, whatever people may say to the contrary, is the veritable cause of that effervescence of conceit, which is continually oozing from the brain of your Englishman, as from the bung of a beer barrel. The propensity of the honest Irish to blunders, proceeds in like manner from the moisture exhaled from the potato, which, as it were, envelops the brain in a perpetual fog; and it is most certainly owing to the trick played the honest Scot, that the salt of the Edinburgh Review is not exactly *attic salt*, as it would be, were it not for this unlucky salt herring.

ART. II.—1. *A View of the English Stage; or a Series of Dramatic Criticisms.* By William Hazlitt. London 1818. 8vo. pp. 461.

2. *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.* By William Hazlitt. London 1817. 8vo. pp. 352.

3. *Lectures on the English Poets, delivered at the Surrey Institution.* By William Hazlitt. First American edition, Philadelphia 1818. 8vo. pp. 331.

‘UPLONDISH men,’ saith an old chronicler, ‘will counterfete and liken himself to gentlemen, and arn besy to speke Frenshe, for to be more sette by.’ The lapse of five hundred years has not altered either part of this preposition. Mr. Hazlitt, too, must liken himself to gentlemen, and affect to be acquainted with French. Employed successively, by the editors of all the most notorious newspapers in London, to write *criticisms* upon theatrical representations, he, at length, conceived himself qualified to draw the *characters* of Shakspeare’s Plays; and, being praised for that work, beyond his expectations, or his merits, he has been emboldened to extend his views to the whole circle of English poetry. He has been rapidly promoted from a paragraphist to a bookmaker; and,

whenever he now takes up his pen, he will not probably stop short of three hundred pages, in octavo.

We do not deny Mr. Hazlitt's right to become a gentleman; but we do conceive, that, to acquire that enviable name, he must have something besides his own rights, or our condescension. What he achieves will be regulated by what he aims at. He must have the true mark; and never think, that he becomes a gentleman, because he avoids being a fop. Whether from a real or affected contempt of this character, he runs into the opposite extreme. He suffers his hose to fall about his heels: his coat is unbrushed, his hair is uncut, his beard unshaved: he wears the knot of his cravat under one ear, &c. We have sometimes doubted, whether all this is done by design;—whether Mr. Hazlitt would be thought one of those rare geniuses, whose brilliancy of talents must redeem the eccentricities of their demeanour; or whether, like Sly, in the play, become a duke from a drunkard, he unconsciously betrays the lowliness of his origin, by perpetually vociferating, 'small beer!'

We know not why we should have chosen this mode of illustration; but perhaps it will serve as well as any other, to give the reader a general idea of Mr. Hazlitt's character as a man of letters. He belongs to a knot of writers, who think there is such a thing as pure, unadulterated English; that Dr. Johnson is the great corrupter of our speech; that a language, of which nine parts in ten consist of foreign derivations, may be written by itself; and that it is only necessary to discard such words as are derived from the Greek and Roman, in order to exhibit English in its unalloyed and primitive purity. If any thing can equal the absurdity of this object, it is the means by which these writers think to accomplish it. They seem to entertain an idea that pure English is composed of the most vulgar words, and of the most colloquial expressions in the language. They are weary of elegance and refinement; or, what is more likely, they are impatient of labour and care; and would seek an excuse for indolence, by pretending to act upon principle. They are enthusiasts for what they call *nature*. Every thing must be stript of all artificial ornament; and because clothes are a covering made with hands, our authors think they are to vindicate the rights of nature, by showing themselves naked in public.

Mr. Hazlitt, if not the head, is at least a very distinguished follower of the school. It is the great misfortune of this gentleman, that he ever read Shakspeare. The great poet is a genius, which such a man had not the power to withstand. He was struck, fascinated, and taken without resistance; and he is now swallowed up in admiration and delight. There is nothing wrong in Shakspeare: Shakspeare is his alpha and his omega: every thing must be compared to Shakspeare; and what is not like Shakspeare is not worth reading. Criticism upon such a writer, is almost out of the question. He is reduced to the most helpless impotency; and all the carelessness, grossness, and verbal trifling of his idol, are only



marks of genius, and themes of admiration. Our author goes even farther. What he adores, he strives to imitate. He would be a Shakspeare in prose; and, if low expressions, and slovenly composition can render him such, his wishes are undoubtedly fulfilled. He takes the concomitants of genius for its essence; and like all the servile herd of copyists, has only aped the defects of his model.

With all his servility of imitation, Mr. Hazlitt has not the least doubt himself, nor does he conceal the fact from others, that he is the master-spirit of the age. He has long been a critic for the theatres; and, taking his office to be one of the most dignified in the commonwealth of letters, he alludes to his achievements with all imaginable self-complacency. After remarking that the stage is not the best place to study the characters of Shakspeare, he adds, that 'it is too often filled with traditional common-place conceptions of the part, handed down from sire to son, and suited to the taste of the great vulgar and the small.—'Tis an unweeded garden: things rank and gross do merely engender in it! If a man of genius comes once in an age to clear away the rubbish, to make it fruitful and wholesome, they cry 'tis a bad school: it may be like nature, it may be like Shakspeare, but it is not like us.' 'Admirable critics!'

His school have a most singular idea of what they call Nature; and it would be 'clearing away rubbish,' indeed, if they could persuade mankind to discard all their 'common-place conceptions,' and adopt the new doctrines with which such 'men of genius' have deigned to enlighten the age. The first article in the creed, is, that man, by nature, is an innocent and virtuous being; and that all we hear, in satires and sermons, about his constitutional depravity, is only the effusion of spleen, or the raving of enthusiasm. Laws of every description are the great evils of the world. It is to the statutes of our legislatures, that we must attribute all the crimes, which they are designed to punish; and were it not for the ordinances of criticism, there could be no such thing as a bad style in composition. Has not God made man as he is? Did not he know what was best? And shall we be impious enough to meddle with his works?—to impose restraints upon those powers and propensities with which he has seen fit to endow the human race? Such is the logic by which these new *illuminati* would persuade us to take nature as our only guide; and to believe, that as long as we give ourselves no trouble about our state, every thought of the understanding will be just, and every suggestion of the heart be virtuous. Let the will have free scope. We must throw the reins upon the necks of our coursers; and though they may occasionally lead us astray, and sometimes upset us in the road, yet depend upon it, they will bring us out safe in the end.

This is a very convenient doctrine; and it is Shakspeare's contempt of law, which makes these writers so enamoured of his character. They follow him with tenfold adoration, for slighting all the rules which Aristotle and the rest had imposed upon lite-



rary composition. It is for strong minds to break through laws; and for the weak to admire the trespass, and follow the example.

The trait which Mr. Hazlitt so much admires, and would fain imitate, in Shakspeare, is what he calls his 'careless grace and felicity,'—the 'heedless magnanimity of his wit.' To be graceful he thinks it is only necessary to be careless; and he has no doubt, that if he is only heedless enough, he shall be sufficiently witty. It is a common prejudice, that our first impressions, and our first thoughts, are apt to be erroneous; and that a prudent man will take a second look, and reflect once more, before he ventures to pronounce his judgment. This is a species of self-denial and restraint, which is not to be tolerated by 'men of genius.' They must speak the first thing which enters their minds; and, by saying any thing and every thing, they hope to produce good things enough to counterbalance the bad.

This is the sort of headlong prattle, which Mr. Hazlitt fancies to be like nature, and like Shakspeare:—

'Death is a mighty abstraction,  
———Chaucer knew this.'

Lectures, p. 66.

If we were to cite all the instances in which Mr. Hazlitt undertakes to be smart and familiar, we should be obliged to copy nearly the half of every page. 'I say,' he tells us, 'I say what I think;' and then supposing he must say something more to complete the sentence, he adds the nonsense, 'I think what I feel.' Of Troilus and Cressida, he observes, according to his heedless manner, 'it rambles on just as it happens;' and, then reflecting, that what 'rambles on' must overtake something, he tells us, 'it overtakes, together with some indifferent matter, a prodigious number of fine things in its way.' The thought strikes him, that Hamlet's character is an undulating line; and then he must observe, that Mr. Kemble plays it in a straight line, and Mr. Kean in a zigzag. After saying 'the *action* is desperate,' he must subjoin, 'and the *reaction* is dreadful.' These are examples of unusual care; for it is the general practice of our author to forget, in the last clause of a sentence, what he has said in the first. Speaking of Falstaff, he tells us, 'his very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits;' and, 'then he turns round (Falstaff turns round) on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion, and at a moment's warning.' Again, 'then fallows on the *neck* of her remorse and returning fondness, the wish treading almost on the *brink* of impiety.' In another place we have the 'felicitous' idea of *floating* triumphantly to the *bottom*. 'When Mr. Campbell lanches a sentiment, that you think will float him triumphantly for once to the bottom of the stanzas, he stops short at the end of the first or second line, and stands shivering on the brink of beauty, afraid to trust himself to the fathomless abyss.'

One characteristic of this new literary sect, is to associate words, which are totally opposed to each other; to use them in an inverted sense, or give them a paradoxical meaning. Nothing can be farther apart, than 'palsy' and 'energy;' yet Mr. Godwin speaks of

‘a palsied energy.’ Abruptness is the very opposite of monotony; yet Mr. Hazlitt speaks of ‘the abruptness and monotony in the inferno.’ Mr. Godwin talks of a thing being ‘*crushed* by the operation of *neglect*.’ Mr. Hazlitt has, the ‘power of indifference;’ calls slander ‘a very *potent* piece of *imbecility*;’ speaks of ‘a deal of *terrible* beauty;’ of ‘a sage critical balance;’ of satan’s ‘never flinching from self-love;’ of ‘awful beauty,’ ‘languid brilliancy,’ ‘soft silent lustre,’ ‘sullen intricacy,’ and a hundred other things equally incomprehensible. A lion is said to *lash* himself into rage by means of his own tail. The same word has been applied to waves, as they beat against the shore; and Mr. Hazlitt thus mixes the two things together: ‘How Othello’s passion lashes itself up, and swells and rages like a tide in its sounding course!’ We should suppose, that walking on stilts is not the business of a lazy man; yet Mr. Hazlitt tells us, that ‘Thompson mounts on stilts, not through vanity, but indolence.’ It is commonly imagined, that reason and passion are directly opposed to each other; but Mr. Hazlitt is never weary of repeating the paradox, ‘that nothing is so logical as passion.’

Mr. Hazlitt thinks it has, also, a pretty effect, and, above all, is Shakspearean, to make a play upon words. ‘I may assume, without temerity,’ he says, ‘that poetry is more poetical than painting.’ Clarissa, in Sir Charles Grandison, is said to be ‘interesting in all that is uninteresting.’ Spenser, ‘of all poets, is the most poetical.’ These expressions are intended to emulate such lines as these in Shakspeare:—

‘Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit’—

‘That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword’—

‘Starving poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,’ &c.—

Our author has an idea, too, that he gives force to his composition by accumulating upon a single substantive, a multiplicity of adjectives and adverbs. Milton’s Satan is ‘gigantic, irregular, portentous, *uneasy*, and disturbed;’ a string of epithets, which may have been made in imitation of Shakspeare’s ‘almighty, dreadful, *little* might.’ We often observe, that a person, in the ardor of conversation, when at a loss for words, will contrive to keep up his discourse, by uttering a set of arbitrary syllables, and giving them signification and force by means of his countenance and gestures. Such are those clumsy expressions, ‘lickity-split,’ ‘stripety-strain,’ ‘nimminee-pimminee,’ ‘namby-pamby,’ and a hundred others, which we might adduce. Mr. Hazlitt thinks, that such terms have acquired a determinate and classical meaning; and he is ever anxious to adorn his own chaste pages with as many of the kind as he can possibly crowd into a sentence. Della Cruscan poetry is a ‘tortuous, tottering, wriggling, fidgity translation of every thing from the vulgar tongue, into the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lisp-ing, nimminee-pimminee of the highest brilliancy and fashion of poetical diction.’ Burns, again, ‘was not a sickly sentimentalist, a namby-pamby poet, a mincing, metre-ballad-monger, any more than

Shakspeare.\* Other examples can be cited, though not quite so preposterous; such as 'the last, *poor*, *paltry* consolation;' 'antic, right-angled, sharp-pointed gestures;' 'laech-a-daisical, slip shod, tedious, trifling, *foolish*, *fantastical* verses,' &c.

Nor are these the only novelties with which Mr. Hazlitt condescends to amuse the world. We thought that our prepositions had at last found their proper stations; and would no longer be seen struggling without order, in every part of a sentence. But with Mr. Hazlitt, our prepositions too, must be free; and, provided they are in the sentence at all, it is of no consequence whether they take their places at the beginning or the end. 'Richard III,' we are told, 'is a play that every unfledged candidate for theatrical fame chuses to strut and fret his hour upon the stage *in*.' 'The Lear of Shakspeare,' says Mr. Charles Lamb, who is one of this school, 'can never be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out *in*,' &c. Hamlet, says Mr. Hazlitt, 'relapses into indolence and thoughtfulness *again*;' 'when his father's spirit was in arms, it was not a time for the son to make love *in*,' &c. &c. Such words as 'drives before,' and 'carries with,' are commonly used together as a verb; and in written composition particularly, they always become weak when separated from each other. Mr. Hazlitt seems to think differently. 'Coriolanus comes,' says he, 'and with bravo and big words *drives* this set of poor rats, this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary, *before* him.' So, in the next page, 'it is,' we are told, 'the assumption of a right to insult others that *carries* an imposing air of superiority *with* it.' Not contented with this clumsy mode of using prepositions, which are necessary, our author is fond of bringing in such as are merely expletive, or totally superfluous. Thus, we have the expressions, 'so far from allowing *of* any measure;' 'tasting *of*,' &c.

Speaking of Spenser, Mr. Hazlitt says, readers are 'afraid of Spenser's allegory, as if it would bite them;' though we are assured, 'it is as plain as a pike-staff.' Satypane 'is lugging the bear's cubs along in his arms.' Society is 'a machine which carries us safely and insipidly from one end of life to the other, in a very comfortable prose style.' Lucio, Pompey, and master Forth, 'are all mighty comfortable in their occupations.' Caliban has a 'strong notion of the fitness of things;' and 'Shakspeare has let him off at last.' Falstaff does 'not come off with flying colours.' We have, also, 'shove off,' 'hit off,' and 'leave off.' Troilus 'knows what Cressida would be at, and sticks to it.' Milton 'gives the devil his due.' There is 'none of this rough work in Pope;' whose 'genius lay clean the contrary way.' Cassius 'is better cut out for a conspirator.' Shakspeare's females 'are the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record.' 'Touchstone and Au-

\* Lest our readers should think, that such nonsense as this is not to be found in any printed book, we deem it proper to inform them, that the first sentence is in our author's Lectures, p. 293; and the second in the same volume, p. 254.

drey jog along a level path;' but certain thoughts of Shakspeare 'pitch and jostle each other as in the dark.' 'The public taste hangs like a millstone about the neck of all original genius.' Mr. Wordsworth 'might have said at once, instead of making a parcel of wry faces over the matter.' The 'gods made Burns poetical; but nature had a hand in him first.' 'When your expectations are worked up to the highest pitch, you are sure to have them knocked on the head.' In fine, there would be no end to this list of vulgarisms. We have all such expressions as 'rule the roast,' 'baby-house theatricals,' 'that great baby, the world,' 'thinking aloud,' 'all of a piece,' 'all of a sudden,' 'interesting enough,' 'badly enough off,' 'come up to,' 'time and again,' 'at a hull,' 'up-hill work,' 'over and over,' topsyturvy, 'substantial flesh and blood display,' 'good as his word,' 'do-me-good air,' 'stock-still,' 'lag-end of life,' 'Shakspeare is much of a gentleman,' 'Milton strives hard to say the finest things in the world,' 'sound of wind and limb,' &c. Nearly allied to this vulgarity is Mr. Hazlitt's eternal repetition of common-place quotations. 'Naïveté gusto,' 'mind's-eye,' 'chaos and old night;' the passage about 'fine frenzy,' &c.

Another characteristic of this school, is, to pretend a general acquaintance with every thing,—but to know nothing by detail. To mention particular names, or to make specific references, is beneath the dignity of a brilliant genius. He must speak of men and things as if they had been long familiar to him,—so long, indeed, that he is really incapable of recollecting them with any precision. Thus, 'it cannot be said of Shakspeare as it was said of some one, that he was not o'erflowing full.' Now, Mr. Hazlitt knew perfectly well, that this was first said by Denham; repeated by Pope; and has become of the most common-place quotations in the language. Again, 'Rochefoucault, I think it is, who says so and so; and Mr. Southey, I believe, has somewhere expressed an opinion.' In another place, 'Shakspeare says of some one;' and immediately after, 'some one says' of somebody else.

But an affectation which disgusts us still more is that of an acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences. Lest you should suspect, he had not studied mathematics, Mr. Hazlitt repeats, on every convenient occasion, 'that action and re-action are equal.' For the same reason, he tells us, that 'Chaucer's characters are too much like *identical propositions*.' So he must be an adept in natural philosophy. He first observes, that Pope's chief power consisted in diminishing objects; and then adds, by way of illustration, that his mind was like a microscope. He had probably heard, that an instrument of this name was employed to look at minute objects; and he innocently supposed, that its use was to diminish, and not to magnify. He is a politician too. Pope's 'muse,' he says, 'was on a peace establishment;' and 'his irony and gravity was as nicely balanced as the balance of power in Europe.' Our author is equally proficient in ethics. After quoting a part of Thompson's *Winter*, he adds, 'it is thus that he always gives a

*moral sense* to nature,' an observation, of which we do not pretend to fathom the depths. To let you know that he has read Blackstone, he gives you the expressions 'malice-prepense,' 'quantum merruit,' 'a mensa et thoro,' 'during the term of their natural lives.' That he is acquainted with French and geography is, at once evident, from his saying, that 'Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage compared with the archbishop, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to serve the possessions of the church at home.' The author unquestionably supposed, that he was here expressing an idea; but we are so very dull as not to comprehend him. He is, too, familiar with astronomy. 'The Indian,' in the Gertrude of Wyoming, 'vanishes and returns, at long intervals, like the periodical revolutions of the planets.' He had heard some such thing of the comets; and he supposed that all the heavenly bodies 'vanish and return, at long intervals.'

We have reserved his theological allusions to the last, because we wished to set a particular mark of reprobation upon that levity of disposition, which thinks itself intitled to play with the language of Scripture. 'Sir John Falstaff,' says our author, 'carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye;' and in him, 'we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily.' Mr. Hazlitt says, indeed, 'not to speak it profanely;' but this is to take the name of God in vain, 'not to be blasphemous.' Mr. Wordsworth had placed Chatterton by the side of Burns. Mr. Hazlitt says, 'I am loth to put asunder whom so great an authority has joined together; but,' &c. Again, 'from the Lyrical Ballads,' we are told, 'it does not appear that men eat, or drink, marry, or are given in marriage. If we lived by every sentiment that proceeded out of mouths, and not by bread and wine, &c. Mr. Wordsworth's poetry would be just as good as ever.' This sentence has the double recommendation of nonsense and profanity. 'Shall we shut up our books,' asks the author, in another place, 'and seal up our senses, to please the dull spite, and inordinate vanity of those "who have eyes, but they see not—ears, but they hear not—and understandings, but they understand not,"—and go about asking our blind guides, whether Pope was a poet or not? It will never do.' Shakspeare, we are told, 'did not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.' Ossian 'was without God in the world.' Mr. Hazlitt talks of 'an original sin' in the plot of a drama; and says the leviathan 'took up the sea in its nostrils as a very little thing.'

There is no end to the absurdities and the inconsistencies into which a writer may be betrayed, by abandoning himself to the capricious impulses of his imagination. He is 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' He adopts the first doctrine he encounters,—the more paradoxical the better; pursues it, for a few sentences, with ardour; leaves it suddenly for another; follows up that with the same spirit; and, perhaps, in less than two pages, will start the very opposites of both, and discuss them with an equal appearance of



zeal. So with Mr. Hazlitt. In one place, for instance, he runs a parallel between Chaucer and Shakspeare. 'We see Chaucer's characters,' says he, 'as they saw themselves, not as they appeared to others, or might have appeared to the poet. He is as deeply implicated in his personages as they could be themselves. He had to go a long journey with each of them, and became a kind of necessary confidant.' Shakspeare, we are taught, was the reverse of all this. 'He never committed himself to his characters. He trifled, laughed, or wept with them as he chose. He has no prejudices for or against them; and it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether he shall be in jest or earnest.'\* Here Mr. Hazlitt foregoes the truth for the sake of a contrast. A more inept remark upon Shakspeare could not have been made; and, a few pages farther on, he has himself taken care to contradict it. 'Instead of being an indifferent spectator, who points at his characters, and bids you laugh or weep, Shakspeare now enters into their very being, prompts all their speeches, and actuates all their movements. The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakspeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once *becomes* them, and speaks and acts for them.'†

In one place Mr. Hazlitt takes much pains to show us, that painting and poetry are not at all alike; yet if there be any one thing, in which he has been consistent, it is in the uniformity with which he draws his illustrations of the latter from the analogies of the former. 'When artists and connoisseurs,' says he, '*talk on stilts* about the poetry of painting, they show that they know little about poetry, and have little love for the art. Painting gives the object itself; poetry what it implies. Painting embodies what a thing contains in itself: poetry suggests what exists out of it, in any manner connected with it.‡' This is one of those pert and hasty observations, which Mr. Hazlitt makes as he skims along, and never stops to examine. He was, indeed, sure to say the reverse in the very next page. 'Raphæl's cartoons,' he tells us, 'are certainly the finest comments that ever were made on the Scriptures. Would their effect be the same if we were not acquainted with the text?' Yet a picture never 'implies,' or 'suggests,' any thing!

Mr. Hazlitt begins at a long distance to prepare for an attack upon lord Byron. He first defines what he takes genius to be; then proceeds to give a solemn dissertation upon fame; and, after a page or two of the usual common-places upon the evanescence of present popularity, he opens his hostility with such oblique observations as, 'that he who thinks much of himself, will be in danger of being forgotten by the world;' that 'the love of nature is the first thing in the mind of the true poet,—the admiration of himself the last;' and that 'he, who is conscious of great powers in himself, appeals also to a test and judge of merit, which is the highest, but which is too remote, grave, and impartial, to flatter his self-love extravagantly, or puff him up with intolerable and vain

\* Characters, p. 108.

† Characters, p. 96.

‡ Lectures, p. 20.



conceit.\* Then we are asked, 'was Raphaël, think you, when he painted the pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth of beauty and expression, thinking most of his subject or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being the finest colourist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine Shakspeare, when he wrote *Lear* or *Othello*, was thinking of any thing but *Lear* and *Othello*?' It would be ridiculous to reason gravely against such absurd notions as Mr. Hazlitt has promulgated in the Lecture from which we have copied these sentences. Every body knows, that the deepest interest that was ever given to poetry or prose, has been drawn from the author's own intense reflecting upon himself; and, after all Mr. Hazlitt's flourishes about the danger of looking too often into our own minds, he has, as usual, taken up the very opposite doctrine, and answered all his socratic questions in the negative. Even in the sentence which immediately precedes this triumphant appeal, he tells us, that 'truth and *nature* must first be inly felt and copied with severe delight, from the love of truth and *nature* (again), before it can ever appear in an author's works.' It has been remarked, that lord Byron's character seems to be a verification of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*; and, whether the remark be just or not, the reasons which Mr. Hazlitt gives, for the interest we take in the latter, are equally applicable to the former, and flatly contradictory of what he says about thinking of one's self. *Hamlet*, he tells us, 'is one of Shakspeare's plays which we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of *Hamlet* are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer; and, what makes him worth attending to, is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience.† Mr. Hazlitt could not adopt more appropriate language to characterize the peculiar attraction of lord Byron's poetry.

These may serve as specimens of the contradictions, into which the 'heedless magnanimity' of Mr. Hazlitt's 'wit' is constantly leading him. It is the same hurried and superficial investigation, which makes him 'utter an infinite deal of nonsense,' in the course of a few hundred pages. In opposition to the general voice of the world, he must maintain, that *Iago* is, in all respects, a perfectly natural character; that he had an abundant motive for the hellish malignity with which he plotted the destruction of a happy family; and that he belongs to a class of persons who are 'amateurs of tragedy in real life; and instead of employing their invention on imaginary characters, or long forgotten incidents, take the bolder and more desperate course of getting up a plot at home, cast the principal parts among their nearest friends and connexions,

\* Lecture viii.

† *Characters*, p. 105.

and rehearse it in downright earnest, with steady nerves and unabated resolution.\* It is a libel upon humanity to tell us, that such a character is natural. No man was ever moved to do mischief, through a pure love of ruin, without the expectation of some profit to himself; and Iago, as Mr. Hazlitt rightly observes, 'is quite or nearly as indifferent to his own fate as to that of others. He runs all risks for a trifling and doubtful advantage; and is himself the dupe and victim of his ruling passion.' Where are the men, who, without any provocation of injury, or hope of benefit, are willing to sacrifice their own lives to 'a favourite propensity' of seeing 'tragedy in real life?'

There is one subject which seems to have given our author considerable alarm; and to which, therefore, he recurs, in different parts of his writings, with a singular consistency of opinion. He has adopted an idea, that the progress of knowledge is fast narrowing the boundaries of poetry; and that, after the lapse of a few centuries, this department of intellectual pleasure must entirely disappear. 'It cannot be concealed,' he says, 'that the progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to circumscribe the imagination, and to clip the wings of poetry. It is the undefined and uncommon that gives birth and scope to the imagination. We can only fancy what we do not know. There can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time, the heavens have gone farther off, and grown astronomical. They have become averse to the imagination, nor will they return to us in the squares of the distances, or in Dr. Chalmer's Discoveries.'† Again, in another place, 'the progress of manners and knowledge,' we are told, 'has an influence on the stage, and will, in time, perhaps, destroy both tragedy and comedy. Filch's picking pockets in the *Beggar's Opera*, is not so good a jest as it used to be: by the force of the police and of philosophy, Lillo's murders, and the ghosts of Shakspeare, will become obsolete. At last, there will be nothing left, good or bad, to be desired or dreaded, on the theatre or in real life.'‡ It is really a pity, that picking pockets should no longer be a good joke, and that murder and witchcraft have become obsolete.

It is our firm opinion, however, notwithstanding Mr. Hazlitt's despair, that this wicked philosophy, though it removes the errors of real life, will have little influence upon the world of imagination; that the heavens by 'going farther off,' have not become a whit the less poetical; and that we shall have as many more Jacob's ladders as we have Jacobs. What effect will the 'squares of the distances' have upon our imagination? Does Mr. Hazlitt suppose, that we shall, in future, dream according to the laws of gravitation, or set our fancies by the rules, which teach us how to find the time of day, or the sun's place in the heavens? Have we the less admiration of Homer, or of any of the ancient poets, because the progress of knowledge has dissipated the scientific er-

\* Characters, p. 55, 56.

† Lect. p. 18, 19.

‡ Characters, p. 30.

rors of his age? Have we become insensible to the beauty of his mythology, because we enjoy a more rational system of religion? Or does his mode of fighting seem to us the less heroic, because we have a different set of military tactics? The progress of knowledge does not clip the wings of poetry. It only changes the direction of its flight. Philosophy may deprive it of an old province; but she remunerates it with new fields of imagination.

But we are wasting both time and space. If we were to refute one half of the nonsense, which is to be found in these volumes, we should ourselves commence the trade of making octavos. Mr. Hazlitt is one of those talkers, of whom it has been quaintly said, that their tongues appear to be hung in the middle, and to vibrate at both ends.

In the foregoing strictures, we have purposely abstained from taking instances out of the first book on our list. It is a compilation of paragraphs from the newspapers; and, though by reprinting them in the shape of a book, Mr. Hazlitt has challenged the animadversion of criticism, we do not think it fair, or even expedient to pass sentence in detail on a writer for a series of rude sketches which were composed in a moment, and intended only for a momentary purpose. We object to the book in the gross. Mr. Hazlitt's theatrical criticisms would do well enough for the columns of a daily newspaper; but they make a sorry appearance in the pages of a book. Nobody will dispute what he says in the preface, that 'we think ourselves fortunate, when we can meet with any person who remembers the principal performers of the last age, and who can give us some distant idea of Garrick's *nature*, or of an Abington's grace.' But does he, therefore, think himself entitled to swell out his book to 460 pages, with an account of all the present performers on the English stage, from the highest to the lowest! Posterity, if it sees this book, will not have much confidence in a critic, who tells us, that 'he was directed' to 'give a favourable account' of certain performers: that 'authors must live as well as actors;' and that 'he damns by virtue of his office.' We shall afford room for one specimen of his manner; and we are chiefly induced to do so, because, as our readers have witnessed the performances of the actor, they will be better enabled to estimate the justness of the criticism. We suspect that, in this instance, Mr. Hazlitt had been 'directed' to give an *unfavourable* character:—

'Of Mr. Phillips we would not wish to speak; but as he puts himself forward, and is put forward by others, we must say something. He is said to be an imitator of Mr. Braham; if so, the imitation is a vile one. This gentleman has one qualification, which has been said to be the great secret of pleasing others, that he is evidently pleased with himself. But he does not produce a corresponding effect upon us: we have not one particle of sympathy with his wonderful self-complacency. We should wish never to hear him sing again: or, if he must sing, at least, we should hope never to see him act: let him not top his part—why should he sigh, and ogle, and languish, and display all his accomplishments—he should spare the side-boxes.' *Views*, p. 106.

Our author's *Characters* are little more than a distillation of the crude materials contained in his *Views*. It is a book which any practised writer, with a moderate share of understanding, and a still less portion of industry, might easily compose. Shakspeare's plays are a mine upon the surface of the earth. It requires little digging to obtain their treasures. A deep and severe analysis of Shakspeare's poetry is a work of a very different kind;—a work, which our author is either too indolent to undertake, or, what we rather suspect, too feeble to accomplish. The only praise, to which the present volume can entitle him, is that of having translated the poetry of Shakspeare into a lively prose style, and of having thrown out, more by accident than design, an occasional happy thought of his own. He describes such a character as his master had described before him; and, after quoting a passage or two, by way of illustration, concludes that he has given us an analysis of the play. He seems to know nothing of criticism beyond this. The many operations, which are the legitimate business of philosophical criticism, are too laborious for a tribe of writers, who think themselves able to penetrate a subject at a glance, and to give its analysis in a flourish of the pen.

In general, Mr. Hazlitt seems to have formed a right conception of Shakspeare's characters; and, as an example of his best manner, we extract the opening paragraph of the article upon *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘ROMEO and JULIET is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written entirely on a love story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said\* of Romeo and Juliet by a great critic, “that whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem.” The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For, if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love sick. Every thing speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments, lip-deep, learned at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of “fancies wan that hang the pensive head, of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of

\* So, again, the next paragraph begins with, ‘we have heard it objected;’ and Mr. Hazlitt is often found, in this manner, conjuring up objections, that he may have an opportunity to refute them. He must have learned this device from Mr. Thomas Thumb, who tells us, that, ‘first of all, he makes a giant—and then he kills him.’

sense, spirit, truth, and *nature!*” It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare *all over*, and Shakspeare when he was young.’ pp. 141, 142.

It would be difficult to extract much meaning from some parts of this passage: and yet we can assure our readers, that it is one of the clearest in the whole volume.

Our author, it appears to us, has committed an error in the character of Falstaff, which is absolutely inexcusable. It is his idea, that sir John only acts a part; and that all his gasconade, and lying, and devices, are merely characters assumed to amuse his companions and himself. ‘Such,’ we are told, ‘is the deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain, whether the account of his hostess’ bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one half-penny worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c. and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of blaming an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life.’ We are persuaded, that we should at once lose all the pleasure we must derive from this masterly fiction, if Mr. Hazlitt could make us believe, that Falstaff’s affectation of repentance is merely to show Hal his insincerity; that he ‘ran and roared’ at Gadsill for the sake of being ridiculed; that he hacked his sword and tickled his nose, for no other reason than to be detected in the trick; and that when he made eleven men in buckram out of three, he was only devising a scheme to be caught in a lie. This mistake, with other similar ones of our author, have arisen partly from carelessness, and partly from that foolish affectation of independence, which leads such men to contradict an opinion, merely because it is generally received. The same affectation is shown in many other places; and it is this, together with Mr. Hazlitt’s extravagant idolatry of Shakspeare, that chiefly offend us in the perusal of his Characters.

The first *Lecture*, in Mr. Hazlitt’s third work, is upon Poetry in general. When we saw this subject announced, in the table of contents, we turned to the article with some hopes of finding an analysis of what is included in the comprehensive term—poetry. We found almost as many definitions of poetry as there are sentences in the Lecture; and, after all these thirty-eight pages, we cannot say, that we have obtained one new idea on the subject. How, indeed, are we to be improved in our notion of poetry by such senseless observations as this:—that poetry ‘comes home to the business and bosoms of men; for nothing but what so comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape, can be a subject for poetry.’ Or what possible meaning could Mr. Hazlitt have in view by such a paragraph as the following?



‘ One mode in which the dramatic exhibition of passion excites our sympathy without raising our disgust is, that in proportion as it sharpens the edge of calamity and disappointment, it strengthens the desire of good. It enhances our consciousness of the blessing, by making us sensible of the magnitude of the loss. The storm of passion lays bare and shows us the rich depths of the human soul: the whole of our existence, the sum total of our passions and pursuits, of that which we desire and that which we dread, is brought before us by contrast; the action and reaction are equal; the keenness of immediate suffering only gives us a more intense aspiration after, and a more intimate participation with the antagonist world of good, makes us drink deeper of the cup of human life; tugs at the heart strings; loosens the pressure about them; and calls the springs of thought and feeling into play with tenfold force.’ *Lectures*, p. 11, 12.

We could fill many pages with such jargon as this. Mr. Hazlitt thinks it has meaning; and he even tells us in the preface to his *Characters*, that one mode in which he expects to ‘improve on’ Schlegel, is, ‘by avoiding an appearance of mysticism in his style, not very attractive to an English reader.’

One would think that Mr. Hazlitt has a great antipathy to giving reasons; for though he is under no sort of compulsion, and though they may be as plenty as blackberries, no man must expect to find them in the pages of these *Lectures*. Mr. Leigh Hunt, who also belongs to this School, has said, in his *Foliage*, that ‘we admire the happiness, and sometimes the better wisdom of children; and yet we imitate the worst of their nonsense—“I can’t, because I can’t.”’ In the midst of what he thinks to be an analytical paragraph, Mr. Hazlitt says, ‘we are as prone to make a torment of our fears, as to luxuriate in our hopes of good. If it be asked, why we do so? the best answer will be, because (he had better have stopped here) because we cannot help it.’

But our author’s principal mode of analysis, is that of turning into a prose sentence some partial account of the subject, upon which he is discoursing. If, for instance, he would tell us what poetry is, he begins by saying that the eye of the poet, rolling in a fine phrenzy, glances from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven; and, as the imagination presents the forms of unknown things, his pen turns them to shape, and gives them a name. Now, add the passage itself, and the analysis is complete. ‘Again,’ (for Mr. Hazlitt pretends to be very methodical),

‘ Again, as it relates to passion, painting gives the event, poetry the progress of events: but it is during the progress, in the interval of expectation and suspense, while our hopes and fears are strained to the highest pitch of breathless agony, that the pinch of the interest lies.

“ Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.  
The mortal instruments are then in council;  
And the state of man suffers an insurrection.”’

*Lectures*, p. 20, 21.



There is one observation, respecting our author's style, which we have reserved for this place, because it occurred to us the most frequently in the perusal of his Lectures. He is too ambitious to display his acquaintance with other writers; and for several pages together, his sentences are a mere series of the most lofty poetical expressions, linked together by the lowest phrases in prose. Not only does he expose his own poverty, by borrowing so frequently; it is this species of glancing from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, that renders him so often incomprehensible. To give our readers at once an idea of this peculiarity, we shall extract a passage from the last Lecture, in which it is most amply displayed:—

‘Poetry had with them “neither buttress nor coigne of vantage to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle.” It was not “born so high: its airy buildeth in the cedar’s top, and dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.” It grew like a mushroom out of the ground, or was hidden in it like a truffle, which it required a particular sagacity and industry to find out and dig up. They founded the new school on a principle of sheer humanity, on pure nature void of art. It could not be said of these sweeping reformers and dictators in the republic of letters, that “in their train walked crowns and crownets; that realms and islands, like plates, dropt from their pockets:” but they were surrounded, in company with the Muses, by a mixed rabble of idle apprentices and Botany Bay convicts, female vagrants, gipsies, meek daughters in the family of Christ, idiot boys, and mad mothers, and after them “owls and night-ravens flew.” They scorned “degrees, priority, and place, insistance, course, proportion, season, form, office, and custom in all line of order:”—the distinctions of birth, the vicissitudes of fortune, did not enter into their abstracted, lofty, and levelling calculation of human nature. He who was more than man, with them was none. They claimed kindred only with the commonest of the people: peasants, pedlars, and village-barbers, were their oracles and bosom friends. Their poetry, in the extreme to which it professedly tended, and was in effect carried, levels all distinctions of nature and society; has “no figures nor no fantasies,” which the prejudices of superstition or the customs of the world draw in the brains of men; “no trivial fond records” of all that has existed in the history of past ages; it has no adventitious pride, pomp, or circumstance, to set it off; “the marshal’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe;” neither tradition, reverence, nor ceremony, “that to great ones ’longs:” it breaks in pieces the golden images of poetry, and defaces its armorial bearings, to melt them down in the mould of common humanity or of its own upstart self-sufficiency. They took the same method in their new-fangled “metre ballad-mongering” scheme, which Rousseau did in his prose paradoxes.” *Lectures*, p. 320, 322.

After all these strictures, we are by no means insensible to the merit of some of this author's criticism. He is a tasteful admirer of poetry, if he has little power to investigate its qualities. He can describe, though he may not analyse:—he can give you a character in the gross, if he has no skill in examining its parts. He could make a good volume of elegant extracts; and we should be willing, on all occasions, to take him as our guide in a course of poetical reading. The passages, in the Lectures, which have struck

us as the most excellent, are his comparison between the sciences and the fine arts, p. 86—his parallel between Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—and his characters of Butler, Thompson, and Crabbe. We shall extract what he says of the latter:—

‘Crabbe is, if not the most natural, the most literal of our descriptive poets. He exhibits the smallest circumstances of the smallest things. He gives the very costume of meanness; the non-essentials of every trifling incident. He is his own landscape painter and engraver too. His pastoral scenes seem pricked on paper in little dotted lines. He describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to distrain for rent. He has an eye to the number of arms in an old worm-eaten chair, and takes care to inform himself and the reader whether a joint-stool stands upon three legs or upon four. If a settle by the fireside stands awry, it gives him as much disturbance as a tottering world; and he records the rent in a ragged counterpane as an event in history. He is equally curious in his back-grounds and in his figures. You know the christian and surnames of every one of his heroes,—the dates of their achievements, whether on a Sunday or a Monday,—their places of birth and burial, the colour of their clothes, and of their hair, and whether they squinted or not. He takes an inventory of the human heart exactly in the same manner as of the furniture of a sick room: his sentiments have very much the air of fixtures; he gives you the petrification of a sigh, and carves a tear, to the life, in stone. Almost all his characters are tired of their lives, and you heartily wish them dead. They remind one of anatomical preservations; or may be said to bear the same relation to actual life that a stuffed cat in a glass-case does to the real one purring on the hearth: the skin is the same, but the life and the sense of heat is gone. Crabbe’s poetry is like a museum, or curiosity-shop: every thing has the same posthumous appearance, the same inanimateness and identity of character.’

We should not think it necessary to remark the hostility of these writers to Dr. Johnson, if the uniformity with which his name is persecuted, did not form a characteristic of the School. We are not so imprudent as to undertake a defence of this great critic; but it may be worth while to show, how little these writers are entitled to abuse him. Mr. Hazlitt knew, that Johnson bestowed considerable labour upon composition, and that, while he admired the beauties of Shakspeare, he was not so much dazzled as to be incapable of perceiving his faults. These two characteristics were sufficient to provoke Mr. Hazlitt’s reprobation; and he has bestowed it, on every convenient occasion, with a disregard of modesty, which is only equalled by his ignorance of the truth. Thus he says, that Dr. Johnson admitted Milton among the poets ‘with a reluctant and churlish welcome.’ Now, in the first place, it is well known, that Johnson had nothing to do with the selection of the authors, contained in the edition, for which he wrote his Lives; and, in the next place, he concludes the biography of Milton with the noble remark, that *Paradise Lost* ‘is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.’ Again, speaking of Johnson and Pope’s preference of rhyme, our author tells us, they ‘would have converted Milton’s vaulting Pegasus

into a rocking-horse.' Can Mr. Hazlitt be ignorant, that Johnson wrote a treatise upon the harmony of Milton's versification; and that he says, in his Life, 'I cannot prevail on myself to wish Milton had been a rhymers?' In another place, we are told, that Dr. Johnson never 'got at a conclusion by a short cut;' when our readers all know, that if there be any one quality peculiar to his writings, it is the brevity and dogmatism of his logic. Dr. Johnson had observed, by way of giving distinguished praise to Shakspeare, that, while, 'in other writers, a character is commonly an individual, in Shakspeare, it is always a species.' This is, in fact, the secret of Shakspeare's celebrity. All mankind can sympathise with his characters; for they are such as all mankind have witnessed in real life. Ben Jonson is little read; and the reason is, that his characters are exact copies of certain eccentric individuals, which may have existed once, but will never exist again. They create no sympathy in the reader. Yet, with these obvious considerations before him, Mr. Hazlitt strenuously contends, that Shakspeare's characters, instead of representing a species, are each a solitary individual. Dr. Johnson says, that according to the strict meaning of the term, Shakspeare knew nothing of what is called the catastrophe of a play. Mr. Hazlitt denies the assertion; and, after mentioning four or five, out of all his works, in which the denouement is 'crowded with important events,' he thinks it has been sufficiently disproved. Now, it was the very objection of Dr. Johnson, that instead of being confined to one great event, *simplex et unum*, the catastrophes of Shakspeare were distracted and confused with many different events.

He supposes, that Dr. Johnson had no admiration of Shakspeare; or, rather, he undertakes to prove, from what he is pleased to make the constitution of his mind, that he was not at all fitted to realize the finer beauties of the tragic bard. We are told, that he was 'without any particular fineness of organic sensibility;' and that 'he would be for setting up a foreign jurisdiction over poetry, and making criticism a kind of Procrustes' bed of genius, where he might cut down imagination to matter of fact, regulate the passions according to reason, and translate the whole into logical diagrams and rhetorical declamation.' Mr. Hazlitt had probably heard of geometrical diagrams and logical syllogisms; but, as *diagram* and *syllogism* have some distant resemblance of sound, he has mistaken the former for the latter, and presented us with a curiosity in science—a *logical diagram*! He calls the doctor 'a lazy learned man, who liked to *think* and talk, better than to read or write;' but, as it is our author's vocation to contradict himself, he says, in the next sentence, that 'his long compound Latin phrases required less *thought*, and took up more room than others.'

Mr. Hazlitt is much attached to his geometrical logic. 'He (Shakspeare) would know this (that the love of power is natural to man) as well or better than if it had been demonstrated to him by a *logical diagram*, merely from seeing children paddle in the dirt, or kill flies for sport.' Char. p. 54. The phrase *paddle in the dirt*

is merely introduced for the sake of its vulgarity; for how we show a love of power by paddling in the dirt, it would be difficult to imagine.

If the tenor of our remarks should lead the reader to think, that we look upon Mr. Hazlitt as a contemptible author, we would beg leave, before we conclude, to correct such an opinion. As the representative of a sect, whose tenets are well calculated to make proselytes, and whose members are daily increasing, he is a character that must excite considerable solicitude among the lovers of good composition. His coadjutors are not despicable, because they are few. Zeal, cooperation, and industry, are always an overmatch for numbers; and, though this is a lesson, which the world has been slow to learn, we think the events of our own time have rendered it sufficiently notorious. Mr. Hazlitt belongs to a set of writers, who think, that learning may be acquired without study; and that books may be written without preparation or care.\* They have observed, that the compositions, which we most admire, have no appearance of labour; and, supposing that, what seems to be easy, must have been produced without effort, they would teach mankind both by precept and example, that we are born good writers and good reasoners. What can appear more careless than the sentences of Addison? Surely, say these apostles of indolence, there can be no difficulty in doing what seems so devoid of labour, when done; and if men of letters would only be persuaded to write the first thing, which enters their head, in the first words and phrases, which present themselves, we should hear no more about stiff composition and elaborate styles. This is a doctrine, which will find ready listeners in this country; and, if we cannot expect, that our distant efforts will check its progress in England, we may hope that they will help to prevent its diffusion among our own countrymen. It is in vain to tell us, that excellence is not the result of labour; and we will not condescend to reason against an opinion, which all history refutes. We only warn our youth to beware of such guides. They are already so well known among us as to have received a distinctive appellation; and, though Mr. Hazlitt's countrymen have denied us the right of coining words to suit our necessities, he may depend on being called a *slangwhanger*, on this side of the Atlantic.

\* It is among the absurdities of their creed, that, while they would be thought to know all the sciences, they cannot bear to pay attention to any. 'In this play (the Taming of the Shrew) there is, says Mr. Hazlitt, a little too much about music-masters and philosophy. They were things of greater rarity in those days than they are now. Nothing, however, 'can be better than the advice which Tranio gives his master for the prosecution of his studies:'—and nothing, let us add, could be better calculated to make him pursue no study at all:—

*Tran.* The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

When did a man's stomach ever serve him to study mathematics? And what, indeed, would become of all learning, if the pursuits of scholars were regulated by their pleasure?

ART. III.—*A Treatise on the Law of Principal and Agent, and of Sales by Auction.* By Samuel Livermore, Counsellor at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. Baltimore. 1818.

**A**N elementary treatise, on a very important branch of the legal science, claims our most favourable consideration. To such *digests* we are obliged to have recourse, in the pursuit of that simplified and condensed knowledge of the principles of our municipal law, as they are altered or ascertained by recent adjudications, which it would be a task of almost infinite difficulty to seek through the ‘mighty maze’ of published and manuscript *reports*, so rapidly multiplied by the labours of our various courts of justice. The particular subject which Mr. Livermore has selected for elucidation, is manifestly of the first importance to the commercial part of the community; and yet it is one which the elementary writers of Great Britain have remarkably neglected; it gives us great pleasure, therefore, to bear our testimony to the ability with which he has supplied the deficiency.

A familiar acquaintance with the relative duties, rights, and remedies, recognized by the laws, and existing between an agent and his principal, among a busy and enterprising people, such as ours, where every merchant is daily acting towards some one or other of his correspondents in one or both of these characters, assuming responsibility as an agent, or as a principal devolving it upon another, is evidently a most desirable object of attainment. To every man engaged in commerce, and disposed to know his rights, and how to secure them—to be aware of his duties, and how he may legally discharge himself of them, we do not hesitate to recommend a perusal and a *purchase* of the work of Mr. Livermore.

In the words of the author, ‘merchants, more than any other class of men, are interested in works of this nature; and, perhaps, the questions considered in this treatise are of more frequent occurrence in the course of their business than any others in the law. Scarcely a day passes that a merchant does not contract the obligations of a principal, or of an agent: that he does not acquire a *lien* upon property, or a right to stop goods in *transitu*. With but little labour he may gain a competent knowledge to enable him to act with prudence and circumspection in these transactions. By these means he may avoid litigation and expense; he may know what are his rights, that he may insist upon them before it is too late; and he may learn how to save himself from unnecessary difficulties, disputes, and losses.’ Preface, p. 5.

To professional men also this book will be a valuable acquisition: it is well-timed, because Mr. Powell’s *Treatise on Powers* being mostly confined to the rules that govern the transfer of real property, under letters of attorney, is of very circumscribed utility; and Mr. Selwyn’s short chapter on *Factors*, is extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. And it has all the merit in its execution which can well be attributed to an abridged compilation; the style is pure, plain, and perspicuous, and the arrangement lucid and judicious. In recommending it, however, to the gentlemen of the



bar, particularly to the younger members of that profession, we are restrained by the fear of saying aught that may seem to encourage the too prevalent substitution of treatise and index reading for the old fashioned study of statutes and reports, which we never omit an opportunity to declare, is the best and only course to be pursued by a student who aims at any thing more than superficial knowledge and ephemeral reputation.

But again, we will use the candid language of the author himself. 'Works of this nature, in which the scattered principles of the law relative to the rights and duties of men in particular situations, are collected and arranged, are more peculiarly adapted for general use than for the use of the profession. No man was ever made a lawyer by the study of treatises. They are useful to professional men only as books of reference, to which they may have recourse in the hurry of a trial, or which may serve as a guide to direct them in their researches. But to those persons who are not professional men, but who consider some knowledge of their rights and duties, as regulated by law, in the various situations in which they may stand, to be an essential part of the liberal education of a gentleman, these works are more peculiarly appropriate.' Preface, p. 4.

Mr. Livermore has collected into a small space a vast deal of useful learning; has arranged it so clearly, that no reader can have any difficulty in finding the particular subject of his inquiry; and has abridged it as much as would be consistent with perspicuity. At the same time, while we accord him these praises, as justly due to his exertions, we cannot but acknowledge, that, as Pennsylvanians, we look upon his book with the less complacency, when we observe how much the decisions of *our* courts are overlooked or disregarded. Not that a single position taken by Mr. L. is in opposition to the principles established by our tribunals, but to many of them we should be disposed to give still more unqualified credit and confidence, if even a marginal note condescended to inform us that the highest judicial authority in our state had sanctioned the rule, and placed it above all chance of doubt or change in Pennsylvania.

Thus the important cases of *Summeril vs. Elder*, *Passmore vs. Mott*, *Morgan vs. Stell*, *Meyer vs. Barker*, *French vs. Read*, and *Schwartz vs. the Insurance Company of North America*, all decided in our supreme court, and reported in the different volumes of Mr. Binney's *Reports*, are no where cited, nor noticed; although they settled for us, a variety of important questions, in the doctrines applicable to the relation of principal and agent.

In the second edition, whenever that shall be printed, and we hope there may be found encouragement for it, this fault may easily be corrected, by additional references to all American cases.



**ART. IV.—***On the Progress of the Fine Arts in France.* From a Report made to the class of Fine Arts of the Institute. October, 1815.

**T**HE report of *M. Joachim le Breton*, read on the 28th of October, 1815, commences with the following observations, and our readers will agree that they have foundation in truth.

‘However profound, however reasonable may be the lamentations of our artists, and of all those who set a due value on the progress of the fine arts, and on the quiet pleasures they afford, we are of opinion that the views of the future will offer consolation for the losses of the past. These are indeed irreparable; and it would manifest a culpable indifference, if we did not feel, on account of them, a deep and solemn regret.

‘It will belong to history to pronounce on the justice or injustice which has occasioned these losses; and to decide on the circumstances which accompanied them. But we may even now assert, that history will not accuse the French nation, which was enriched by the chef d’œuvres of antient art, of having shown itself unworthy to possess them: our misfortune, on this occasion, has been at least unmerited.’

‘Before victory had acquired and abused the right of the strongest, which she seldom fails to do, France, through her means, had acquired possession of some of the most precious monuments of antient sculpture and modern painting. But she confined her requisitions to stipulated objects; and the groups of Monte Cavallo which were above all price, as well as many other statues and bas-reliefs whose removal was easy, were for this reason not carried away. The sovereigns who had heretofore possessed these monuments of art, were allowed time to take exact models and copies of the originals; an honourable permission, of which the French first set an example. Is it determined by our conquerors, to imitate us in nothing but the worst parts of our conduct? A singular assemblage of men, estimable for their talents and moral feelings, was sent from Paris, not to force away from Rome the monuments of art, ceded to the French, whose right to possess them by the terms of contract and cession was in no respect doubtful, but to superintend their careful removal and transportation: and their success in this duty, is even now matter of astonishment. This constant and anxious superintendence was continued for near a twelvemonth. When the specimens of art arrived, all the societies of learned men, all the public teachers, with their scholars, accompanied the vehicles which contained them: all the artists contributed to decorate their entry; and they were presented to the constituted authorities, and the whole population of the capital assembled in the Champ de Mars to receive and celebrate this novel apotheosis! What more honour could have been paid to art, in the best days of Athens and Pericles? Was not this evidence that the nation which had acquired them, was worthy to receive them?’

‘Nor can it be affirmed that France has failed in magnificence, in providing a temple for their reception—or in generosity, in facilitating the admission of foreigners of all descriptions, friends and enemies, to visit, to study, and admire them. In the august mansion destined for their reception, no national enmities, no national rivalries found entrance. We enjoyed them the more, for the pains taken to enable others to enjoy them. It is impossible to deny, that Paris did not retain these

admirable works as exclusive proprietor, so much as trustee and depositary for the world at large.'

To this introduction, no reader can fairly object; for it is a plain statement of notorious facts.

'The state of Europe for the two last years, (says the Reporter) has been very unfavourable to the arts. Artists have been deterred from visiting and residing at Rome. Still, the scholars sent there, at the national expense, have transmitted specimens of their talent and industry, that deserve the notice of the institute.'

*Painting.* M. De Breton notices, with approbation, among the paintings transmitted from Italy by the national students,

Deianira carried off by the Centaur, by M. Langlois.

Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos: and,

A Nymph in the train of Diana: by M. Droling.

The Death of Abel: figures as large as life: a study by M. Droling.

A Prometheus, and a Mercury, by M. Leon Palliere.

Anacreon and Cupid, by M. Desforestier.

A Presentation in a Temple: a Psyche: by M. Picot.

*Sculpture.* The interruptions to navigation have prevented the arrival of the following works of art, of which notices have been transmitted from Rome, by the students in sculpture.

A statue of Narcissus. M. Cortot.

Thetis, a bas-relief. M. David.

Orpheus, natural size. M. Pradier.

A young man, bas-relief, natural size. M. Petitot.

Pandora. M. Cortot.

'The director of the school assures us, that the study of sculpture is by no means behind hand with the other branches of the fine arts, and the students show evident signs of improvement. The class of the institute find reason to agree with this report.'

'At the close of this year (1815) there will be seven marble statues at Rome, the property of government, executed by the students sent there at the national expense. They are all executed after antiques.'

'*Medallic engraving: engraving on precious stones.* The institute has not sufficient reason to praise the works of the young artists in this line: it will be necessary hereafter, to require more of the students. However, we cannot yet pronounce on the works which M. Brandt and M. Desboeufs have announced to us, viz. a Theseus: a Pegasus: a Jupiter and Juno: Hercules and Omphale: an Apollo: a likeness of the director of this school: the Villa Medicis. M. Desboeufs, has as yet only exhibited his young Faun.'

*Architecture.* It appears, from the system of education adopted in these pensionary schools, that the students are required to give full and finished drawings of antient edifices; completed in the drawing from the actually existing ruins; so as to exhibit the edifice as it was when just finished; and made out on the authority of the ruins remaining. This involves the measurements of all the parts, the filling up of all vacancies, the restoration of mutilated fragments, &c. so as to make the finished drawing harmonize with the existing ruin, and exhibit what is wanting, upon the authority

of what remains. This beautiful, this grand conception, appears to have been pursued with great industry by the young students of the French government (*pensionnaires du roi.*) But the plan itself originated with Bonaparte.

For the year 1815. M. Gauthier has transmitted eleven drawings of the Temple of Mars the Avenger.

M. Suys. Three studies of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and three others of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

M. Caristie. Three studies of the Theatre of Marcellus. The base, and capital of the interior of the Pantheon.

‘But,’ says M. De Breton, ‘so rich are we in the drawings transmitted during former years, which we have not had time to examine until now, that we can hardly find room to give a competent notion of labours so important to the progress of art. I shall, therefore, confine myself at present, to general results; referring for a full impression to the excellent report of M. Duforny made in the name of the class of architecture. This elegant production is a new proof of the devotion of our colleague to the art of which he is a professor, and a new service rendered to architecture itself.’

‘The task prescribed to the students maintained by government at Rome, is, that during three years of their residence in that city, they shall transmit to the institute, proofs of their industry, and proficiency in the arts which they are respectively sent there to study. These first designs, however, remain their own property. But besides these, they are bound to present to the class of the institute, when they quit the school, restorations of the most precious monuments of antient architecture, deduced from the present remains, harmonizing with the present ruins, and founded on their authority. The execution is required to be in their very best manner, for it is the finish of their public education. They are permitted to fix upon whatever monument of antient architectural art they may think proper: this affords us the means of judging, not merely of their proficiency in execution, and their acquired knowledge during their residence abroad, but also of their taste, and judgment. These finished designs, together with the written illustrations transmitted at the same time, belong to government. It is the first homage of gratitude rendered, for benefits received. The collection of these plans, sections, elevations, and illustrations, form a precious collection for the future use of history and of art. Every year sees the increase of this collection; but it has never been so much enriched as by the labours of Messrs. Suys, Chatillon, Provost, Gauthier, Le Clerc, and Huot, during the years 1812 and 1813. Altogether, they make eighty designs, all upon a large scale, comprizing studies finely executed, of the Theatre of Marcellus, Trajan’s Pillar, the Temples of Jupiter tonans, Jupiter stator, and the Temple of Peace. Also, complete restorations of the Pantheon of Agrippa, the Temple of Fortune at Preneste, and even of the most antient Forum, belonging to a city which had its temples and its gods before the building of Rome itself; and whose antiquity went beyond the researches of Cicero, as he acknowledges.’

M. Le Breton, then enlarges upon the particular merits of each of these young artists; noticing, in addition, the designs of the Portico of Octavius, and the Temple of Mars the Avenger: and

stating that for M. Gauthier in particular, the institute had asked of government an allowance for his residence during another year.

‘On going ten years back (says M. Le Breton) and recollecting the restorations transmitted by the pensionary students during that time, it will be seen, that the French school of architecture has received continual improvement. To show this, we may refer to the ruins of Pæstum, by M. Lagardette: a collection of ancient city and country houses, by M. Dubut: Tuscan architecture, by Messrs. Grandjeau and Tamin: a collection of the most beautiful tombs of Italy, by M. Grandjeau: the ruins of Pompeii, by M. Mazois: and the works complete of Pignole, by M. Le Bas.’

‘One of the most efficacious means of nourishing this thriving institution, will be to publish, by engravings, the works of which we have just given an account. This was the wise intention of the class of fine arts when they imposed it as a duty on the architectural students, to do homage to the government that supported them, by each one furnishing a complete restoration of some imperfect ancient building. The time is now arrived, when this idea of the class of fine arts can be put in practice; for our collections in this way are considerable, and are annually increasing. We already possess *restorations complete* of the Temple of Modesty, by M. Dubut: the Temple of Vesta at Rome, by M. Coussin: the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, by M. Grandjeau: the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, by M. Menager: the Arch of Titus, by M. Guennepin: the Pantheon, by M. Le Clerc: the Temple of Fortune at Preneste, by M. Hugot: the Portico of Octavius, by M. Chatillon: and the Temple of Mars ultor, by M. Gauthier.’

‘If they be not published, these treasures of art will be buried in our archives, without being in any degree useful, when they are so capable of aiding the progress of art. The originals cannot be lent out: an accident may destroy them. Unknown to the public at large—cumbrous from their size—useless for instruction—hazardous from their materials—thus to keep them, would be evidence that we do not deserve to possess them. Moreover, the artists by whom they are executed, are all in the vigour of their age: they would correct them, and superintend the engravings. Of this opinion is the class of fine arts belonging to the institute. And they resolve that honourable mention be made of the works of the students at Rome, Messrs. Chatillon, Provost, Suys, Gauthier, Le Clerc, and Hugot: and that this resolve be transmitted to the minister to whose department these pensionary schools belong.’

*Musical Composition.* This section of the report contains notices of the productions upon the theatre at Naples, and musical publications of M. Ferdinand Herold, M. Chelard, M. Panseron, and M. Roll. Hence it appears, that the French encourage the cultivation of Italian music, and the Italian style of composition; which, to say the truth, like the Italian school of painting, in grandeur, simplicity, and effect, leaves every other style of composition at an immeasurable distance. Compared to this, the silly sing-song of the English ballad, the noisy rumbling of the German concert, and the concetti of the French composers, sink into insignificance. A few of the Scotch and Irish airs—some pieces of Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, will bear to be heard; but there is no music, comparatively, but

the Italian: a truth, which those who know most of the subject, are most deeply impressed with.

‘*Miscellaneous Labours.* Notice of the paintings, by means of wax, of M. Castellan, and M. Taunay, submitted to Messrs. Visconti, Quatremere, and Chaptal, who consider it as an improvement on the ancient encaustic painting described by Pliny. M. Castellan has taught several other artists the process. M. Visconti has presented a memoir on the Elgin marbles. He speaks of them in the same terms of panegyric as the artists of London.

‘Notice of M. Verdier’s presents from Lisbon, and his strong approbation of the architectural works of Vitruvius.

‘M. Du Pin has described the monuments of M. Puget, existing in the arsenal at Toulon.’

‘*Music.* M. Perne has been occupied in solving the long-studied problem, what was precisely the music of the Greeks, and what was their system of notation? The profound and important investigations of M. Perne on this subject, were submitted to the section of music among the members of the institute, to whom were joined, for the express purpose of this investigation, Messrs. Prony, Charles, and Ginguéné.

‘The learned efforts of Meibonius, Barette, J. J. Rousseau, and La Borde, have done no more than to reduce the question to this termination, namely, that the Greek music is enveloped in a frightful multitude of almost unintelligible signs: insomuch, that the endeavour to introduce order out of this confusion, has been abandoned by those who engaged in the attempt. Yet it seems strange that the nation of all others which has been distinguished by the most charming simplicity in all their works of art, should embroil the most popular of their arts in such a manner, that it should be hardly possible to retain in the memory the signs necessary to be used in exercising it.’

‘But to resolve this question completely, it became necessary that some skilful, practical, learned, and laborious musician, should engage in this difficult investigation: and beginning afresh with the ancient authors, should examine the original text, and see what was really contained in that text, and how much of the confusion we owe to the glosses and commentaries upon it; and examine for himself, whether the signs or notes of the Greek music, taken from the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, really furnished by means of numerous modifications of those letters, one hundred and twenty-five different characters, and whether those one hundred and twenty-five characters, again diversified, according as they were employed for vocal or instrumental music—or entering into the fifteen different kinds of music, &c. should produce, as has been stated, one thousand six hundred and twenty notes, or signs of notation?’

‘M. Perne has had the courage to attempt this arduous undertaking. He has commenced, pursued, and terminated his labours upon the text of original authors, until he has brought out results and conclusions that have satisfied the class to whom they have been submitted.’

‘The admirers of the labours of antiquity—the connoisseurs in the most seducing and impressive of all the arts, may now rest assured, that the Greek music does not present to us that discouraging assemblage of signs, diversified by marks and accidents almost imperceptible to the eye: no: the Greeks have not abandoned, with respect to music



alone, that sublime simplicity which characterizes their taste so decidedly, in every other of the fine arts.'

'Instead of multiplying, as if at pleasure, the hundred and twenty-five signs, the first product of the different modifications of the letters established by musical interpretation, M. Perne has reduced them to ninety characters. Of these, one half are assigned to vocal, the other half to instrumental music. But this is not all: he has demonstrated that according to the general practice in use among the ancient musicians, forty-four characters might suffice; and answer all the purposes of the ninety; being employed in pairs, which might be used as a single note: and when these forty-four characters were employed, and considered separately, the number of effective notes would not exceed twenty-two.'

'Six tables, drawn up with a degree of intelligence very uncommon, and very neatly executed, illustrate completely to the eye, all the laborious propositions and demonstrations employed in this important memoir by M. Perne.'

'We omit for the present, the application of the author's principles to the different modes of Greek music, being desirous of hastening to the last conclusions which establish the reality of M. Perne's discovery of Greek musical notation, divested of the difficulties and complication with which it has hitherto been considered as enveloped: conclusions, by which he has established the analogy between the ancient and modern systems of notation; and furnished the means of translating, with great facility, the ancient notation and its alphabetic character, into the notes of modern music: a discovery, unexpected indeed, but perfectly made out by means of the tables of M. Perne already mentioned.'

'Lastly, the commission appointed to examine the labours of M. Perne, and the class of the institute to whom is consigned the subject of music, are of opinion, that this gentleman, by the extent and variety of his musical knowledge and attainment—by the resources of his age—his incessant and courageous application—is destined to disperse the clouds which have hitherto obscured the true knowledge of the music, and musical notation of the ancient Greeks; and that he deserves to be encouraged in the pursuit of this beautiful, but laborious enterprise.'

The remainder of the report does not contain sufficient matter of interest to induce us to extend this account of it. T. C.

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ART. V.—*Demetrius. The Hero of the Don.* An epic poem. By Alexis Eustaphie. Boston. 1818.

**F**ONTENELLE being once asked what was the most worthless of creatures, answered—a bad poet. The celebrated academician meant, no doubt, a poet by profession; and the author of *Demetrius* not being, if we are rightly informed, of this description, escapes so heavy a judgment. We collect from an account of his work given in a magazine of New York, that he is the consul of his imperial majesty of all the Russias, for the state of Massachusetts; and had before attempted our language in sundry prose-tracts, tending to the instruction of princes and reformation of states—Mr. Eustaphie may be a worthy man and a good consul, and a passable prose writer; but he is certainly a very bad poet; and it is an aggravation of his guilt in this respect, that he



has not—as we are entitled to infer from his ~~position~~ <sup>position</sup>—the vocation of poverty to poetize. He prints in a foreign tongue thousands of lines miscalled verses, out of the mere wantonness of a devious ambition, and thus officiously provokes the jealousy of professional scribblers and the ire of surly critics.

• If ‘Demetrius’ was really designed for the American public, it presents the most extravagant case of literary presumption with which we are acquainted. We could allow a foreigner, not trained from infancy to our language, to make trial of our indulgence and his own skill, with a sonnet, or a madrigal, or a familiar epistle in verse: so much would not be understood to demand great powers of mind, or mastery of expression; it would be a moderate and harmless exercise for him, and might not be insupportably oppressive for his American friends. But to assail us with an *epopee*, and that of considerable volume, of which the subject, too, is wholly alien—of the least possible interest, to us, is an unconscionable and unpardonable outrage upon our good nature and vernacular sensibilities.

For the sake of illustrating the incivility of the procedure, and preparing those who may have courage to look into ‘Demetrius,’ to judge of the extent of the author’s boldness and failure, we shall transcribe, at the threshold, what Dryden and Johnson say of the qualifications of the true epic poet. ‘He,’ remarks Dryden, ‘is the only man proper for an epic poem who to his natural endowments of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history; and, with all these qualifications, is born a poet; *knows and can practice the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes.*’ ‘By the general consent of critics,’ says Johnson, ‘the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truth by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to a poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. *Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.*’

If we could now suppose Mr. Eustaphie to have been altogether ignorant of the necessity of these accomplishments, we would the

more easily forgive him for the offence of which we have complained. We had, indeed, framed this excuse for him in our own minds, and were influenced by it, until, after turning over the leaves of his poem, we reached the end, and found there what he styles ‘the author’s Apology’—a grotesque sort of postliminious preface. In this ‘Apology,’—which, by the by, is far from being apologetical in its spirit,—he tells us, that ‘an epic poem is no ordinary undertaking;’ and that he contemplates, in connexion with his Demetroid, ‘a critical essay upon the *épopée*.’ Hence it is to be inferred that he had examined what the multitude of acute and erudite critics, ancient and modern, have written on the same subject, and conceived himself to be gifted and instructed, nearly, at least, in the extent and plenitude upon which they all agree as indispensable for success. We know of but one salvo for his modesty—the supposition that he has a new theory to propound, showing, among other new things, that their estimate is altogether gratuitous; and, in truth, unless he have made some very remarkable discoveries, we would beg leave to protest solemnly against his imposing upon this public an essay about matters which have been treated as often, and with as much labour, learning, and ingenuity, as any other topics of literature whatever. We have reason to be alarmed, not only by the triteness of the subjects, but by the complexion of his ‘Apology,’ as a specimen of his capacity for composition in English prose. A single phrase will testify how much this gentleman has yet to learn on the score of sense, idiom, and grammar. ‘Neither can the part thus presented, be it done so well as to excite interest and sympathy, or so ill as to provoke the opposite feelings, become the means of prejudicing the whole: it being evident, that, in the former case, the general desire to obtain the remainder would rather increase than diminish; and in the latter the prospect could not be worse, while the benefit of the experiment would still be felt, so far at least as to prevent much useless waste of health and time, and much additional mortification.’

The most disconsolate augury, however, arises from the design of the poem itself, and from its execution, as far as this is shown in the Introduction now published. We say *introduction*, though speaking of a volume containing more than six thousand measured lines; for such does the author, in his ‘Apology,’ request it may be viewed. He has only ‘imparted sufficient impulse to the subject’ ‘yet to be developed in its full extent and preconceived magnitude!’ Hitherto ‘all is fiction,’ save the names of the two principal personages; the rest is to be history expressly contradistinguished from the world of imagination, and this he calls a natural division! We admit that he has here struck into a new path, but we still dread the impending essay; the more, as we must believe that his speculations will be conformable to his practice, and his illustrations culled from his own ‘Demetrius.’ It is really too much to play Aristotle and Homer at the same time.

With respect to the execution of the portion in our hands, we must say, generally, that it is wanting in every particular which the

critics have commended as excellent in the great models of this department of poetry. It sins against their best precepts, and possesses none of the merits which they would exact as an atonement. The fable has no attraction in itself, and is most clumsily managed. What it has of incident is neither ingenious nor engaging, and only serves to betray the sterility of an invention which required to be severely tortured to yield enough for the mere sustenance of the slender plot. All is fiction, we are told, except the names of the two principal personages; and for the public, to whom Mr. Eustaphieve has presented his work, and in whose language it is written, those names, as we have before intimated, have not the slightest degree of interest. They are utterly unknown to the great majority of English readers, and must be perfectly indifferent to such of us even as have explored the Russian annals of the 14th century. The opinion of Addison, on a point like this, may be of no weight with Mr. Eustaphieve, but it is worth quoting for our readers. ‘There is a circumstance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to those poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment; I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who are so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, &c. And it is plain, that each of those poems has lost a great advantage among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons. Milton’s poem is admirable in this respect, as his principal actors are not only our progenitors, but our representatives,’ &c.

Why Mr. Eustaphieve having, as was natural, taken his subject from the story of his own country, did not employ his native tongue, is not explained in his Apology. Whoever succeeds in penetrating a few lines into his book, will perceive that his hopes, as an author, rest at home—in Cæsare tantum; and this observation gives occasion for the conjecture, that he aimed at producing a greater effect there, by a *tour de force*, a miracle of literary prowess. The work is ‘most humbly and respectfully’ inscribed to the present empress of all the Russias, and both her majesty and the imperial master are invoked and celebrated at the outset, through four or five most ardent and suppliant pages.\* Alexander is first addressed.

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores—

He is the ‘star of the north,’ with ‘a radiance mild, yet pure;’ he is the ‘first in eminence,’ though ‘second in name’ to him of Persia: and is thus lowly and loyally apostrophized—

‘Illustrious prince, whose blood from Peter’s veins,  
A source immortal, flows; vouchsafe to hear  
My feeble song, and with complacence look,’ &c.

\* We are not ignorant that the poet may plead for this *hallesujaying*, the high authority of La Fontaine.

‘On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes  
Les dieux, sa maitresse, et son roi.  
Malherbe le disoit; J’y souscris quant à moi;  
Ce sont maximes toujours bonnes.  
La louange chatouille et gagne les esprits,’ &c.

O that I could approach thee undisguised,  
And sing thy deeds confessed! Impossible!  
It is the future poet's happy lot:  
Yet happier far were mine, if thou, perchance,  
Approve my *humble* lay,—delightful hope!

Then the consul turns to the 'sweet partner of Alexander's  
scepter'd toil,' and hails her thus—most musically—

'——— Noble christian! Pious queen!  
Kind friend! Illustrious female! Spotless wife!' &c.

She is told, soon after, of the zone that girds her 'station's digni-  
ty;' of her wearing 'angel woman's genuine heart;' of her bring-  
ing

'Forgiveness to the erring, sympathy'  
To hopeless wo, Protection's cheering smile  
To timid genius.'—

For some particular purpose, the word *protection* is distinguish-  
ed by a capital, as we have given it. The poet proceeds—

'Thou whom great ease to serve  
Is sole complaint of thy attending train,' &c.  
'Bestow thy gracious, all-benignant look  
On this, *the humble poet's humble* mite,  
With boldness sprung from overflowing heart  
Laid at thy feet! Reject not, I beseech,  
This faint attempt, alas! how faint,' &c.

An aspiration follows, that he could dwell at the summer resi-  
dence of the young empress, where 'ocean's surly god subdued'  
'watches, duteous, at her couch of rest;' and where Venus and  
Pallas 'unite their *mutual* charms' to wait on her!

'——— Oh! were it mine  
To mingle in the sacred group, and drink  
Pure inspiration from the air so breath'd,  
Then might my efforts—But—Hence, wayward wish!  
No clime can quench the grateful poet's fire,  
No distance cool his *warm* regard.'

There is something a little mysterious in this, as well as in the  
suggestion to the emperor about approaching his person. But we  
do not pry into secrets. The empress is summoned to contemplate  
the author, sustained by 'one great glowing thought,' and pouring  
forth 'his grateful song' in the midst of a storm in the North sea;

'Heedless the poet stands! warm with the theme,  
The glorious theme, rude winter's icy touch  
He feels not, spurns the storm, and scarcely deigns  
To brush away *the frothy dust that hangs*  
*In quivering clusters* from his humid locks,' &c.  
\* \* \* \* \* 'Wilt thou accept  
The homage, stamp'd so deep with seal of truth!  
Wilt thou, as lately, on his lighter task,  
On this his greater labour smile! A doubt  
Would wrong thy generous soul. Thou wilt \* \* \* \*  
Enough!

Amen! say we. Her majesty cannot, we think, fail to be affect-  
ed by so romantic a situation, and so chivalrous a devotion: But,  
if she be familiar with our more ancient poetry, she will, when she

reads her bard's description of the storm, and particularly of the *frothy dust* that hung in *quivering clusters* from his locks, be reminded of the following lines, which rapt Dryden into ecstasy, when he was a boy—

‘ Now, when the winter’s keener breath began  
To crystallize the Baltic ocean;  
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,  
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods,’ &c.

We have dwelt upon Mr. Eustaphieve’s obeisances to the imperial pair, in order to convey to our readers at once, an idea not only of his genius as a poet, but of his spirit as a politician. It should be noted, that these orisons to the earthly divinities, are uttered almost in the same breath with the exclamation—

‘ To thee, O God! from whom all wisdom flows,  
To thee, *alone*, my prayers ascend!’

To speak more seriously on this subject: if we are out of humour with so miserable a caricature of our heroic verse, and the egregious rashness of the author, we are, and are entitled to be, as Americans, absolutely offended at his making our press the censer of this fulsome tribute to a despotic throne. We are not, certainly, inclined to find fault with a Russian for cherishing the highest admiration of the character of Alexander, and the virtues of his consort, which may, for aught we know, deserve the esteem of all the world. We have no right, and feel no disposition to quarrel with any foreigner sojourning among us, for continuing to be a loyal subject of the absolute government to which he may happen to belong. If he be here in an official capacity, we consent without a murmur, that he should, in his official papers, employ, with respect to his sovereign, the style, which is of the courtesy, or servility of his own country, be it as obsequious or hyperbolical as it may. Should he even supererogate a little in this respect, with a view to his private interests, it would be no cause of umbrage, though it might be of disesteem. No man, indeed, of real dignity or independence of mind will go even thus far, and no subject of a monarchical system, if he be a person of sound discretion and perfect breeding, will fail, when among a republican people, to be tender, on every occasion, of their prevailing sentiments, although he may consider them as prejudices. We should prescribe the same rules, *mutatis mutandis*, to a republican in a monarchical country, thoroughly convinced as we are, however, of the exclusive consonance of an erect port and simple address to the honour and welfare of human nature.

But the case of Mr. Eustaphieve is widely different from that of the use or abuse of an official formula. He flouts our republicanism with his oriental devotions to their czarinian majesties; he arrays himself, as it were, in our costume to perform his genuflections, and supplicate imperial smiles; he struts before us unbidden, in his chains, and clanks them exultingly in our ears. By committing this outrage upon our feelings as citizens, by thus braving our antipathies, he has forfeited all title to the indulgence

which we, as polite critics, having to do with a stranger's lay, might have thought ourselves bound to extend to his monstrous imagery and uncouth dialect.

The plot of this first part of *Demetrius* baffles our limited powers of attention and analysis. As far as we have been able to follow the incidents and characters, we have found them either insipidly commonplace or revoltingly extravagant. The action seems to be arrested and clogged, from page to page, by drawling, witless dialogues and monologues, and stops at length like the story of Menalcas. In our transverse examination of the volume, we could discover that it contained much about the conflagration of Moscow in 1813,—the misdeeds and catastrophe of Bonaparte,—the death of the duke d'Enghein,—the magnanimity of England during the late war, and the degeneracy of her opposition, 'an unnat'ral brood of vipers;'—the political and social merits of Massachusetts, and something complimentary to our country in general, dashed, however, with a most awful and significant But.....\* Although these affairs are introduced into a poem, of which the scene is laid in the fourteenth century, it is by direct digression, and not in vision; and the dealing with them so largely and immediately, does not appear to have been considered by the poet as an impediment in the way of the declaration in the Apology, that the present volume is 'all a fiction.'

There is no point relating to the correct structure of an epic poem, upon which critics have more decidedly pronounced, and generally agreed, than the exclusion of allegorical persons as regular agents. Both Addison and Johnson have denounced Milton's *Death* and *Sin*, admirably as these are informed and managed. Johnson remarks on this subject, that 'to give any real employment to such allegorical persons, or to ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind, by ascribing effects to non-entity. We see Death, Violence, and Strength, &c. brought upon the stage in the ancient drama, as active persons; but no precedents can justify absurdity.' Addison holds this language: 'These imaginary beings are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just shown, without being engaged in any series of action. When Homer makes use of them, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most

\* 'There was one sprung from Albion's mighty loins,  
The star-clad mistress of the new-born world  
Of promise rich and fair in beauty's bloom;  
Of courage, as of freedom justly proud,' &c.  
'But . . . wherefore raise oblivion's friendly veil?'

It is a great misfortune for this confederation, 'star-clad,' to have incurred, in any respect, the displeasure of 'her imperial majesty's most devoted, faithful, loyal, and grateful subject;' and it must be regarded as a great felicity by the state of Massachusetts to be told, that he wishes his 'humble lay' to be immortal for her sake. P. 170.



pleasing manner, and may be rather looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions.'

The author of *Demetrius* seems to have aimed at invalidating, by the force of his genius, all example and precept on this head. While he has discarded the usual and authorized description of machinery, he has filled his poem with extended allegories. Policy, Intrigue, War, Echo, the Spirit of the Storm, make a great figure in it as actors. The first, particularly, and numberless personages of the class of those who crowd the Pilgrim's Progress, are described and characterized with particular emphasis and minuteness. The prosopopeia is the figure of which Mr. Eustaphieve makes the most frequent, and most preposterous use. A few examples will serve to give the measure of his judgment, and show, at the same time, the felicity of his versification. The following is a part of the account of 'Policy,' a busy and mischievous fiend, not unlike, in its office, the Appollyon of honest John Bunyan. After describing a 'barren peak'

'High in the viewless regions lost, midway  
'Twixt earth and heaven,'

the poet proceeds,

'On this curs'd spot  
Where nature, forc'd to be unkind, against  
Her own creation plots; on this curs'd spot  
A monster fear'd, Ambition's eldest born,  
In hell engendered after Satan's fall,  
Keeps *her* most hideous court. \* \* \*  
This monster, of no sex, and yet of both  
Partaking, hatched in mischief's fruitful womb,  
Under the name usurped of *Policy*  
Now, like some subtle spirit, works *his* way  
Through the *impervious* barriers of defence.  
And now, a giant swoln, *he* with one step  
Bestrides the world, and with prodigious grasp,  
Labours to pull its mighty fabric down,' &c.

*Policy* being endued with this marvellous contractibility and expansibility, plays, especially after having 'joined her forces' to those of Superstition, many diabolical pranks, for a knowledge of which we refer the reader to various parts of the poem. One of *her* or *his* coadjutors, being portrayed at full length, and most fearfully, is thus christened,

'————— *This abject, low born worm,*  
*Intrigue* its name.'

*War* is another of the evil genii, or rather *Ogres*, and to its character a full page is devoted, with this superb climax:

'Yet strange to tell,  
The more this demon feeds, the more he craves,  
Insatiate, ravenous; and should the world  
Be of its victims drain'd, by hunger urged  
And fury, he would prey upon himself!!'

*Echo* is presented as sleeping in her caves, and anon it is said of her—

‘ Echo startled in her caves  
With maniac terror rushes out, and finds  
No refuge on the spacious globe.’

It is the *Spirit of the Storm* that rouses and bewilders her so cruelly, and this tremendous Spirit deserves to be marked in another of his feats. Being despatched by the Omnipotent, with ‘ a high commission,’ to the ‘ nether regions,’ he is soon there.

‘ Lo! his flight  
Is o’er! He stops, and with the waving wand  
Strikes Earth’s huge swift-revolving orb. He strikes—  
And thrilling tremor creeping through her veins,  
Convulses all her frame. Scarce ’gainst such force,  
Can her vibrating axis hold. She reels,  
She groans, and quick, obedient to the stroke,  
Opens her wat’ry stores. \* \* \*

Never but once,  
When to the first great deluge she gave birth,  
Felt she so great a shock, or was so forced  
To drain her genial sources *up* and bleed  
At ev’ry pore.’

Poor mother Earth! this was, indeed, her agony; a most woful travail.

Of the whole phantasmagoria of Mr. Eustaphieve, his favourite monsters and agents we would suppose to be *Superstition* and *Fire*, from the superlative wildness and elaborateness of the personification. Super-imposito moles geminata colosso.—The description of *fire* is sufficient to reclaim any Gheber from his idolatry—

‘ Quick, spirit-like,  
Elastic, *whole*, though breaking into parts,  
With tongue adhering fast, corrosive, dipp’d  
In burning Hell, the greedy monster licks  
The polish’d walls, by Time’s rude hand untouch’d—  
\* \* \* \* \* devours  
The sculptor’s and the carver’s costliest work;  
\* \* \* He swells, he raves,  
He vomits *downwards* from his belching month  
The red-hot showers. Wild flares his *gristly* hair,’ &c.  
‘ He rides a thick, *dark-crimson*, smoth’ring cloud,’ &c.

These are not even the boldest strokes of the picture. But having given our readers so much of the terrible, it is time to refresh them a little, and we have the means at hand in an original, dainty love-scene between—Aurora and Phœbus:

‘ Meanwhile, uprisen from her dewy bed  
Aurora weeps for the delay’d approach  
Of her fond bridegroom, radiant god of day.  
But soon she *feels* him nearer, and betimes  
His lofty race-way clears of mists and clouds.  
\* \* \* That nothing may she want  
To give so great a guest reception fit  
And suiting welcome; her *preventive* care  
The costly chamber of the Universe  
Nobly prepares: then putting on her rich  
And many-coloured robes, with silver wrought  
And orient pearls adorned, she wipes away  
Each tearful drop not shed from joy, and hastes,

Him, at the blazing portals of the East,  
To meet, and *vanish in his arms.*'

We cannot help thinking of the situation of the poor friend who may have been obliged to con over the manuscript of '*Demetrius*,' when he reached the passage here quoted. It was truly the sad predicament so feelingly described by Pope—

'To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,  
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face:  
I sit with sad civility,—I read  
With honest anguish and an aching head.'

Extravagant allegories, more or less lengthened, of the sort of which we have furnished specimens, make up a considerable portion of the volume. Such an aggregation of 'three-piled hyperboles and figures pedantical,' it never has been our misfortune to encounter before, and never, we are sure, will be again, until the second part of *Demetrius* shall appear in print. Nothing can convey even a faint idea of the chaos of allegories and metaphors into which the reader is plunged, except, perhaps, the famous medley of the *Dunciad*:

'All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,  
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.  
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,  
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,  
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,  
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.'

There are licenses and strainings in every page, at which Lee, or Rowe, or Darwin, or Tom Thumb, might stand aghast. Such, for instance, in addition to what we have already quoted, are the following. Speaking of the destruction of 'a stupendous pile' that might have served 'as a footstool for the Titanian race to storm the seat of Jove,' the poet writes—

'It spreads—it flies—  
It groans—it raves—it bursts!'

And of the Russian host—

'Our warriors, led through million deaths  
Scorn'd threat'ning ills, soar'd above hostile fate.  
Incessant toil'd, impetuous warr'd; and storm'd  
Impossibility's own rocky hold.'

Of the punishment of a traitor by Mamay—

\* \* \* 'So, with prodigious force,  
*High as an arm can reach*, he toss'd him up,  
Like some light reed, and, horrid to relate!  
With furious energy and malice dire,  
He dash'd him on the marble at his feet.  
The senseless floor, *hard, cold*, seem'd yet to feel  
The dreadful shock, and to recoil with fear,' &c.

And of an embattled Tartar foe of *Demetrius*—eclipsing even the Drawcansir, of the immortal Bayes:

'Frightful, tremendous, was the monster's mien,  
He look'd a moving tow'r with thousand souls,  
With strength of thousand men endow'd,  
\* \* \* He seems

A giant cloth'd with dark, disastrous flame  
Menacing pestilence; *while dragg'd along,*  
*A fiery comet on his shoulders hangs!!*

'I am much deceived,' says Dryden, after quoting some similar lines of one of his cotemporaries, 'if this be not abominable fustian; a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense.' The same great critic, describing the verses of a brother-bard in one of his prologues, relates of him,

'But when a tyrant for his theme he had,  
He loos'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad.'

Just so Mr. Eustaphieve, when he is handling the tyrant Mamay—the great antagonist of his hero. The speeches which he has put into his mouth cry out for vengeance upon the author, but we cannot stop to execute it, richly due as it is to our much injured language, and even, we should think, to the manes of Mamay's understanding.

According to the sage maxim which Ricardus Aristarchus has so earnestly pressed in his Dissertation 'of the Hero of the Epic Poem,' prefixed to the Dunciad, Demetrius is faultless and god-like. His horse is a lineal descendant of the 'far-fam'd Bucephalus.' He is under the special protection of Jehovah, who saves him, miraculously, more than once, by means of his lightning. On the first occasion, when the hero is in the hands of his enemy, loaded with fetters, and about to be arrowed, a sheet of vivid flame descends, and

'The grating chains,  
Prodigious to relate! were melted down,  
And from his body fell in harmless drops.'

Again, in another mortal crisis—

'The blow—the Thunder's peal  
Were but one instant; as if man had struck  
With Heaven's own red-hot arm. Blest prodigy!  
It sav'd the prince a second time!'

The impression which he makes when first seen as a stranger-knight, upon two beauteous and high-born damsels, deserves to be reported, though there may seem a little too much significancy in the description. Demetrius

'impels the restive charger *back*,  
His graceful movements, and his *agile* strength,  
The fine proportion of his *pliant* limbs  
At once with wonder mute the virgins strike.  
\* \* \* \* \* Sensations new,  
Mingled, confus'd, invade their breasts: they pine  
With wishes which they dare not scan, with fear  
They tremble, sigh with pain, with pleasure blush;  
*Pant* for relief, yet dread to be reliev'd,' &c.

Selima, one of these panting virgins, becomes the heroine, and the knight 'all her own.'—They have long colloquies, and several tender meetings; at one of which, that takes place in a chapel at midnight, the fair inamorata

'makes no effort to obtain  
Release from the sweet bondage of his arms,' &c.

The rencontre is compared to that of the morning goddess with the god of day, when the former

‘ Sinks in his warm embrace and melts away.’

Selima talks thus—

‘ Offend me, prince, thou never canst: nor I  
Forgive thee, since forgiveness cannot well  
Precede offence!—’

When she ends—telling him

‘ My heart and hand are ever thine.’  
‘ Here the enraptur’d prince. “ *And what could God  
Say more, if on a mortal he bestow’d  
His universe?* \* \* \* \*

I offer heart for heart  
And hand for hand, equal to thine in faith.  
\* \* \* \* By every tender tie  
Solemn and lasting, Selima is mine  
Not more than I am her’s!’’

After a formal harangue from each, and an interchange of vows, sealed by ‘ Love’s first glowing kiss,’

‘ in ecstasy  
Of bliss, and sweet discourse by look supplied  
Whenever language fail’d, they pass the night,  
To all, save to each other, lost. They find  
Within themselves a world unknown; and this  
Exploring, they forget th’ exterior world,’ &c.

In all this, and whatever concerns the relations of Demetrius with Selima, there is a mawkishness, silliness, and *innocent* nakedness of exhibition which entitle the author to be admitted at once into the Lake school. It is wonderful how he has contrived to catch the defects and affectations, and travesty the peculiar manner of the poets whose works he seems to have studied as a magazine of figures, and epithets, and forms of expression; of Milton, Darwin, Barlow, Wordsworth, &c. We scarcely know in what terms to speak of his diction. The words of our language were never, before, we believe, so grouped, when there was an aim at meaning and metre; out of no disposition of them ever attempted in a grave composition, has there been produced, as far as we know, a series of phrases so harsh, rigid, cold, and colourless. Yet it is evident that the author intended and expected to achieve a style the very opposite, and that he has been at infinite pains in rummaging dictionaries and books of blank verse, for suitable materials. He has carried the license of elision to an extreme unparalleled, and practised it in a way to produce an effect generally ludicrous, and always grating and inelegant. He may have, as he tells us in his *Apology*, a *prophetic ear* (every one must admire the catachresis); but he certainly has not a musical ear, and is incapable of distinguishing rhythm from rattle. Our readers have, no doubt, decided on the point already; we must be permitted, however, to offer a few more illustrations, as well of this incapacity, as of another under which he labours—of discriminating between the *sermo pedestris*, the expressions of a low or too

familiar cast, and those of the elevation or refinement proper for the majesty of the epopee. We select, at random, the following phrases:

‘ From that iniquitous dread pre-eminence,  
Whereon he, peerless, proudly stands alone,’ &c.  
‘ For, all to sum, at once, ’tis also said,’ &c.  
‘ Their place within, to th’ outward list’ning ear.’  
‘ To speed her Votary’s most wicked cause.’  
‘ Fury unspeakable the tyrant seized,  
What? Beard me here! Me, dare *me* to the deed?’

‘ His trembling frame  
The storm-driv’n leaf; his chatt’ring teeth, the stones  
That rattled ’gainst the stones.’

‘ More cruel than to change men into stones  
Their glimpse congeals the soul,’ &c.

‘ The fight  
Is o’er! ’Tis slaughter, carnage, murder all!’

‘ At length, after a march,’ &c.

‘ The column pass’d the bridge, to intercept  
Demetrius,’ &c.

‘ The *stripling* hero, Moskow’s mighty prince,  
Behold him somewhat of his glory *clipp’d*.’

‘ Not always can escape the Reynard sly;  
Not always Satan prospers,’ &c.

‘ And fix’d his eyes on those bright regions blest  
Whereto his soul, already seem’d, releas’d, &c.

‘ Sure ’tis wise to fear,  
At least ’tis wise to doubt, when chances are  
Against our hopes. ’Tis true,’ &c.

‘ Tears of blood distain  
The tyrant’s cheeks. He gnash’d his teeth and beat  
His head against the rocks. He gnaw’d his flesh,  
With rage convulsive foamed, and in the dust  
Wild-bellowing roll’d.’

\* \* \* Where’er he flies  
Echo repeats his curses and his vows  
To move all Asia, Earth, Heav’n, Hell itself,  
Against Kazan and Moskow’s hated Lord.’—

And so ends the first part of *Demetrius*—somewhat like the *Paradise Lost*.

We have not thought it necessary to dissect the passages which we have quoted, because there is no English reader of common judgment or taste who can mistake, for a moment, their true character. If we could light upon any thing like real poetry in the volume, we should quote it with more readiness than we have copied all this robustious nonsense. But as the author has no native warmth, or vigour of fancy, no fertility of invention, no *tact* as to language, none of ‘the thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers,’ he is constantly, as it appears to us, either lost in the clouds, or creeping on the ground; his periods are neither said nor sung; in labouring to be sublime, he only works out huge, misshapen images, and accumulates rumbling, unwieldy epithets.



On the whole, we consider this first part of ‘Demetrius’ as a ‘water-mark of the lowest ebb,’ as a complete miscarriage—as notable as any which has occurred since the era of Chapelain’s *Pucelle*. If Mr. Eustaphieve should be so ‘impenitently bold’ as to publish his second part, we feel confident that he will experience the same fate as in the present instance; and we do not wish a better to him or to any man, foreigner or compatriot, who, without the due preparation and parts, attempts among us ‘the greatest work of human nature,’ the *τελευταῖον ἐπιγένημα*—the last best fruit of the human mind. American literature is exposed to suffer abroad in its reputation by every such act of presumptuousness; advantage is taken of the hallucinations of the individual to decry the taste and genius of the country. The only defence then is, for the critical journals of America to show, promptly, an adequate sense of the demerits of his production; and it is this consideration which chiefly determined us in the course we have pursued as to ‘Demetrius.’ To proceed mincingly in such cases, is only to bring the national judgment more certainly into question; to betray the interests of our fame, and the cause of letters.

Of late years, it has become, all over the world, the fashion to write epics. A slight success in the humble walks of the muse, is thought enough to justify the mighty experiment; every smatterer in verse, every sonneteer and play-wright must build on the scale of Homer and Milton:

Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs.

The fable of the Frog and the Ox has ceased to be remembered or regarded, though almost invariably realized in these arrogant and hopeless endeavours. There are at this moment no less than five grand epics on the anvil in the class of literature of the French academy. We can foresee, distinctly, their common destiny, and know an epitaph to be found in the good *La Fontaine*, which may serve equally for the muse of each of the ambitious bards.

—La chétive pécore  
S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva.

We by no means despair of seeing produced among ourselves, in the fulness of time, an heroic poem, which shall rival in sublimity and beauty, and surpass in interest and instructiveness, any the most excellent and admired, of which the world is in possession. The discovery and revolutions of this continent, which remain to be sung in a suitable manner, constitute the noblest and richest subject ever opened to poetic genius. But it is only genius of the first order, disciplined and fed as Milton describes his to have been, that is competent to the glorious theme. To those of our countrymen who may aim at treating it, and, generally, to all candidates for ‘epic bays,’ we would never cease to repeat the lesson inculcated by Pope on our own aspiring tribe:

‘Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,  
How far your talents, taste, and learning go;  
Lanch not beyond your depth’—

ART. VI.—*Recollections of Curran and some of his Contemporaries.*

By Charles Phillips, Esq. 8vo. pp. 407.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

WE will not follow the present memoir through its details of birth, parentage, education, and events of life. Indeed it is but meagre in these respects; and rather a desultory compilation of the speeches and bon-mots, with some account of the later habits of the individual subject, than a work to satisfy the appetite of the public for the biography of an extraordinary man. Had we nothing of Mr. Curran but what is here recorded, we should be apt not only to imagine that his domestic life required all the partiality of friendship to slur it over into an odious obscurity, athwart which the phosphoric light of corruption alone shed a gleam, but that his eloquence was more brilliant than admirable, and his wit far below the standard of fineness at which it is estimated by his countrymen. But it is notorious that, at least in the latter instance, the celebrity of Mr. Curran was fully merited, and that there are a multitude of his felicitous and truly attic sallies stored in the memory of those who knew him, and repeated in every company, which raise him far above the herd of mere social jesters, who say good things at second hand, and find convivial fame either in exhausting bad puns, or committing petty larcenies on the jest-book.

As Mr. Phillips, however, has given his volume the modest name of *Recollections*, we shall not be so unjust as to try it by a test higher than its pretensions. Although, therefore, some of its jokes are poor, and some of dates anterior to Mr. Curran's era; though, with a few exceptions, the speeches are already familiar to the public, and the *recollections* of contemporaries merely *extracts* from sir Jonah Barrington, and other writers; and though much of silly and pernicious party politics are interwoven in a web of other tissue, which would have been infinitely more appropriate as well as agreeable without them; the reader for amusement will find in this production a sufficient portion of light matter to repay his perusal of it.

As, for the reason we have stated, we are released from the task of following the narrative, we shall content ourselves with copying a few of the anecdotes and jeux d'esprit least known, as specimens of the work.

At a time when called before the college board for wearing a *dirty shirt*—

'I pleaded,' said Curran, 'inability to wear a *clean one*, and I told them the story of poor lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. "I wish, mother," said Barry, "I had *eleven* shirts."—"Eleven! Barry, why *eleven*?"—"Because, mother, I am of opinion, that a gentleman, to be *comfortable*, ought to have *the dozen*." Poor Barry had but *one*, and I made the precedent my justification.'

'In an election for the borough of Tallagh, Egan\* was an unsuccessful

\* A contemporary counsellor, of robust frame.

ful candidate—he, however, appealed from the decision, and the appeal came of course before a committee of the house of commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer, Egan was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his wig in the other, and his whole countenance raging like the dog-star, when he met Curran—"I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran—"Sorry! why so, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas! Egan, its but too visible to every one that you're losing *tallow* (Tallagh) fast." "

Lord Clare, it is said, discountenanced Mr. Curran at the bar, and we are told—

'One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in chancery, lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument, he *lent his ear* much more to the dog than to the barrister. This was observed at length by the whole profession—in time the chancellor lost all regard for decency—he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began, in full court, to fondle the animal—Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said lord Clare, who certainly had much of the coxcomb in his manner. "O! I beg a thousand pardons, my lord—I really took it for granted that your lordship was *employed in consultation*." "

'An Irish gentleman, who certainly preserved most patriotically all the richness of his original pronunciation, had visited Cheltenham, and during his stay there, acquired a most extraordinary habit of perpetually lolling his tongue out of his mouth! "What can he mean by it?" said somebody to Curran—"Mean by it," said Curran, "why, he means, if he can, *to catch the English accent*." "

Description of a speech made by serjeant Hewit.

'The learned serjeant's speech put me exactly in mind of a familiar utensil in domestic use, commonly called an *extinguisher*:—it began at a point, and on it went, widening and widening, until at last it fairly put the question out altogether.'

'*Cross-examining witnesses.*

'Inquiring his master's age from an horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend—has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age as he does his horse's, by *the mark of mouth*?" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered—"You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a *great bite*." "

'To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny*, he once began—"Halfpenny, I see you're a *raft*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter."—"Halfpenny is sterling," exclaimed the opposite counsel—"No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only *copper washed*." "

'To Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist, once hesitating on the table—"Lundy, Lundy—that's a poser—a *devil of a pinch*." "

The ancient joke, of giving the motto of *Quid Rides* for this snuffmaker's carriage, is also assigned to Curran.

'Examining a country squire, who disputed a collier's bill—"Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?"—"He did, sir, but ————" "But what?—on your oath, was n't your payment *slack*." "

These are a fair sample of Mr. Phillips' recorded witticisms: they teach us how difficult it is to maintain the reputation of a humourist, by repeating those smart things which doubtless gave animation and delight at the time they were originally uttered.

Mr. Curran's most powerful efforts were directed to his professional duties.

'His speeches,' says the author, 'never were corrected by himself, and so dissatisfied was he at their publication, that he told me he offered five hundred pounds for their suppression, which was refused. It was his intention, an intention continually expressed, and as continually procrastinated, to have given to the world a genuine edition, prefixing to each speech a little memorandum, explanatory of the events in which it originated. This he designed to be only a supplement to the political history of his own times; "and for this," said he, "there are alive only two men in Ireland who are competent—Mr. Grattan and myself; but he is too industrious during the session, and too indolent during the vacation, and, at all events, would handle the subject too much *en philosophie*; but I, in all except my talents, should be the most natural historian; for I have not only visited the castle and the senate, but I have taken the gauge of treason in the *dungeon* and in the *tender*.'"

There appears to be a little want of judgment in preserving this egotistical declaration. Ireland, we believe, had, and has many men competent to be her able historians, though perhaps they might not think Mr. Curran's speeches, however distinguished for talent, a proper *supplement* to their work. Mr. Phillips also draws a very unfortunate picture of his late friend as a counsellor, to whose zeal was confided the interests of his clients.

'His notions of industry,' says Mr. P., 'were very ludicrous. An hour to him was a day to another man; and in his natural capabilities, his idleness found a powerful auxiliary. A single glance made him master of the subject; and though imagination could not supply him facts, still it very often became a successful substitute for authorities. He told me once, in serious refutation of what he called the professional calumnies on this subject, that he was quite as laborious as was necessary for any *Nisi Prius* advocate to be: "For," said he, with the utmost simplicity, "I always perused my briefs carefully when I was concerned for the plaintiff, and it was not necessary to do it for the defendant, because you know *I could pick up the facts from the opposite counsel's statement*." This is what Curran considered being laborious; and, to say the truth, it was at best but an industrious idleness.'

To say the truth, it was a gross breach of trust, and we sincerely hope and believe that Mr. Curran was never guilty of so scandalous a dereliction of the duty every lawyer owes to those who, with the facts of their case, put their property and happiness into the hands of their advocate. But we do not wish to pursue this train of observation, and take leave of our subject altogether, by simply expressing our regret that Mr. Phillips, for the sake of his own literary character, did not take more time than twenty-two days to concoct those recollections, and for the sake of his dead friend, did not reconsider and better weigh many of the disclosures he has, as we think, imprudently made.

We might add, that Mr. Curran's speech against the marquis of Headfort is here first published; and his well-known poem "the Plate-warmer," for the fiftieth time. The following verses from his pen, are either more novel, or less remembered.

TO SLEEP.

O Sleep, awhile thy power suspending,  
Weigh not yet my eye-lid down,  
For Memory, see! with eve attending,  
Claims a moment for her own:  
I know her by her robe of mourning,  
I know her by her faded light,  
When faithful with the gloom returning,  
She comes to bid a sad goodnight.

O! let me hear, with bosom swelling,  
While she sighs o'er time that's past;  
O! let me weep, while she is telling  
Of joys that pine, and pangs that last.  
And now, O Sleep, while grief is streaming,  
Let thy balm sweet peace restore;  
While fearful hope through tears is beaming,  
Sooth to rest that wakes no more.

*Lines written impromptu on the marble pillar at Boulogne, after Napoleon's fall.*

When Ambition attains its desire,  
How Fortune must smile at the joke!  
You rose in a pillar of fire—  
You sunk in a pillar of smoke.

ART. VII.—*Description of the Plague in Malta in the year 1813.*  
By Murdo Young.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

**H**AVING been in Malta in the year 1813, during the prevalence of the plague in that island, and having seen no description of its ravages since my arrival in this country, I am induced to give a brief account of its appearance, progress, and termination.

About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of La-Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or lazaretto, he, too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till all at once the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town, and

Suspended pleasure in the dread of pain,  
While desolation urged his woful reign!

Amusements ceased—places of public worship were shut up:—for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thi-

ther, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conducted to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined to the want of sea breezes, rendered La-Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain; for it was immediately retorted—*go yourself!* One might as well ask them to rouse a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave.

Prohibitory orders were now issued, commanding all persons from appearing in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the governor, or the board of health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly reappeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of merciless individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value, and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave!

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick, who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were woefully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common-place medicine—and herbs—to the use and application of which old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who, having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession: but I am sorry to add, that he fell a sacrifice to his humanity, in the behalf of his countrymen.



About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree—from fifty to seventy-five daily—the number falling sick was equal—indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the board of health:—but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague-hospitals, whither every person was carried along with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shadow of that heart-rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first the scene is far removed: and were it even present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house the beholder, the sickening, and the dying: to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil, which

Subdued the proud—the humble heart distress—

and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest in a short time none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but

Grecians came—a death-determined band,  
Hell in their face—and horror in their hand!

Clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lighting in the morn.

They did not all escape the evil:—but I have seen some of them, when duty led them near the prison where their friends were confined, climb up to the chimney top of the infected house, and, being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,  
Wave to their friends in openness of joy!

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague-doctors from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—That the promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil! for wherever a corse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head

and feet of the body, and hurried it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home; for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions, and defied their skill:—

Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,  
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!

The *casals* or villages of *Birchircarra*, *Zebbug*, and *Curmi*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all: and black covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. In these vehicles the dead were huddled together.

Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the scene,  
Till morning chase their bearers from the green.

Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from carts. They fled the approach of morning, lest the frequency of their visits should fill the inhabitants with *more* alarming apprehensions. The *silence* of day was not less dreary than the *dark parade* of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the '*Dead!*' as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbour, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the *Moors* generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office, very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food, which a moment before they craved to eat.

In autumn the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The plague returned a third time, from

a more melancholy cause than formerly: two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poor starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection, as described in the poem. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavour to escape. 'This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. The street of Pozzi was entirely depopulated, with the exception of one solitary girl, who remained about the house of her misery like one of those spirits that are supposed to haunt mortality in the stillness of the grave!

A thousand anecdotes might be related from what fell under my own observation, but they are all so touchingly sad, that I must omit them to spare the soft breast of sympathy.

Fancy may conjure up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building in the vicinity of fort Angelo: thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued 'as even imagination fears to trace.' The catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this: there, it was suffocation—here, it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium, mingled in one groan of horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature!

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood:—his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return: the priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death.

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abscess formed under each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abscesses grew of a livid colour, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

The rains of December, and the cool breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La-Valette: but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely

taken by the former, and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces, the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. There friends and lovers used to enjoy the pleasure of beholding each other at a distance, while

Retracing long those walks with weary feet,  
They cursed the fate which warned them not to meet!

When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory!

Before leaving Malta, I had the melancholy satisfaction of standing on the ruins of the plague-hospital, which had been burnt to ashes—that place where so many hopes and fears were hushed to rest! It gave rise to dismal recollections!

May none of my readers ever behold the miseries of the plague, or endure the lingering tantilization of the quarantine!

#### ART. VIII.—*New Steam Engine.*

**T**HE following steam engine, constructed under the direction of colonel Ogden of New Jersey, and intended for a steam-boat to ply to and from Norfolk in Virginia, seems calculated to give equal power, with diminished fuel, and dispensing with some of the apparatus commonly in use. The prodigious importance of steam engines seems now well understood, and any attempt to improve them deserves attention on part of the public. C.

‘The principal object in the construction of this engine is, a saving of the *expansive* power of the steam; which in ordinary ones is either entirely disregarded, or by being effected in a single cylinder, of necessity increases its size to an inconvenient degree, (an objection noticed by Mr. Watt in his elucidation of the subject—vide Encyclopedia, Art. Steam, &c.) besides adding to the already irregular motion it is subject to, and which even a balance-wheel cannot entirely obviate.

‘Steam is subject to the same law as other expansive fluids,—compressed to half its volume, it acts with double force, or expanded to twice, with precisely half: thus, if of the original power of ten pounds to the inch, it be admitted into a cylinder during half the stroke, and then shut off, it will continue to exert a decreasing power, until at the close it will be at five, its expansion will consequently be the mean (about seven.) If therefore the steam be used in two cylinders, each alternately half filled, the expansive power operating in one, while the full power is exerted in the other, both acting simultaneously on the same shaft, it is clear, that without loss of time or inequality of motion, the whole of that expansion, or *seventy per cent.* will be added to the power of the engine.

‘ If the same quantity of steam be used in a single cylinder of double area, and to obtain the benefit of expansion, shut off at half stroke, there will be at every closing of the valves, a revulsion in the boiler that must certainly be more destructive to its duration than if the expenditure were in an uninterrupted stream.

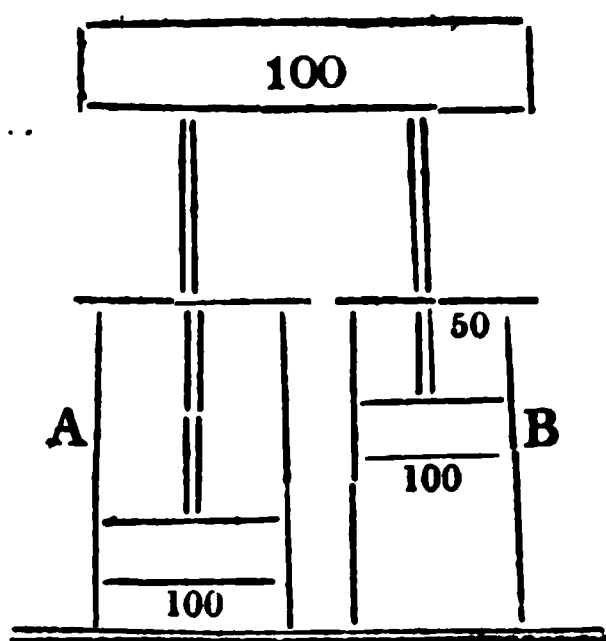
‘ The secondary advantages arising out of this construction are, The gearing being to cranks at right angles with each other, when the one is at its minimum or *dead point*, the other being at its maximum, will carry it past the centre, and (the one gaining at the same rate that the other is losing power) will perfectly equalize the motion, and thereby do away the necessity of a balance or fly-wheel.

‘ The engine may be started off from any point it may happen to rest at, without the trouble that frequently occurs in the single ones of prying past the centre.

‘ As either cylinder may be worked separately, by throwing the other out of gear, the chances of accident are not so great, nor the effect so much to be apprehended, for should a derangement occur to any part of the machinery of one engine, its corresponding part in the other will be capable of performing the duties in both.’

The most important advantage to be derived from this construction of the steam engine, is the addition of the *expansive* to the original power of the steam from the boiler, of whatever elasticity.

Steam when enclosed, having a space in which to expand to twice its original volume, acts with a power which is in a ratio, according to the demonstration of Mr. Watt, (vide Encyclopedia, Art. Steam, plate 478, fig. 10—1st American edition,) to its original power, as 170 to 100. Thus, if the power of steam admitted from the boiler uninterruptedly into the cylinder, during the whole stroke, be as 100, it will act, if shut off when the cylinder is half filled, (that is with 50) with a power equal to 85. If, therefore, there are two cylinders, by means of which the steam be made to act on the same machinery, and if the steam be admitted into each during half the stroke only, and suffered to act by its expansive force during the other half, but in such manner that when shut off from one cylinder it is immediately admitted into the other, then there will be always acting on the machinery a power of steam equal to that of the full stream from the boiler, in addition to the power which steam possesses of expansion. Therefore, one cylinder full of steam is, by this means, made to act with the original power of unexpanded steam, and also with that of steam expanding to double its volume. Thus, with a boiler capable of supplying one cylinder full of steam at every stroke of the piston, as is the case in the ordinary engines of Boulton and Watt, rating the power at 100, a power is obtained from the same steam, with two cylinders, equal to 170.



Suppose the power applied in either cylinder, be equal to raising the weight 100—Suppose it lifted by B to its present situation, and the communication from the boiler to B then closed, and opened to A—it follows, that as the power in A will, of itself, be sufficient to raise the weight, the expansion, whatever it is, in B, will be added to the 100 in A—And as all elastic fluids, occupying double space, act with half pressure, the power in B,

when the piston shall have arrived at the top of its stroke, will be equal to 50; the gain will, consequently, be the mean between that and 100.

A second, and certainly not unimportant advantage is, that as the communication of the power from the two cylinders to the cranks is at right angles, and both act on the same leading shaft, it will always be equalized; as, when one crank is at its dead point, the other will be at its strongest; and they will thus mutually assist each other, thereby doing away the necessity of balance-wheels, always inconvenient on board of vessels. In consequence of this a more convenient arrangement can be made with the machinery, by which it may be more safely protected in vessels of war, &c.

This engine will be much less liable to derangement, as, from its construction, should an accident happen to any part, there is always a corresponding one capable of performing the functions of both. When the wind is strongly adverse, an engine is unable to make its usual number of revolutions; from eighteen or twenty strokes per minute it is sometimes reduced to ten or twelve, and, consequently, the surplus steam must be suffered to escape from the safety valve:—with two cylinders this will be entirely obviated, as whatever may be the quantity of steam generated, it can all be used by altering the time of shutting off in the cylinders, and thus the power will be increased with increased resistance.

#### ART. IX.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

*Account of Mr. Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller in Africa.—From the Quarterly Review of June 1818.*

Mr. J. L. Burckhardt, a cadet of one of the principal families in Switzerland, was a native of Zurich. At the time when the despotism of France had closed every avenue, but one, of distinction to the youth of the continent, our young traveller, unwilling to engage in the career of a military life, came over to England, with an introduction to sir Joseph Banks, and after a few months' residence in London, offered his ser-

vices to the African Association. The result of Park's first attempt had more effect in kindling his hopes of final success, than the fate of Houghton, Horneman, and Ledyard in depressing them. Possessed of a good constitution, and unimpeached moral character, well educated, and capable of improving his talents by application in whatever pursuit might be found necessary to qualify him for the undertaking, he was immediately enlisted into the service of the association, and received from various quarters every



assistance he required in the different branches of science, to which his attention was directed.

Mr. Burckhardt left England on the 2d of March, 1809, for Malta, whence he set out for Aleppo, which he reached on the 6th of July following. Here, and at Damascus, he spent a principal part of the next three years; during which he made a variety of excursions into the Hauran and the Lesge, visited the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec, passed some time among the Turkmans of the northern provinces of Syria, and perfected himself in the knowledge of the religion, manners, and language of the Mahomedan Arabs, by frequent and long residences among the Bedouins of the desert. The result of his researches in that part of the world, which he considered as merely preparatory to his great enterprise, the African Association now possess, in the form of journals, and of political, geographical, and statistical notices. On the 18th of June, 1812, he set out from Damascus for Cairo, avoiding the usual route of the sea coast and desert between El Arish and the borders of Egypt, and directing his course, in the disguise of the poorest of the Bedouins, from the Holy Land, east of the Jordan, by Szalt, into Arabia Petræa, and across the great desert El Ty: he reached Cairo on the 4th of September, with the intention of availing himself of the first opportunity of penetrating into Africa, which the departure of a Fezzan or a Darfour caravan might afford him.

Finding, however, that this was not likely soon to take place, he determined to pass the intermediate time in exploring Egypt and the country above the Cataracts, and was thus enabled to perform two very arduous and interesting journies into the ancient Æthiopia; one of them along the banks of the Nile, from Assouan to Dar El Mahass on the frontiers of Dongola, in the months of February and March 1813, during which he discovered many remains of ancient Egyptian and Nubian architecture, with Greek inscriptions, such as are found in the temples of Philæ;—the other, between March and July, in the following year, through Nubia to Souakim and Djedda. The details of this journey contain the best notices ever received in Europe of the actual state of society, trade, manufac-

tures and government, in what was once the cradle of all the knowledge of the Egyptians.

Our traveller's next excursion appears to have been from Cairo into the peninsula of Arabia, for the purpose of visiting the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; in the former of which he resided between four and five months, making his observations secure under the character of a Mahomedan Hadje or pilgrim, and with all the advantages of the perfect knowledge which he had now acquired in the religion, language and manners of the inhabitants. His residence in this part of the east necessarily brought him into contact with the Wahabees; and the Association have received from him, besides a full description of Mecca, and of the early and recent superstitions of that part of the world, a very elaborate account of the rise and progress of this extraordinary set of Mahomedan puritans, comprehending the whole of their political history from the foundation of the sect, between fifty and sixty years ago, by Abd El Wahab and Mohammed Ibn Saoud, to the peace between Abdullah Ibn Saoud and Tooson Pasha, on the part of Mohammed Ali, pashaw of Egypt, in 1815.

The last excursion of Mr. Burckhardt was from Cairo to Mount Sinai, and the eastern head of the Red Sea. The journal of this interesting tour is interspersed with a variety of historical notices on the former state of the country, and annexed to it is a memoir of the wanderings of the Israelites on their departure from the land of Pharaoh.

Besides these works, we are happy to learn that the Association are also in possession of a variety of notices on the interior of Africa, with several vocabularies of African languages, collected from the natives who visited Egypt during Mr. Burckhardt's detention in that country. There is also a series of nine hundred and ninety-nine Arabic proverbs, in the original language, together with English translations and illustrations of the various allusions contained in them; to these is added a literal and spirited translation of a burlesque epic poem, in the vulgar dialect of Cairo; the subject of which is a contest between wine and *bast*, the latter being a generic term for all the intoxicating substances com-

posed of the leaves of the hemp-flower and opium, whether in the form of pastes, pills, or sweetmeats.

Such are a small part of the labours of this extraordinary person, whose accomplishments and perseverance were such as could not have failed, had he lived, to place him high in the ranks of the most distinguished travellers of this, or indeed any age. He has in fact left behind him materials which have scarcely ever been equalled by any of his predecessors for the interest and importance of the subjects, the extent of his observations, and for the elegance even of his style, though written in a foreign idiom.

The close of Mr. Burckhardt's last work, we understand, is brought down to the 25th March, 1817, when the approaching summer seemed to offer to him the pleasing prospect of a caravan destined to Mourzouk, a route which he had long before decided on as the most likely to conduct towards that point which had now for many years been the principal object of his life. His expressions on this occasion, and which we copy from one of the last letters he was destined to write, cannot be contemplated, at the present moment, without feelings of deep regret.

'I write to sir Joseph Banks, and repeat to you, that I am in anxious expectation of a caravan for Libya, and I have been long prepared to start on the shortest notice. I shall leave Egypt with more pleasure, because I shall now no more have to regret leaving my journals in a rude state, which would have been the case, if I had started last year; and it will afford me no small consolation upon my future travels, to think that, whatever may be my fate, some profit has, at least, hitherto accrued from my pursuits, and that the Association are now in possession of several journals of mine, treating of new and interesting countries.'

Such was the eager and lively hope with which he looked forward to joining the departing caravan! but providence ordained otherwise. On the 5th of October, 1817, he was suddenly seized with a dysentery, which, in spite of the attendance of an English physician, hurried him to an untimely end, on the 15th of that month. No words can better depict the last moments of

this object of our regret, his ardent mind and his affectionate heart, than those of a letter from the consul-general of Egypt to the secretary of the African Association, of which the following is an extract.—

'I have the painful task of communicating to you very heart-rending intelligence. Our valuable traveller and friend, Sheick Ibrahim, is no more; he died on Wednesday last, after an illness of only ten days continuance, of a dysentery, which baffled all the skill of Dr. Richardson, then travelling with lord Belmore, who most fortunately happened to be present at the commencement of his malady, and who attended him with great kindness and anxious zeal throughout its progress. The doctor tells me that he never saw an instance where the constitution made so little effort to recover itself. The disease went on from bad to worse with amazing rapidity, until he sunk a victim to its ravages. On Wednesday morning his dangerous situation became very apparent, and he then felt so conscious of his approaching end, that he begged I might be sent for.

'I went over immediately, and cannot describe how shocking it was to see the change which in so short a time had taken place. On the Tuesday se'nnight previous, he had been walking in my garden, with all the appearance of health about him, and conversing with his usual liveliness and vigour; he could now scarcely articulate his words; often made use of one for the other—was of a ghastly hue, covered with a cold clammy sweat, and had all the symptomatic restlessness of approaching death. Yet he still perfectly retained his senses, and was surprisingly firm and collected, and desired I would take pen and paper, and write down what he should dictate. The following is almost word for word what he said. "If I should now die, I wish you to draw on Mr. Hamilton for 250 pounds, for money due to me from the African Association, and, together with what I have in Mr. Boghoz' hands, (2000 piastres) make the following distribution of it. Pay up my share of the Memnon head." (This he subsequently repeated, as if afraid I should think he had already contributed enough, which I had once hinted.) "Give 2000 piastres to Oman," (an Englishman whom I persuaded the Pasha to release

from slavery, at Sheikh Ibrahim's particular request;) "400 piastres to Shahrty, my servant. Let my male and female slave, and whatever I have in the house, which is little, go to Osman. —Send 1000 piastres to the poor at Zurich, my native place. My whole library, with the exception of my European books, I wish to go to the University of Cambridge, to the care of Dr. Clarke, the librarian, comprising also those in the hands of my friend, sir Joseph Banks. My European books I leave to you (Mr. Salt:) of my papers, make such a selection as you think right, and send them to Mr. Hamilton, for the African Association—there is nothing on Africa. I was starting in two months' time with the caravan returning from Mecca, and going to Fezzan,—thence to Tombuctoo—but it is otherwise disposed.—Give my love to my friends." He then enumerated several persons he was living with here on terms of intimacy: he afterwards paused, and seemed to be troubled. At length, with great exertion, he said,—“Let Mr. Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and say that my last thoughts were always with her.” His mother's name was thus apparently kept back for some time, as if he was afraid to trust himself with the mention of it. The expression also of his countenance, when he noticed his intended journey, was an evident struggle between disappointed hopes and manly resignation. Less of the weakness of human nature was, perhaps, never exhibited on a death-bed. About a quarter before twelve at night he expired without a groan, six hours after the above-mentioned conversation. The funeral, as he desired, was Mohammedan, conducted with all proper regard to the respectable rank which he held in the eyes of the natives. On this point I had no difficulty in deciding, after his own expression on the subject. I can assure you that his loss has been a severe shock to me. I admired his talents, high integrity, and noble independence of character, and from daily witnessing the admirable prudence with which he conducted himself towards the natives, I had formed very sanguine hopes of his ultimate success in the great enterprise to which he had dedicated his life. I also loved him for his benevolence, which was exercised in the most libe-

ral way towards all whom he knew in distress; and to do which, with his limited income, he must have denied himself not merely luxuries, but even comforts. In conversation he was very agreeable: there was a quick sparkling in his eye, and a variety of expression in his countenance, when animated, which excited the most lively interest in the minds of those whom he was addressing; and the warmth and energy of his style and manner, satisfied you that he spoke from the heart. His detestation of a man, acting for his own ends against the interests of society, was so excessive, that he could not speak of such a one with patience. He had been daily in the practice of paying me a visit in my garden, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon; but seldom could be prevailed upon to stay dinner, as it broke in too much on his usual habits. He was kind beyond measure in giving assistance to the travellers who visited Egypt, and in pointing out to them the best road to pursue. Only a week before his death, he had been engaged in purchasing some books for lord Belmore, when he met with a copy of the *Antar* for your brother, now in my possession.\*

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\* The following extract of a letter, written to a friend in England, in March last, presents a lively picture of the feelings with which a hasty perusal of a part of ‘*The Life and Adventures of Antar*,’ had inspired this accomplished Orientalist:—

‘When you ask me whether I know *Antar*, you probably forget that the first knowledge I gained of that work was from an odd volume in your own library. I fully agree with you in your sentiments concerning it; it has certainly every requisite to be called an epopee; it is throughout of high interest, and often sublime. I have attentively read little more than one twelfth part of it. Its style is very remarkable; without descending to the tone of common observation, as the *Thousand and one Nights* often do, it is simple and natural, and clear of that bombast, and those forced expressions and far fetched metaphors, which the Orientals admire, even in their prosaists, but which can never be to the taste of an European critic. The poetry appears almost every where to be the effusion of real sentiment; and the heroic strain of

KINGDOM OF ASHANTEE IN AFRICA.

We are much mistaken if the shortest and best road for Europeans, to Tombuctoo, will not be found to be that from Cummaze, the capital of the Ashantees. It is somewhat remarkable that we should just now, for the first time in the course of two hundred years, learn any thing of this rich and populous nation, whose capital is situated not a hundred and fifty miles from the British factory. In the course of last year a mission from the governor of Cape Coast Castle, was sent to Zey Tooloo Quamina, king of Ashantee, consisting of Mr. Bowdich, Mr. Hutchison, and Mr. Tedlie. For some time after their arrival in the capital, they were kept in close confinement, owing to the jealousy instilled into the king's mind by some Moorish merchants. Their good conduct, however, enabled them to overcome all difficulties, and the king was so well satisfied of the sincerity of their views and declarations, that he concluded a treaty with them, and consented to send his children to be educated at Cape Coast Castle. The following extract of a let-

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Antar's war and love-songs, his satires and bursts of self-praise, are as exalted as they are natural.'

Our readers will learn with pleasure, that Antar is likely soon to be as well known to us as any of the heroes and sages of antiquity. His work, of which but three copies exist in Europe—one, we believe, in Vienna, and two (including that mentioned in the text) in England—has recently been translated into English, by a gentleman who has been residing for some time at Constantinople, in the character of oriental secretary to the British embassy. The original, like most oriental productions, particularly those which rank among the popular tales of the East, is of considerable extent, consisting, we are told, of ~~no less~~ than forty volumes of various sizes. A very small part of the translation has hitherto reached England; but the specimens of it which have come under our notice give us a most favourable opinion of its merit as a tale and as a poem. The translation of the poetical parts is made in what is commonly called the *Oriental style*, in which, it seems, the oriental imagery and idiom can be best transfused into our northern tongue.

ter from Mr. Bowdich will assure our readers:—

'The palace itself is most magnificent, the frame work of some of the windows is made of gold, and the architecture is so perfect, that it might be technically described. We were permitted to enter soon after two o'clock, and the king received us with the most encouraging courtesy, and the most flattering distinction; we paid our respects in pairs, passing along a surprising extent of line to the principal Caboceers, many from remote, and some from Moorish territories, all of them encircled by retinues, astonishing to us from their number, order, and decorations. We were then requested to remove to a distant tree to receive their salutes, which procession, though simply transient, continued until past eight o'clock; it was indescribably imposing from its variety, magnificence, and etiquette. When the presents were displayed, nothing could surpass the surprise of the king, but the warm yet dignified avowal of his obligation. "Englishmen," said he, (admiring the workmanship of the articles,) "know how to do every thing proper," turning to his favourite with a smile auspicious to our interests. On Wednesday morning the king's mother and sisters, and one of the Caboceers of the largest Ashantee towns on the frontier, paid us a visit of ceremony; their manners were courteous and dignified, and they were handed and attended with a surprising politeness by the captains in waiting.

'To-day we were conducted to a large yard, where the king, encircled by a varied profusion of insignia, more sumptuous than what we had seen before, sat at the end of a long file of counsellors, caboceers, and captains. They were seated under their umbrellas of scarlet or yellow cloth, of silk shawls, cottons of every glaring variety, and decorated with carved and golden pelicans, panthers, baboons, barrels, and crescents, &c. on the top; their shape generally that of a dome. Distinct and pompous retinues were placed around with gold canes, spangled elephants' tails to keep off the flies, gold-headed swords, embossed muskets, and many other splendid novelties too numerous to mention. Each chief had the dignity of his own province to his right and left; it was truly

“*concilium in concilio.*” We have observed only one horse, which is kept by the chief captain for state, the people riding on bullocks. At the request of the king I mounted this rare animal, first with a Moorish saddle, but it was inconvenient; and the king having heard Englishmen could ride with a cloth only, begged me to display my horsemanship, which I did for his amusement.

‘The manners and deportment of the king are dignified in the extreme, and his sentiments would do credit to the most civilized monarch; he is highly delighted with the medicines, and has begged for a great quantity, trying to learn by heart the doses and uses of each. The surgical instruments also attracted his close attention, and when Mr. Tedlie showed him a piece of bone which he had taken from an Indian blackman’s head, who survived the operation, his wonder could only be equalled by his admiration. When I displayed my telescope and camera-obscura, the king exclaimed, “white man next to God: black man know nothing.”’

The king, it seems, keeps his harem at a little distance from the capital, and once took the gentlemen of the mission on a visit to it. The ladies live in the midst of a park, in small houses adjoining one another, and are allowed to walk about within the enclosure, but not to pass the gates, which are guarded by slaves. The number of these ladies, kept like pheasants in a preserve, was said to amount to three hundred and thirty-three.

The capital of Ashantee is supposed to contain about forty thousand inhabitants. It lies in a vale, and is surrounded with one unbroken mass of the deepest verdure. The houses are low and small, of a square or oblong form, and composed of canes wattled together, and smoothly plastered over with a mixture of clay and sand called *swish*, which is also used to form their floors. The roofs are thatched with long grass. A piece of cloth passed round the loins and extending to the knee, is the general dress of the natives. The richer class have a larger and finer piece, which they sometimes throw over the shoulders. They wear a great number of gold ornaments, rings, bracelets, necklaces, pendants, &c. and gold *fetiches* of every form.

While the gentlemen of the mission remained at Cummazee, a near relation of the king shot himself; among other ceremonies observed at his funeral, a slave was put to death by torture; and it was understood that human sacrifices were always a part of the funeral rites of all persons of consequence in the state. It is also said that suicide is very common among them.

Mr. Bowdich has been indefatigable in his endeavours to procure information respecting Ashantee, and the countries beyond it. From one of the travelling Moors, he obtained, he says, a route-book, at the expense of his own wardrobe and the doctor’s medicines; but the fellow told him ‘he had sold him his eye.’ The route from Cummazee to Tombuctoo, it appears, is much travelled; in the way thither, the next adjoining territory is that of Dwabin, with the king of which, Mr. Bowdich also concluded a treaty. Bordering on this is a large lake of brackish water, several miles in extent, and surrounded by numerous and populous towns; and beyond the lake is the country of Buntookoo, with the king of which, the king of Ashantee was unfortunately at war. He obtained also the exact situation of the gold pits in Ashantee, and the neighbouring kingdoms, from which it appears that the name of the ‘Gold Coast’ has not been inaptly given to this part of Africa.

Mr. Bowdich learned from some of the Moorish merchants, who had formerly been at Haoussa, that, during their residence there, a white man was seen going down the Niger, near that capital, in a large canoe, in which all the rest were blacks. This circumstance being reported to the king, he immediately dispatched some of his people to advise him to return, and to inform him that, if he ventured to proceed much farther, he would be destroyed by the cataracts of the river; the white man, however, persisted in his voyage, mistaking apparently the good intentions of those sent by the king to warn him of his danger. A large party was then dispatched, with orders to seize and bring him to Haoussa, which they effected after some opposition; here he was detained by the king for the space of two years, at the end of which he took a fever and died.



These Moors declared that they had themselves seen this white man at Haoussa. This is unquestionably a more probable account of the fate of Park than that which was given by Isaaco, on the supposed authority of Amadou Fatima; and, as 'Moors do not destroy papers,' it is just possible, that by offering a considerable sum of money, those of this unfortunate traveller may be recovered through the channel of some of the Moors of Cummazee.

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*Specification of Dr. DAVID BREWSTER's, Edinburgh, for a new Optical Instrument, called The Kaleidoscope, for exhibiting and creating beautiful Forms and Patterns, of great use in all the ornamental Arts. Dated July 10, 1817.*

This instrument is constructed in such a manner as either to please the eye by an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, or to enable the observer to render permanent such as may appear most appropriate for any of the branches of the ornamental arts. It consists in its most common form of two reflecting surfaces inclined to each other at any angle, but more properly at an angle which is an aliquot part of  $360^\circ$ . The reflecting surfaces may be two plates of glass, plain or quicksilvered; or two metallic surfaces; or the two inner surfaces of a solid prism of glass or rock crystal from which the light suffers total reflection. The plates should vary in length according to the focal distance of the eye; from 5 to 10 inches will in general be most convenient; but they may be made from one to four inches long, provided distinct vision is obtained at one end by placing at the other an eye-glass, whose focal length is equal to the length of the reflecting planes. The inclination of the reflectors that is in general most pleasing, is  $18^\circ$ ,  $20^\circ$ , or  $22\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ , but the planes may be set with their smoothest and straightest edge in contact at any required angle by a metallic, a paper, or a cloth joint, or other simple contrivance. The planes may be either rectangular or triangular. When thus constructed, the instrument may be either covered up with paper or leather, or placed in a cylindrical or other tube, so that the aperture at one end may be completely open, and a small aperture left at the

angle at the contrary end. If the eye, placed at the latter, looks through the former aperture, it will perceive a brilliant circle of light divided into as many sectors as the number of times that the angle of the reflectors is contained in  $360^\circ$ . If this angle is  $18^\circ$ , the number of sectors will be 20: and whatever may be the form of the aperture at the end farthest from the eye, the luminous space seen through the instrument will be a figure produced by the arrangement of twenty of these apertures round the angle formed by the contact of the two plates, in consequence of the successive reflections between the polished surfaces. Hence it follows, that if any object, however ugly or irregular, be placed before the open end, the part of it that can be seen through the aperture will be seen also through every sector, and every image of the object will coalesce into a form mathematically symmetrical and highly pleasing to the eye. If the object is put in motion, the combination of images will likewise be put in motion, and new forms, perfectly different, but equally symmetrical, will successively present themselves, sometimes vanishing in the centre, sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around in double and opposite oscillations. When the object is tinged with different colours, the most beautiful tints are developed in succession, and the whole figure delights the eye by the perfection of its forms and the brilliancy of its colouring. The instrument, in the form described above, is limited to the use of objects which can be held close to the aperture; but to remove the limitation, the tube which contains the reflectors should slide in another tube of nearly the same length, and having a convex lens at its farthest extremity, the focal length of which lens should be always less than its greatest distance from the open end. In general it should be about one third or one fourth of that distance, but it will be advisable to have two or even three lenses of different focal lengths to fit into the end of the outer tube, and to be used as circumstances may require; or a variation of focal length may be produced by the separation or approach of the two lenses. The instrument thus fitted up may be applied to objects at all distances; and thus those



objects whose images are formed in an inverted position at the open end of the reflectors, may be introduced into the symmetrical picture in the very same manner as if they were brought close to the instrument. Thus trees, flowers, statues, and living animals, may be introduced; and an object too large to be comprehended by the aperture, may be removed to such a distance that its image is sufficiently reduced. The Kaleidoscope is also constructed with three or more reflecting planes, which may be arranged in various ways. The tints placed before the aperture may be the complementary colours produced by transmitting polarised light through regularly crystallized bodies, or pieces of glass that have received the polarising structure. The partial polarisation of the light by successive reflections, occasions a partial analysis of the transmitted light; but in order to develop the tints with brilliancy, the analysis of the light must precede its admission into the aperture. Instead of looking through the extremity of the tube to which the eye-glass is fitted, the effects which have been described may be exhibited to many persons at once, upon the principles of a solar microscope or magic lantern; and in this way, or by the application of the camera lucida, the figures may be accurately delineated. It would be an endless task to point out the various purposes in the ornamental arts to which the Kaleidoscope is applicable. It may be sufficient to state, that it will be of great use to architects, ornamental painters, plasterers, jewellers, carvers and gilders, cabinet makers, wire workers, book binders, calico printers, carpet manufacturers, manufacturers of pottery, and every other profession in which ornamental patterns are required. The painter may introduce the very colours which he is to use, the jeweller the jewels which he is to arrange; and, in general, the artist may apply to the instrument the materials which he is to embody, and thus form the most correct opinion of their effect when combined into an ornamental pattern. When the instrument is thus applied, an infinity of patterns are created, and the artist can select such as he considers most suitable to his work. When a knowledge of the nature and powers of the instrument

have been acquired by a little practice, he will be able to give any character to the pattern that he chuses; and he may ever create a series of different patterns all rising out of one another, and returning by similar gradations to the first pattern of the series. In all these cases the pattern is perfectly symmetrical round the centre; but this symmetry is altered; for after the pattern is drawn, it may be reduced into a square, triangular, elliptical, or any other form. This instrument will give annular patterns by keeping the reflectors separate, and rectilinear ones by placing them parallel to one another.

The Kaleidoscope is also proposed as an instrument to please the eye by the creation and exhibition of beautiful forms, in the same manner as the ear is delighted by the combination of musical sounds. When Costillon proposed the construction of an ocular harpsichord, (observes Dr. Brewster) he was mistaken in supposing that any combination of harmonic colours could afford pleasure to the person who viewed them; for it is only when these colours are connected with regular and beautiful forms, that the eye is gratified by the combination. The Kaleidoscope therefore seems to realize the idea of an ocular harpsichord.

#### LEIPSIC FAIR.

*Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Dresden, dated May 27, 1818.*

I have returned from Leipsic.—It was not business that led me there—I had heard so much of the Fair, that I could not restrain my wish to see it; so I got into the *wagen*, and travelling in the German style, in due time reached the destined spot; safely it is true, but not very expeditiously. I was, however, amused on my way by a series of arguments carried on between two of my fellow travellers, one of whom was for excluding all foreign goods from the German markets, while the other contended stoutly for the freedom of trade. I soon discovered that the former was a manufacturer from Silcsia, who had business to transact at Leipsic, and the latter an author, who was going to the fair to meet his bookseller.

We alighted at Leipsic in the heat of the fair. It was to me interesting to find only the bustle of peaceful

commerce in a place which, when I passed hastily through it a few years ago, I had seen surrounded with all the alarm and all the misery of war. On our arrival we proceeded straight to the great square, in which the sovereigns of Europe met at the head of their troops, after that decisive victory which finally delivered Germany from foreign domination. What a contrast between the unostentatious movement of industry, and the desolating shock of contending armies!

These associations were calculated to make their impression, otherwise, I should not perhaps have found much difference between this and other great fairs. I saw every where bustle and activity—here the mountebank, there the man of business: in short, that melange of occupation and amusement which is every where exhibited in scenes of the same sort. The greatest order is however preserved, and a stranger is not, as at an English fair, constantly running the risk of having his head broken or his pocket picked.

I found every department of industry briskly prosecuted here, but none more than the business of booksellers, to which my inquiries were chiefly directed. Leipzig is indeed the central mart of this daily increasing trade—the grand entrepot in which all the productions of the press are regularly collected, to be afterwards distributed through numerous prepared channels, over Germany and the rest of Europe. Thus periodical overflowings of literature take place, and though these inundations always bring along with them a quantity of rubbish and noxious weeds, yet the balance is greatly in favour of the rich and fertilizing materials they leave behind.

It would be in vain for me in a short letter to attempt to describe the vast store of literature which this fair exhibited. I shall mention only a few works in the German language to which my attention happened to be more particularly drawn: viz. *Mythologische Dichtung und Lachen der Skandinavier*—*Kosmographische Erleuterungen aus der Griechischen Vorwelt* by Bottiger—*Hammer's Umhlick auf einer Reise von Constantinopel nach Brusa und dem Olympos, und von da zuruck über Nizza und Nicomedien.*

Of the what the *Hft. or Specimen*, the Fair, and that I consists of about 100 p. commencement of these Hammer, and I found it and interesting information. I stand that translations of it are going on both in French and Lith, so that the complete pub will take place in the three or much about the same time.

An Account of Young Kotzebue's Travels in Persia is also in the press. Among the Classics, I admired some beautiful small pocket editions published by Tauschnitz.

Booksellers come to every quarter of Europe. The bar from France and Italy at was very considerable. Petersburg made purchases of a nature, that it ferred the Russians have re a very rapid progress in of literature. The French have also carried back with much greater quantity than usual of German works. But by far the greatest purchases have been made by a London bookseller, who is himself a native of Germany. This gentleman was not contented with a few copies, but carried off whole editions of Classical and German works. Among many others, he has bought up all the impressions of Professor Buck and Bauer's *Thucydides de Bello Peloponnesiaco*, in 2 vols. 4to.; and Schleusner's *Novum Lexicon Græco-Latinum in Novum Testamentum*, &c. so that not a copy of these celebrated works is now to be had on the continent, the whole being removed to England.

The great influx of English merchandise at this Fair has been made a subject of complaint by a certain class of persons, but with very little effect. The advocates of exclusion will never gain their object, as all sensible people are convinced that it must ever be the interest of the great mass of the German population to purchase the articles they want at the cheapest rate, without regard to the country of the manufacturer.

APPENDIX OF BOOKS.  
We translate from Dr. Noë's

Travels through Germany, &c. the following anecdote, relative to the efficacy of silk in repelling a musket shot, which is incidentally introduced, for the information of our military readers. The case occurred under Dr. Neale's personal observation, during his service in the British army in Spain.

'A very promising young officer of engineers, with whom I lived in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship, while he was employed in repairing the breaches at Ciudad Rodrigo, consulting me respecting an obstinate headach and giddiness, which I found was principally occasioned by his wearing a stiff black leather stock, I earnestly recommended him to lay it aside, which he rather tenaciously declined, when, as a further inducement, I told him, that in the event of his substituting a black silk handkerchief, it might one day preserve his life, as silk would certainly turn a ball which might penetrate leather. At length he complied, and as I had predicted, his headaches left him. We soon after separated, he going to the light division, and my station being with that of Lord Hill. The campaign commenced, and in a few weeks I learnt with the greatest grief, that my gallant friend had fallen at the head of the first storming party at St. Sebastian's. I was then stationed at Reynosa, many leagues distant. As I believed him dead, my surprise and joy were great on receiving a letter from him some weeks afterwards; acquainting me, that when on the very glacis, he had been wounded by a musket ball from a man on the walls. He instantly fell, covered with blood, which streamed in profusion from his mouth and nostrils; one of his own corps dragged him immediately into the trenches. He was carried to his quarters, and his wounds, on examination, was pronounced mortal; the ball not being found, was supposed to have lodged in the vertebræ of the neck. He lived, however for three days, and no bad symptoms coming on, the surgeons began to doubt the accuracy of their opinions. The sapper, who saw him fall, was examined to ascertain whether he had seen the bullet, which he instantly produced from his waistcoat pocket, saying, that on untying Mr.

Reid's silk handkerchief, he found part of it carried into the wound, and using a little force to withdraw it, the ball came out with it; not a single thread of the silk handkerchief having given way, as appeared on examination. I have since had the pleasure of embracing my friend in good health.'

#### POLISH PEASANTRY.

The dwellings of the Polish peasantry are described as being most wretched. Every peasant is his own mason.

Armed with a hatchet he enters the nearest wood, and having felled such trees as he chooses to select, he carries them to the area of his future dwelling, and splits each trunk into two beams. Four large stones mark out the corner of an oblong square, and constitute the basis upon which the hut is raised, by placing the beams in horizontal layers, with the flat sides inwards; a sort of mortice being cut in each about half a foot from the end to receive the connecting beams. A sort of cage is thus formed of small dimensions, generally about twelve feet by six, and moss is thrust in between the logs to exclude the wind and rain. Two openings however are left, one of which serves for a door, and the other, with the addition of a few panes of glass or a couple of sheets of oiled paper, forms a window. At one of the corners within, are placed four upright posts, round which are entwined some twigs, covered with mud and clay, to form a square area, into which is built an oven or furnace of the same materials; this, when hard and dry, serves the peasant for kitchen, chimney, stove, and bed. The roof is closed in with rafters and twigs, bedaubed with a thick coating of clay, and covered with a close warm thatch, extending over both gable ends. To finish this rude hut, the walls are sometimes extended a few additional feet in a still rougher style, to form a sort of vestibule, which also answers for a cart-house or stable; and occasionally a second is added to serve as a barn. Perhaps, in the whole building there is hardly a bolt, lock, or hinge, or any article of metal. Yet this is a retreat for a polish serf, and contains himself and family, and all his goods and chattels. If the proprietor happens to be a little more affluent, his hut may contain an oven of glazed

earthenware, and two bed rooms with boarded floors, the walls of which are whitewashed, and the doors secured with locks. If he be a Jew, the house is still larger, the roof better, and covered with shingles instead of thatch. The windows are a degree wider, and if he be an innkeeper, there is a long stable with a coach entrance at each end, which serves as in Holstein, for barn, stable, cowhouse, and a "lodging and entertainment both for man and beast," as the old signposts of our country express it. The gentry give to their wooden houses a greater extent, and a form a little more symmetrical. The walls within may be stuccoed and washed with distemper colours, and the walls externally plastered and whitewashed. The door of the entrance occupies the centre, and is covered with a rude porch raised on four posts, and the front may perhaps boast three or four windows. Such are the elemental parts and composing of a Polish village, and nothing under heaven can be more miserable, dirty, or wretched, than the whole assemblage, externally as well as internally. *ibid.*

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A VISIT TO LONGWOOD.

[From the Rev. Mr. Latrobe's *South Africa*.]

We now turned towards Longwood, which after a ride of a few miles, presents itself over a deep, barren glen, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl." General Bonaparte's premises appear, at first sight, to be placed near its ruin. After rounding the edge of the Punch Bowl, we reached the outer gate and guard-house. Sir Hudson pointed out to us the situation of Longwood, as peculiarly calculated to prevent unobserved escape. The grounds which occupy a space of about twelve miles in circumference, lie upon a kind of inland peninsula, the only practicable access to which is between the Devil's Punch Bowl, and a deep glen to the right, descending towards the sea, or between the flagstaff-hill, and the other end of the Punch Bowl. Both these roads are sufficiently defended by troops. As far as the guard house, and within the twelve miles, General Bonaparte may ride and amuse himself as he pleases; but if he wishes to exceed those limits, an officer must accompany him. He finds

this extremely unpleasant, and requested the officer to dress like a common gentleman, which however, being on duty, the latter was obliged to refuse.

After entering the gate, we rode up to another inclosure, where Sir Hudson desired us to wait, until he had obtained information respecting the general's actual situation. The interior of the premises is well stocked with ornamental and other trees, forming a pleasant shrubbery, the rest of the domain being principally covered with gum trees standing singly.

In a short time Sir Hudson returned from the house with an account that General Bonaparte was very ill with a swelled face and gums, and could not leave his room. This answer we had expected, and contented ourselves with riding about the park, if I may so call it, and obtaining a good idea of the situation of the dwelling of this remarkable man. He and his friends complain of it, but I can only declare that in the whole island of St. Helena I have not seen a spot, more convenient and airy, and where there is so much opportunity for taking a ride in a carriage or on horseback without interruption. The park is even and grassy, and General Bonaparte frequently rides out in a cabriolet and six, generally at full gallop. In the shrubbery, near the house, stands a large marquee, in which he commonly breakfasts, and spends a good deal of time. Bertrand has a separate house, a little lower down the declivity, at a small distance from his master's. We saw him and Montholon with their ladies, walking in the park. The mansion itself is rather an assemblage of buildings, than one whole house. The dining room, with its viranda, is the principal feature, and has three large windows. Connected with it are General Bonaparte's own apartments, the principal one turning its gable end towards the entrance. Behind that, if I am correct, follow those of the captain on guard, Las Casas, Gourgeon and Montholon. The latter has four windows. They are all one story high, whitened, with grey roofs.

To the northeast, is a remarkable rock, from its shape called the Barn, rising perpendicular from the sea to a great height, black, rugged, and without any trees. Farther inland lies a peaked hill called the Flagstaff. Towards the Barn descends a narrow

vale, covered with gravel of decomposed volcanic matter, in some parts so red, that it furnishes the imagination with the idea of a burning torrent. Here and there are patches of blue, yellow, and violet, increasing the deception.

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OPERA SALARIES.

A pamphlet has lately appeared in London, concerning the affairs of the Italian Opera of that capital. It is from the pen of the manager, and the specimens which he furnishes of the charges made by the foreign singers, whom he endeavoured to recruit, are not a little curious. The persons whose initials are given in the following letters, are not, be it understood, at the head of their respective departments; but, most of them, only second or third rates.

(*Literal Translation.*)

Sign. B——a to Mr. Waters.

Venice, 1817.

I acknowledge your two favours, dated 26th, 28th October, wherein you acknowledge mine. I observe, that in the first you promise to continue your correspondence with me from London, which place you were on the point of setting out from, and where you would be anxious to hear respecting the singers whom I proposed to you, but whom I am unable, this year, to engage.

*Prima Donna Seria*, Siga. F. P. demands *two thousand five hundred pounds sterling*, a free benefit, travelling expenses paid, a table, and permission to make her debut in a man's character in an opera which she will take with her.

*Prima Donna Seria*, Siga. A——, demands 1,500*l.* sterling, six covers, a free benefit, travelling expenses paid.

*Prima Donna Buffa*, Siga. T—— B——, asks 1000*l.* sterling, free benefit, travelling expenses paid.

*Prima Donna Buffa*, Siga. I—— F——, of this lady I will send you particulars the earliest opportunity, and will let you know whether she will accept your offer of 700*l.* sterling, and 50*l.* for travelling expenses.

*Primo Tenore Serio e Buffo*, Sig. B—— C——, and *Prima Donna Buffa e Seria*, Siga. C—— B——, his wife, ask together 2,500 guineas, with the privilege to sing at concerts, a dressing room, *fourteen covers*, the conve-

nience of a coach to the theatre, and an advance of 250 guineas.

*Primo Musico* Sig. Gio. B—— V——. He asks 2,500*l.* sterling, the privilege to sing at concerts, a free benefit, and travelling expenses.

(*Literal Translation.*)

Mademoiselle F—— to Mr. Waters.

Milan, 12th November.

Sir,

I received a letter of yours, to form with you a theatrical engagement for next year: I should not be against accepting it, if we could agree upon the conditions I propose, and my demands are as follow:—

1. I intend, to be employed in your theatre, as *first comic absolute singer*, to sing only in comic and semi-serious operas.

2. The first opera I am to appear in, to be of my own choice, and the singers who are to perform in it, to be to my satisfaction.

3. You will give me for my salary for the said season, *two thousand guineas in gold*, to be paid in equal payments monthly from the day of my arrival in London, until the end of the said season.

4. A free benefit night, free of all expenses, and ensured to amount to five hundred guineas, with liberty to give a new opera.

5. An advance of two hundred guineas, to be paid here in Milan, the moment the engagement is signed.

6. That the management of the Royal Theatre, are to furnish me in all the operas wherein I am to perform, the suitable greater or lesser dresses to my satisfaction.

7. That I may be allowed the liberty to have any private concert, it being always understood after my first appearance.

8. The accommodation of a carriage to take me to and from the theatre at all times.

If Mr. Waters, the manager, finds my proposals convenient, he may send me the engagement here in Milan; but I beg of him, which ever way he decides, to answer me by the return of post, for my guidance, for the other proposals I have from other towns.

Believe me, with the most perfect esteem,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) F. F——.



*Antiqua Historia, ex ipsis veterum scriptorum Latinorum narrationibus contexta; &c. i. e.* An Ancient History, compiled in the very words of ancient Latin writers. Edited by Jo. Godfrey Eichhorn. 8vo. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1811.

Professor EICHORN has permanently distinguished himself by a most learned and bold *Introduction to the Old Testament*, by a *General History of the Culture and Literature of Modern Europe*, by an *Introduction to the New Testament*; by a *History of the last three Centuries*, which is not so well weighed, well proportioned, and well finished a work as the three preceding; and by the *Introduction to the Universal History*, published at Gottingen in 1799, to which the two volumes before us form a kind of supplement.

The object of the Professor has been to extract from the various Latin historians an orderly system of primæval history; and, in the very words of the ancients, to bring together a summary of all that they have preserved to us concerning earlier times. This curious compilation he considers as adapted for the use of schools; because it will at once teach both Latin and history, bring facts before the mind unsophisticated by modern prejudices and superstitions, and habituate the scholar to every variety of style and expression. The plan was conceived while the author was rector of the Lyceum at Ohrdruff, was partially brought into use there, and, having been found convenient and instructive, has been habitually kept in view: the lacunæ of narration have been progressively filled up, the excrescences lopped, and at length a tolerable proportion of the parts has been attained. At Jena, the Professor adopted these selections as the basis of a course of historic lectures; and they formed, as it were, the vouchers of his oral instruction. On his removal to Gottingen, Scripture criticism became the principal literary occupation of his time for several years: until a desire of pointing out the connexion between Jewish and Greek history induced him to issue in 1799 an introduction to Universal History, from the earliest times to the dissolution of the Roman empire, and once more to look through and enlarge these transcripts, with the view of

employing them as an appendix of documents and proofs. For those parts of history, which could not be found related at convenient or proportionate length among the writers of antiquity, recurrence has been had to modern epitomizers.

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The fiftieth Exhibition of the London Academy contains 1117 paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the majority of which are superior to any six of the best pieces in the first thirty exhibitions of this school. Indeed, the most enthusiastic admirer of the ancient schools must admit, that there are some new pictures in this exhibition capable of ranking with the best hundred pictures of those schools; while there are few that are below mediocrity.

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*Travels of his highness the Prince Maximilian of Neuwied to the Brasils.*

Since the appearance of Humboldt's interesting Travels, and the continuation of the contest for independence which agitates the Spanish colonies, the eyes of Europe are turned upon South America, and every authentic account respecting that immense continent is received with great and general interest.

The Brasils still remain among the number of the countries of South America which are the least known to us. The Prince of Neuwied travelled through them in the years 1815, 16, and 17, and the rich fruits of his infinitely laborious exertions are now announced for publication at the same time with the interesting description of the journey itself, in four quarto volumes, illustrated with maps and copperplates,

Natural history was the main object of the illustrious traveller, and of course the materials collected in this branch of science must be the most considerable; so considerable indeed, that we are assured all the travels in the Brasils which have hitherto been published, taken together, do not contain so many new remarks as these: at the same time the manners, customs, &c. of the natives are not forgotten, and the whole promises to give us a lively picture of those countries which are still so imperfectly known to us.



**Royal Institute of France.—April 24.**

—M. Abel Remusat, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, read an article on the wandering nations of Upper Asia, extracted from a work, entitled, "*Recherches sur les Langues Tartares.*" He advances, we believe, an original opinion that the Goths at first inhabited the regions of Tartary. He argued from the similarity of Runic characters of inscriptions found near Mount Atlas to the Scandinavian.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare has prepared a third and supplemental volume to the Rev. Mr. Kustace's Classical Tour through Italy. It is intended to complete the labours and supply the omissions of that traveller, and to describe such parts of Italy as he had not visited, and others have rarely explored. The author has enlarged its contents by a Tour round the whole island of Sicily, an Account of Malta, an Excursion to Pola in Istria, and a description of the celebrated monasteries of Monserrat in Spain, and the Grande Chartreuse in France.

**AUSTRIA.**

**Population.**—By the last geographical details published in Austria, the population of that monarchy, amounts to 27,613,000 souls. In this number are included 11,750 Sclavonians, 5,000,000 of Italians, 4,800,000 Germans, 400,000 of Hungarians, &c. As to their religion they are divided into 21,000,000 Catholics, 2,500,000 belonging to the Greek church, 2,000,000 belonging to the reformed church, 1,450,000 Lutherans, 400,000 Jews, and about 40,000 Unitarians.

**Fine Arts in England.**—It appears from a list of each class inserted in a late number of "Annals of the Fine Arts," that modern patronage has created in England not less than 931 professional artists, of various descriptions, in and near the metropolis; of whom there are 532 painters, 45 sculptors, 149 architects, 93 engravers in line, 38 in mixed style, 19 in mezzotinto, 83 in the aquatinta, 22 on wood: and it deserves to be especially noticed, that among the painters there are no less than 43 ladies.

**Books recently published in England.**

An Universal History in 24 books—3 vols. 8vo.—Translated into English from the German of John Von Muller. Agnes. A Poem, by Thos. Brown, M. D. author of the Paradise of Coquette's.

A Treatise on the External, Chemical, and Physical Character of Minerals, by Robert Jameson, Lecturer on Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Geo. Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736, to the year 1770; now first published from the original quarto.

New Tales, by Mrs. Opie. 3 vols. 12mo.

Travels in Canada and the United States of America in 1816, 1817, by lieutenant Francis Hall, military secretary to General Wilson, governor in Canada. 1 vol. 8vo. P. 543.

A second Journey through Persia to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816, by James Morier, Esq. late his Britannic majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the court of Persia. 1 vol. quarto.

Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his original correspondence. By William Coxe, F. R. S. 3 vols. quarto.

The third and last volume in quarto, of the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin. Containing numerous political, philosophical and miscellaneous writings, now first published from the original MSS.

A Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist, by J. B. Brown, Esq. 1 vol. 4to.

An Account of the History and present state of Galvanism, by Doctor Bostock.

A Manual of Chemistry, by M. Brande, Chemical Professor at the Royal Institution.

An Account of the Dominions of Spain in the Western Hemisphere, by Captain Bonnycastle, of the Royal Engineers.

New Tales of my Landlord. 4 vols. 18mo.

Reports of Cases tried in the Jury Court of Edinburgh, from the institution of the Court in 1815, to the sitting, ending in March, 1818, by Joseph Murray, esq. Advocate.

Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence. 2d vol.

# THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1818.

ART. I. *The Old Bachelor.* 2 vols. 18mo.—Baltimore. 1818.

**T**HERE is, we think, one charge at least, from which our Magazine may be deemed secure—that of hostility or prejudice against the literary performances of our countrymen. If we have sinned in relation to them, it has, we apprehend, been on the side of indulgence; in forgetting at times, that nearly as much mischief might result from the too ready gratification of our natural partialities, as from the invariable application of the severest rules of criticism.

At the period of the formation of the national taste, there is a particular danger from bad models, and a particular exigency, therefore, for a vigilant censorship. It is laudable and patriotic to encourage native efforts; but it is not so to spare contagious vices of manner; to contribute to the confirmation and propagation of evil habits. The reprobation which is just in itself, should not be withheld, nor denied its most efficacious form, for a barely possible, or remotely contingent advantage. We find much weight of reason as well as of authority in the following remarks of Dr. Johnson: ‘An author who does not write from necessity, places himself uncalled before the tribunal of criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness is not culpable in itself, but it may be very properly reproached when it pretends to the honours of wit. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? and upon bad writers only will censure have effect. All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment. He that refines the public taste, is a public benefactor.’

A doubt may be rationally entertained whether any system of literary animadversion, however unsparing and inexorable, would overawe and deter real genius or knowledge disposed to claim the attention of the public through the press. Capacity is seconded in most cases by the due measure of confidence, and sets at defiance both satire and scrutiny. We are not aware that a single author of promise has been stifled in the bud by the *Edinburgh Review*, and its impotency to produce this unlucky

consummation may be fairly inferred from the case of lord Byron. For one such person who may have been disheartened by the aspect of that Rhadamanthean tribunal, hundreds of dunces and quacks have been emboldened to make free with the press, and hardened in their unlawful courses by the opposite scheme of judgment pursued in so many other quarters.

Few reflecting minds can fail to be convinced, that to set up exorbitant pretensions for American literature and science, has a tendency to retard their real progress and check the growth of their external reputation. In the proportion that we overrate ourselves, are we liable to be undervalued abroad, and to grow sluggish or fall short, at home, in the race of excellence. If we proclaim ourselves contented or delighted with what scarcely reaches mediocrity, none among us will seek, and few comparatively will know it possible, to ascend beyond that point; and foreign nations must suspect that we are deficient in the powers, either of production or discrimination. These considerations are substantial and obvious, but the common practice implies that they have been disowned or overlooked. The honest expression of a belief of our general backwardness in the train of the muses,—the candid exposure of the demerits of a particular American book, has been, for the most part, viewed and stigmatized as evidence of a recreant, anti-American spirit. The hue and cry raised on such occasions, and still, we fear, ready to be raised in spite of the clearest demonstration of its injustice, has the two fold inconvenience of repressing all truly enlightened and instructive criticism, and multiplying the enterprises of presumption and imposture.

Such a strain of remark as the foregoing, might be regarded as of no very favourable omen for the Essays of the Old Bachelor; but we have meant merely to put our readers in a right way of thinking on a matter of some importance, and not to prepare them for a sentence of condemnation on a deservedly popular American work. The preamble may serve, perhaps, to afford us some protection in freely excepting, as is our design, to what we deem seriously exceptionable in the diction and doctrines of the author. We have temptations which, we must confess, we can scarcely withstand, to give into unqualified panegyric in this instance. We look with gratitude and wonder upon a gentleman of the bar, in whom the severest labours, and highest offices, and amplest emoluments, and brightest laurels of his profession, have not stifled the generous ambition of shining in the career of letters; who so far from sympathizing in the contempt or indifference which seems to be generally entertained among us for every kind of excellence not appertaining to active life, lays the chief stress upon the utility and dignity of literary speculation; whose mind has been for a long term of years exposed to the atmosphere of courts, and the attrition of the world of business, without losing any of the finer poetical qualities with which it was richly endowed.

A vein of the most delicate, and at the same time, lofty sentiment runs through these Essays, written, as we understand, but a few years ago; they discover an unabated enthusiasm, a youthful freshness of feeling, for whatever is admirable in the productions of nature and art, and especially for the grand and beautiful in the conceptions and expressions of the masters of ancient and modern literature. What fascinates us, too, is the invariable, earnest solicitude of the author, manifested not only in this work, but in his '*British Spy*,' to spiritualize the character of his countrymen; to engage them in the noblest studies and habits; to mould them to that standard of perfection on which his thoughts and affections are so intensely fixed. It was remarked of Cicero, by one of his cotemporaries—that, notwithstanding he prized the reputation which he had established as the first orator of Rome, far above every other distinction or blessing, he laboured strenuously and unremittingly to raise up some master of his art who should surpass even himself, and realize the perfect model figured in his imagination. The jealousy with which it was natural for him to contemplate the idea of a superior or rival, seemed to be absorbed by his passionate and generous love and admiration of eloquence in itself, as at once the most sublime and beautiful result of the combined powers of the human mind and heart. Every reader of his rhetorical treatises, is likely to make the same observation concerning the fervor of his wishes, and the liberality of his spirit in this respect. He would have cheerfully forfeited his fame of preeminence, with all posterity, could he have produced that consummate orator, whose image perpetually occupied his fancy and fired his enthusiasm, while it humbled his pride.

We do not mean to call the author of the *Old Bachelor* a Cicero; but it is notorious, that, in the State which claims precedence of the rest of the American confederation, in the field of oratory, he enjoys, if not the palm of forensic eloquence, at least, and deservedly, an equal share of reputation with the most brilliant of its boasted models. There is, indeed, no one of his profession, throughout the Union, with whom he may not vie as an advocate. It is, in adverting to these circumstances, in connection with the anxious, restless zeal which animates all the writings of this gentleman, for the perfection and utmost splendour of the art of speaking among his countrymen, that we are reminded of the case of the prince of Roman orators. With a like enthusiasm and disinterestedness, he labours to fashion the youth of Virginia particularly, into patterns of oratory with whose excellence none existing could be compared, and before whose honours his own must, in a great degree, fade. Of the general impressions in his favour, left by the essays which we are about to examine, the most lively, perhaps, is that of his public spiritedness; of their uniform, studied tendency to attach every reader to the cause of morality and knowledge. Among those impressions also, is the belief of his

possessing, in regard to literature, a fine taste as well as an exquisite sensibility, although he has not always carried that taste into his own compositions, as we shall, have occasion to remark more particularly.

We do not know that a regular account of these Essays has ever been attempted in an American journal, and this abstinence is matter of surprise when their extent and character are taken into consideration. They are thirty-three in number; many of them are of considerable length, and employed about subjects of great moment and of general concern; they have the strongest attractions for all English readers; they may be considered on the whole, quite as creditable as any other American composition of equal bulk; they constitute, indeed, one of the most successful experiments which has been made in this department of letters, since the era of Johnson, notwithstanding the disadvantage of their having been written, as the author relates, 'at short intervals of leisure,' for the columns of a newspaper.

Even with such humble arrangements, some degree of boldness was required to enter upon so beaten a track; one in which numberless adventurers had utterly failed of success, as much, perhaps, from the satiety of the world, as from weakness or irresolution on their part. When the Old Bachelor prosecuted his labours, he could not have had the encouragement to be derived from the recent case of the Parisian Hermit, who has shown that it may be still frequented with the utmost eclat, and lead to the highest station of literary dignity.\* The popularity acquired by the Old Bachelor, furnishes another stimulating example, which we see with infinite pleasure. 'It is,' as he has remarked in the advertisement to this neat edition of his essays, 'much to be lamented that this pleasing and popular mode of conveying instruction, is not more courted in this country.' We concur with him too in believing, that 'we have many who have both the time and talents for such compositions, and who might do much good to others and credit to themselves, by devoting a few hours in each week to such a work.'

Our American essayist has thought it well to copy closely the most illustrious of his British predecessors, as to forms. He has assumed a particular disguise, which he endeavours to sustain characteristically, and has prefixed to each of his papers a significant Latin motto. We do not think that he has cast his part as happily he might have done; nor do we much like so trite an imitation as the portrait drawn of the person of the Old Bachelor, and the details given of his early history. The character of *Widower*, should, we think, have been preferred as likely to be best supported; for, the tone of the essays, with respect to the ladies, is uniformly and irrepressibly that of the happiest experience in

\* We allude to the case of M. de Jouy, who has reached the French Academy by means of his "*Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*."

the relations of husband and father. We would rather that such refined and rapturous homage, such exalted and beneficent sentiments, in regard to the sex, were placed in the mouth of one who had lived in that hallowed union out of which all the various grace, beauty, tenderness, and intelligence of the female soul can never be understood, nor appreciated. *Alfred* and *Galen* could as well have been sons as nephews, and the romantic strain of admiration and fondness poured forth wherever *Rosalie* is mentioned, would flow more naturally from parental affection.

The situation of the Old Bachelor on his farm, is well conceived and described; but the appendage of the castle might have been advantageously omitted. It is extravagant, and gives an air of absurdity to his enthusiasm. We do not perceive that it is turned to any good account in the course of the essays, and we regret the more pleasing association of ideas, as well as the greater congruity accompanying a neat, substantial farm-house, or a patrimonial mansion of the fashion of Virginia. A considerable degree of interest is imparted to the family-group; more, indeed, than belongs to the leading actors of any of the British classics. The author has produced nothing absolutely new, as to character or incident, but he frequently gives occasion to the reflection that he would shine as a novelist. The 'Old Bachelor,' is an engaging picture throughout. Some small part at least, of his own account of himself and of his position, should be offered to our readers.

'As sensible as any one of the ridiculous habits and attachments which bachelors are apt to form, I have avoided them most carefully, and contrived to substitute something more rational in their place. Hence I am not distinguished by the disgusting and loathsome neglect of my person, on the one hand; nor by the elaborate tidiness, formality and precision of my dress and appearance, on the other. My rooms are not polluted with the fumes of tobacco and brandy; nor my toilet covered with lotions and patches and powders. It is true that in the winter my doors are, commonly, kept shut, and my hearth clean; yet a servant may leave a door open for an instant, and a visiter may stir my fire, nay stand, and even spit, upon my hearth, without giving me a fever, or making me insult him by my looks. I am no spendthrift. The voice of the rake and reveller is never heard within my walls. But then, on the other hand, I am no miser. I cannot drive a hard bargain against my neighbour; take advantage of his necessities, and build my fortunes upon his ruin. Neither can I feel myself an alien to the world in which I live. I cannot, to save a penny, shut my door against hospitality, my bosom against sociability, my heart against the brightening countenance and inspiring salute of friendship. I feel that *I am a man; and nothing which touches the human family is foreign to me.* It is true, that I have no favourite cat, nor dog, nor horse: but in lieu of them, I have two fine boys and a girl, the orphan children of a favourite sister. She left them to me as a legacy—and they are the richest legacy that she could have bequeathed.—May heaven for ever bless them!' Vol. i, p. 14-15.



Alfred, one of the nephews, is put to the study of the law; Galen, the other, to that of physic, and both are introduced from time to time, with good effect, as correspondents of the uncle. Rosalie, the niece, remains at the castle, as his 'ministering angel,' and is invested with all the attributes of perfection which distinguish the heroines of romance. She is too seraphic a vision, and the description of her attractions and of his feelings for her, is among the instances of that overcharging to which the author is constantly prone. Rosalie decorates and animates the scene, however, and thus contributes materially to the dramatic turn of the composition.

A few, only, of the papers of the Old Bachelor are of a sportive or jocular cast. He is generally didactic and argumentative. He teaches in a serious mood, the most important duties and sublime truths, and acts the indignant censor as well as the grave moralist. We will select from different essays, some specimens of his ethics, which will be found to combine solidity of sense and benevolence of spirit with dignity of language and aptness of illustration.

'It is but a desponding and poor-spirited account of human life, that Pliny, the elder, has given, and very unworthy, I think, of so great a philosopher. For after a mournful dirge, in which he contrasts the infirmities and miseries of man, with the superior advantages and enjoyments of brutes, he cites a sentiment which he represents as common in his day, that it would be best for a man not to be born or to die quickly: and to show that these sentiments were not the capricious effusions of the moment, he asserts in another book, that the greatest blessing which God has bestowed upon men, amongst so many pains and troubles of life, is the power of killing themselves. How much more just as well as beautiful the view which Seneca has taken of the subject: when, after casting his eyes up to the heavens and around upon the earth, surveying the countless variety of objects that have been formed to entertain and regale us, and contemplating the high, and perfect capacities for enjoyment; sensual as well as intellectual, that have been bestowed upon man, he breaks out into the finest strain of eloquence, and calls upon his reader to say whether heaven has not provided not only for his subsistence, but even for his luxury, and that with the most unsparing hand, the most profuse munificence! This feast, however, of the senses and mind, depends for its enjoyment, like every other feast, on the health and appetite with which we sit down to it; and this health and appetite (unfortunately for us, as we manage it,) depends in a very great degree on ourselves. I do not pretend that any exertion, on our part, will always insure us a zest for this banquet; because sickness and sorrow, the common lot of humanity, will have their turn; and tinge, for a time, the whole creation with melancholy: but what I say is, that far the greater part of the miseries as well as misfortunes of which people complain, is purely and entirely their own work. Look at the character of those people who most frequently make this complaint of *the load of life*—how rarely will you hear it from innocence and active industry? How often from indolence, dissi-

pation and vice? Peace must begin at home. He who receives from his own heart, when he first awakes in the morning, the salutation of an approving smile, will, when he rises and goes forth, see all nature smile around him; while the wretch, whose interrupted slumber is broken by the gnawings of remorse or the pangs of guilt, will see the image of his own internal trouble and horror reflected from every object that meets his view. Vol. i. p. 41,2,3.

‘ The very men who have most distinguished themselves by this opinion of the preponderance of evil, were those who seem to have cleaved to life with the fondest pertinacity. Thus Homer, in spite of poverty, blindness and misery, lingered on to a very advanced age, and fell at last, not by his own hand, but the reluctant hand of nature: Ovid, another advocate of this opinion, as might well have been expected from his lewd course of life, sustained the ordinary evils increased by exile; yet, overloaded with calamity, as he affected to think this state of being, like some of the lovers we meet with in the operas, he chose the moment of misfortune to break out into a song, and chanted away, to the day of his death, with so much ease, and melody and grace; and on subjects too, so light and airy, that it is as difficult to believe him sincere in his complaints, as it is to believe the lover in the opera. As to Pliny, although he held death to be the greatest of blessings, yet he practised, in this respect, all the abstinence of a philosopher; and fled from the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed him, with as much precipitation as if he had really thought death the greatest of evils. Lucretius is the only advocate of that opinion who abridged his life; and in him, if we may believe his historians, it was not the effect of reason and calculation, but of long standing and confirmed insanity. Vol. i. p. 48,9.

‘ Whether science and literature increase the virtues of a nation has, indeed, been sometimes questioned by European writers; but questioned rather with the view of displaying the dexterity and powers of the disputant in a desperate cause, than of maintaining a position which he himself believed. For whether we judge by experience or the reason of the thing, it seems to me impossible for candour to doubt that the affirmative of the position is unquestionably true. Go, for instance, to those inhabitants of the southern parts of Africa, whom Barrow calls Bosjesmans, and who seem to be among the lowest links, if not the very lowest, in the chain of the human family. Their form is described as scarcely human; their language as little so. Their house is a single skin, stretched semi-circularly on sticks of wood driven into the ground; under which skin they creep, make an excavation in the earth, like that which our hogs sometimes make under the lee of a fence or out-house; and in this bed the Bosjesman coils himself up and sleeps during the day. At night, he goes out to feed on the larvæ of ants or locusts; and when this resource fails, they rush down in troops, like a band of fierce and hungry wolves, upon the European settlements at the Cape, and riot on the blood and carnage of their flocks. If ignorance could secure an exemption from vice, these people have, at least, as fair a title as any that have yet been made known to us by travellers. Yet they have no moral sense; no conception of any difference between vice and virtue; no ideas of religion of any kind; and almost the only marks of human intelligence which they give, are displayed in acts of violence and villainy; for they poison

their arrows, and live, in a great measure, by plunder. The mournful, indolent and torpid Hottentot, is another striking example of the intimate union between ignorance and a total destitution of virtue—It may I think, be assumed as a general truth, that in proportion to their ignorance, nations are cruel, dishonest, mean and perfidious. In some instances, as in Otaheite, from the softness of the climate, the abundance of the earth, the insularity of situation and fewness of inhabitants, the character, instead of being fierce, is indolent, languid and voluptuous; but there is nothing of the option nor consequently of the merit of virtue among them. Their gentleness itself, like their propensity to pleasure, is the effect, not of ignorance, nor selection, but of climate and constitution, an instinctive and necessary effect, and not the voluntary effect of virtuous choice. They form, therefore, no just exception to the rule, that ignorance and the destitution of virtue go hand in hand. So again, on the other side, it will be obvious to any one who will make the comparison, that in proportion as the dawn of knowledge has advanced in any nation, such nation has emerged from the darkness of vice. It will be nothing against this position, to adduce individual exceptions in the Rolla and the Cora of Marmontel and Kotzebue, or the Guatimozen and Pochahontas of real life. I speak of nations and not of individuals; and of the virtues of peace as well as those of war. I speak, too, of positive, active, discriminating, elective virtue; and not of a mere negative exemption from vice arising from climate and constitution, from relaxation, torpor, imbecility and inanity. Vol. i. p. 111, 12, 13.

“Believe me, that excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell and never puts it out, but for the purposes of lucre and ostentation—who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals and he was made to be their lord—as if they were formed for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice or to contribute to his aggrandizement—such a man may be rich, but trust me, that he can never be happy nor virtuous nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence.

“Be content with that; and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men; let them fall, like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint and way-worn pilgrim. I wish you, indeed, to be distinguished; but not for your wealth; nor is wealth at all essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers and philanthropists who in various ages have blessed the world; was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Epaminondas, of Fabricius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in the mind and in the heart. Those are the treasures by which they have been immortalized, and such alone are the treasures that are worth a serious struggle.” Vol. 1. p. 156, 7.

‘Every day’s observation and experience confirm my convictions, that some moral stimulus to the public mind is wanted, which I may at least aid in applying. Even in a political point of view the necessity for such a stimulus is daily increasing—for in a country and under a

government like this, the *political* condition of the people must ever depend upon their *moral* and *intellectual*. Circumstances peculiarly fortunate have hitherto cherished and supported among us, such principles of rational liberty as have conducted this nation to unexampled prosperity. But those circumstances are now ceasing to have much influence, and in our very prosperity is to be found the principle of our decay. In the progress of civilization itself, there are some causes operating to weaken the love of liberty and to render men indifferent to political changes. How much greater force, then, must those causes acquire, when civilization is accompanied by a wealth, increasing so rapidly as to outstrip every other active principle that can influence the human mind? And what have we to counteract them? How are we to oppose the vice and corruption that sudden riches bring along with them? How are we to stimulate men to exertion, on whom the love of ease and property has laid fast hold? What equivalents shall we offer them, if an opposition to tyranny should ever become necessary, for hazarding their possessions, their luxuries, their numerous indulgencies, and multiplied enjoyments, in the pursuit of what they would probably denominate a "haggard phantom!" We may call upon the honoured names of patriotism and of freedom as much as we please. They are deaf and cannot hear. We may attempt to rouse them by appealing to the example of their illustrious forefathers—but their forefathers were a poor and hardy race; had, unlike themselves, little to lose and much to gain—and their example will of course be disregarded. We have in truth from this class little to hope, and as the class itself is becoming every day more numerous and powerful, a greater necessity exists for working on the materials that remain. In the great body of the people, if they are *properly instructed*, we shall I confidently hope, find a countervailing power: but until then, so far from affording a ground for consolation, they furnish reason for despair. Usurpation can have no better instruments, than the wealthy who are indisposed to any change, and the ignorant who are unconscious and of course indifferent to all. Hence arises the duty, paramount almost to every other, of stirring and exciting the public mind, through the means of the press, of disseminating correct principles and just opinions—and thereby of finally raising up so many enlightened friends to liberty, that the pressure of any interested class in the community can never thereafter disturb it. From such a duty, no citizen of this country should lightly depart.' Vol. ii. p. 85,6,7.

The philosophy of these essays is every where amiable and exhilarating; of that heart-bred and mellowed character, which is so congenial with our better nature, and conducive to our true happiness. It may be exemplified by the following quotations, in the first of which the Old Bachelor refers to an assemblage of college students at his castle.

'At the signal of Alfred, his young friends bounded in; and, in an instant, the castle, so long silent and desolate, was all gratulation, life and bustle.

'As to me it seemed as if my youth were renewed. I listened to the little adventures of these young wags on the road, with all the tip-toe spirit and glee with which they were related; enjoyed with the quickest zest, all their wit and repartee; quaffed my glass of wine, after

supper, with more heart-felt hilarity than I had done for forty years before; told my story in turn, and in short laughed as loudly and made as much noise as the wildest dog among them. But our cheerfulness was all that of nature and of the heart. My young visitors were all gentlemen. Their gayety and even volatility became them. It was the combined result of high health, conscious virtue, mutual attachment and confidence, that unexperienced, credulous, captivating innocence, that keeps suspicion at a distance; and that high-bounding hope and throbbing expectation, with which genius looks forward to the great world on which it is just about to enter. Vol. ii. p. 53,4.

‘ I never see a heavy fall of snow, like that which I have been, now, observing, through my window, for several hours, without feeling an instinctive flow and gayety of spirits. This is, probably, the effect of an early association of ideas, which the mind still makes without my perceiving it. For in my young days a snow was the constant signal for an hundred different delightful amusements: amusements, which are now nearly out of use, perhaps, from the much greater infrequency of the inviting cause.

‘ It was during the fall itself of a cold and driving snow, while the whole creation without was shivering and shrinking from the blast and drift, and filling the air with their many-toned expression of their sufferings, that the highest interest was excited in all who were capable of feeling and reflecting. It was then while the flocks and herds were driven to their folds and stalls, and the wind was heard to whistle on the outside of those walls which it could not pierce, that we became sensible of the superior intelligence of man, and learned to appreciate a thousand conveniences and comforts which that intelligence had spread around him.

‘ Then, too, it was with the family drawn together, at night in a friendly circle, around the blazing and cheerful hearth, with a brown mug of that simple, rural beverage, the juice of the apple, placed before them—that I first learned to estimate the social character of man, and tasted the pure charms of virtuous and instructive conversation. Such was the time for innocence to come forth, without blush or tremour, and show her thoughts; for strong, uncultured sense to exhibit his muscles; and for rural learning to open its legendary lore. Vol. i. p. 200,1.

‘ I thank Heaven for no earthly blessing more than for this; that I was born with an equal and contented mind. It is incalculable from how much disappointment and vexation and misery, this single trait of character has saved me. Neither plodding avarice, nor wounded pride, nor scheming ambition ever planted one thorn in my pillow, or troubled for an instant, that sweet and careless repose, that nightly sheds its poppies around my head. I thank Heaven too, that my native equanimity has been so happily exempted from disturbance by extraneous circumstances; that I have never experienced either that pang of poverty which is, on all hands, admitted to be so dangerous to virtue, nor the equally dangerous impulse of redundant wealth. If I have been obscure, I have nevertheless been happy; at least, as much so as an Old Bachelor can be. Satisfied with the private station in which I was born, I have endeavoured, to the utmost of my ability, to discharge the duties of it, and have never envied either Woolsey his dangerous honours, or Dives his damning gold. I take no credit to



myself for these advantages; the orderly current of my blood and the happy mediocrity of my fortune are, alike, the free unmerited boon of Heaven.' Vol. i. p. 143,4.

At times he wings a loftier flight, and may be said to stretch his pinions and support himself majestically. The passage which we are about to transcribe, is a specimen of magnificent amplification, calculated,—as are very many parts of the writings, and we might add, most of the forensic speeches of the author,—to recall Cicero's description of a truly eloquent man—'*qui mirabilis et magnificentius augere posset atque ornare quæ vellet, &c.*

'It was a pleasant evening in the month of May; and my sweet child, my Rosalie, and I had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament that glowed and sparkled, with unusual lustre, from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state for vision; the milky way was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant and faint, lent its lambent light, or twinkling ray, to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon (so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible even the rotundity of her form,) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in mid-way air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

'We amused ourselves for sometime in observing, through a telescope, the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty, with his squadron of satellites, along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design by which those distant bodies had been parcelled out and arranged into constellations; so as to have served not only for beacons for the ancient navigator, but as it were for landmarks to astronomers at this day, enabling them, although in different countries, to indicate to each other, with ease, the place and motion of those planets, comets, and magnificent meteors which inhabit, revolve and play in the intermediate space.

'We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries, through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend. That thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes, glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around our sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars in the firmament which our eyes discern, or telescopes have brought within the sphere of our vision, but according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with a velocity, a million times greater than that of a cannon ball;—that those luminous



appearances which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin white cloud, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with “myriads of intelligent beings:” One would think, that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination. But what an accession of magnificence and glory does doctor Herschell superadd to it, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns, themselves, from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution; system above system, around some grander, unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—And when, carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but, also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of space, with which attended by their accumulated trains of

“ Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken, through the void immense,”

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in their vast career, some other centre still more remote and more stupendous—which, in its turn—“ You overwhelm me,” cried Rosalie, as I was labouring to pursue the immense contatenation;—“ my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing.”—“ Yet there is a point, my dear Rosalie; **THE THRONE OF THE MOST HIGH:** Imagine *that*, the ultimate centre, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent and august apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. O! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just, made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole and take in all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory at one glance, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, with which those vast globes, as they roll on in their respective orbits, continually hymn their great Creator’s praise.” Vol. ii. p. 46, 7, 8, 9, 50.

In the twelfth number of the *Essays*, the author takes occasion to state his main object in the following terms. ‘ The most important function which the Old Bachelor proposes to himself, is to endeavour to awaken the taste of the body of the people for literary attainments; *to make them sensible of the fallen state of intellect in our country, compared with the age even of the revolutionary war*, to excite thereby the emulation of the rising race, &c.’ In another place he says, ‘ my purpose is to serve and not to flatter my countrymen. I wish to stimulate them to a generous competition with their forefathers in those great qualities which exalt, &c.; but no effect of this sort can be hoped on their part, unless they shall themselves be brought to make the comparison frankly, and to feel and acknowledge their inferiority. The man,

therefore, who exposes our false pretensions, forces upon us an useful, although not a pleasing conviction, and in showing us that we are nothing compared to the standard of revolutionary excellence, he puts us on aspiring to an equality with that illustrious model.' In pursuance of these views, our author seems to think that he cannot recur too often, nor too vehemently, to the topic of the degeneracy of the present race of Americans, and the glory of the last. His light and shadow are in the widest extreme: we have but an alternation of tints the most dazzling or sombre, which the liveliest fancy, transported with admiration or disdain, could be conceived to yield. The style of the Old Bachelor here is truly that, or much more than that, of which we read in Cicero—'vehementius quoddam dicendi genus, quo rei dignitatem et amplitudinem, vel indignitatem et atrocitatem, pondere verborum et enumeratione circumstantiarum demonstramus.' We account for the exaggeration of his tone,—which certainly far exceeds the most emphatic which the subject could be, with any degree of speciousness, alleged to deserve, or the cause to require,—by his generous eagerness to attain his patriotic ends, and that inveterate habit of hyperbolical representation, at which we have already glanced. Almost any writer, indeed, who, among various objects of his regard, is full of anxiety for particular ones, will, insensibly, go to immoderate lengths, and press them with his utmost power of stating and colouring. If his heart and his imagination are warm, he will be apt, whatever may be his ordinary sagacity and judgment, to go much beyond the exigencies of the case. Allowances of this kind are obviously due to the Old Bachelor, and his intentions could scarcely at any time have been mistaken; but we are still surprised that he was not, in the season of party violence, formally denounced and denationalized by the newspapers, for his invidious contrasts. We have known of many a hot pursuit, where the liberties taken with the self-complacency of this generation, were far less exorbitant and provoking in themselves. The following extracts will furnish an idea of his boldness, while they cannot fail to be read with interest on others accounts.

'Together with public spirit, peace has extinguished the capacity for public service. The genius of this country, civil and military, is gone. Say that you have a war to-morrow, where have you a general to command your forces?—Pause and put this question to yourselves?—Washington is no more—and the satellites that played around that great luminary, have set with him for ever. Where is there a genius fit to preside over your armies; to guide the car and aim the bolt of war? I speak not of honest dolts, of "carpet-knights," nor men of dubious integrity—but of a great and glorious chieftain, fitted to concentrate the affections, the respect and confidence of this country, to look over the wide theatre of war and arrange and control all its vast results!—Have you such an one?

'Perhaps it may be said, that the talents of this country have not since the revolution been invited to war:—that genius of that sort, if it really exist, has had no opportunity of showing itself:—In answer, tell me

then in what the genius of the country does now show itself? If you have had no war, you have had peace and government. Exhibit the samples of your talents of this sort. Where are your poets, your orators; where are your statesmen?—I ask again where are they?—You cast your eyes to congress:—alas! what do you behold?—See you among them a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Jay, a Hamilton!—What can be more humiliating than such a contrast?

‘ My position, however, is that this decline of talents was by no means a necessary consequence of peace. The fathers of the revolution were guilty only of Hannibal’s oversight: they did not make every advantage of their victory which they might have done.

‘ They should have trained their children to virtuous hardihood, and martial glory, as well as to policy and literature. Instead of this they left them to hatch and breed like cankers under the broad wing of luxurious peace; and they are now little better than blotches upon the fair face of nature—reptile mice, when they should be rampant lions; light and gaudy butterflies, when they should be towering and thunder-bearing eagles. Vol. i. p. 72.

‘ In population, in wealth, in physical resources of every description, Virginia has rapidly progressed—but her moral course seems to be retrograde. The assertion is neither uncandid nor harsh: it is not even my own: I only reverberate a cry which resounds on all sides. Degeneracy, political, forensic, scientific, is every where a subject of lamentation. Vol. i. p. 129.

‘ Look at the remains of our revolutionary worthies—these plain, honest, hardy sons of valour and virtue—and compare them with “the silken, ducking observants” of the present day. Is there not as much difference between them as there was between the cotemporaries of Fabricius and those of Pompey at Rome; between the frugal simplicity and incorruptible honour which marked the first ages of that great republic, and the degeneracy which debased and ruined it, after conquest had poured upon the banks of the Tiber the splendours and luxuries of vanquished Asia. Vol. i. p. 202.

‘ Such were your ancestors.—Yes! dignity, firmness and wisdom were, indeed, their attributes. No adverse chance of war, no depth of political misfortune, could impair for a moment, the erect and noble dignity of their characters. No perils could daunt their courage; no hardships, however severe and protracted, could shake their constancy and firmness. No ministerial sophistry could entangle, no insidious show of friendship could beguile that wisdom which was for ever awake, and whose strong and steady light penetrated and scattered even the darkness of futurity. And how, think you, did they attain this eminence? how did they merit this glorious eulogy of lord Chatham? Not—trust me—not by giving up the prime and flower of life to indolence and folly; not by listening in their youth to the syren song of sloth and pleasure, and thus permitting the divine faculties of the mind to be degraded and brutalized. O! no: widely different was their course. Day after day, and night after night, they kept the holy vigil of study and meditation. If they did not, like Pythagoras, Democritus and Plato, explore the remotest extremities of the globe in quest of knowledge, they retraced, however, the whole route and

travel of the human mind; pursued those who had gone before them into every nook and corner of literary adventure, unwound all the mazes of learning and discovery, and followed the towering wing of genius into whatever region of science it shot its bold and daring light. Vol. i. p. 231,2.

‘ Illustrious men! Immortal patriots! Where are ye now and who are your successors!!—It is true, indeed, that a few, alas! a very few, of our revolutionary planets still hang above the western horizon!— Vol. i. p. 233.

‘ Of those characters of the revolution who are no more, I will select only a few, and giving to the reader the whole post-revolutionary, American world, I will ask him for their equals, &c. . . . Were not these men, giants in mind and heroism? Compared with them, what is the present generation, but a puny race of dwarfs and pigmies? If the comparison by individuals shall be thought not a fair one, look at them in bodies. Compare, in the first place, your state legislature now, with what it was during the revolution, &c. . . . The reader, however, may be of the opinion suggested some years ago by an essayist in the Enquirer, that our state legislature is not a fair specimen of the talents of the state; because those talents have been taken away from us by the stronger attraction of the federal legislature. Let us go, then, to the federal legislature itself, and look there for the talents thus removed from us;—and let us compare that body with the old continental or revolutionary congress. Comparing them as bodies, there is no other way to decide between them than by their acts. Talk, if you please, of the difficulties in which the present congress is placed; make every allowance for these difficulties, but, then, remember those greater difficulties which the old congress had to encounter. Compare the resources of the country at those two periods, in men, money, arms and ammunition. These words roll easily from our lips: but remember what they mean; and make the comparison fairly. I am not censuring the pacific course of our congress. I have nothing to do with politics. I say only, that the difficulties with which they are surrounded ought to weigh nothing in their favour, when a comparison is made between their talents for government and those of the fathers of the revolution; because the old congress were environed by difficulties still greater. . . . “When you consider,” said lord Chatham, speaking of the Americans of his day, “the *dignity*, the *firmness*, and the *wisdom* with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause.” Bring this portrait to the present time, and see how well it fits. DIGNITY, FIRMNESS and WISDOM!!”—I have no disposition to press the comparison. Vol. ii. p. 34,5,6,7.

‘ In the old Congress no man opened his lips but to ask or give information for the public good; and no man who was capable of throwing the faintest light upon the subject, shrank from a debate in which he was sure of being treated with politeness and respect.—Is this the case at present? Here again I leave the comparison to the reader: It will be for him to say whether our *manners* as well as our *minds* have not most wofully degenerated:—And whether, in all that respects public character, we do not, like Pompey in my motto, *now stand the shadow, merely, of a name once great*.

‘ How far the old Congress surpassed us in energy of intellect as well as grandeur of soul, may be seen by their various reports, resolutions, memorials, remonstrances, petitions, declarations, and statutes; these evidences of their character still live and will for ever live, while the name of liberty shall be dear in any corner of the globe.

‘ It is impossible to read those compositions without being struck with the dignity of action, and Herculean strength with which the whole subject is grasped; and the beautiful simplicity, and, at the same time, irresistible conviction with which the argument is evolved. The magnanimity of sentiment which breathes throughout them, corresponds, in every part, with the force and greatness of intellect which conducts the argument; forming together a *tout ensemble*, certainly not surpassed, if equalled by any productions on earth. No family ought to be without these state papers; more especially those families in which there are children growing up. A greater part of those papers have been collected in a manual called *The Remembrancer*. Vol. ii. p. 39.

‘ It is obvious that those men read more, and thought much more than their descendants. Their preparation for public life was on a far greater scale. Their minds were enlarged by the contemplation of subjects, and invigorated by the pursuit of studies of which we seem now to have lost sight entirely. And they entered upon business with an intimate knowledge of every consideration which belonged to it, *gained by labour*; the place of which their children seem to expect to supply *by inspiration*:— Our great misfortune is, that narrow and contracted preparations for public life have become so strongly fastened upon us by the fashion and practice of the day, that no one lifts his mind to any other course. Look, for example, at that profession from which you draw almost all your great officers—your presidents, governors, judges, and statesmen. I mean the profession of law. Let me first show you how a young man ought to be prepared for this profession, according to the opinion of lord Mansfield, than whom, no man that ever lived was better qualified to judge. Vol. ii. p. 41, 2.

‘ Who does not recognise in this plan of forensic preparation the mind of a master, who well knew, and had himself travelled this road to greatness? From this noble route, by which alone great men can be made, turn to the preparation for the bar which is practised in this state—Blackstone and the Virginia laws, now and then Coke upon Littleton, and a few Reporters, make the whole snail’s race of our young Virginia lawyers. Yet these young men, thus crude, and spoiled, and crippled, are in a few years returned from their counties to the General Assembly—for the solemn and important function of making laws for the commonwealth.—In a few years they go to Congress—and when the illustrious remains of the revolution shall leave us, such alone are to be the men who are to be our presidents, and law-givers!—With what foreign nation shall we then be prepared to cope? Vol. ii. p. 44.

‘ At twenty-one my young countrymen imagine they are, whether qualified or not, to enter the great world, and embark on the tempestuous ocean of life. The habits, manners, and pursuits of youth are to be laid down, and the port and dignity, and employments of manhood to be assumed. The period of education and *study* is now thought to be over; their end attained—and nothing wanting but to engage in the



active avocations of some profession, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred closes the prospect to further improvement. Nor is this all: for most unfortunately every young man of the least promise among us, is either prompted by his own vanity and misguided ambition, or urged by the solicitations of his ill-judged friends, to become at this critical period of his life, a candidate for legislative honours—I will say nothing of the time that is lost in this pursuit, or of the immoral and degrading arts commonly employed to crown it with success. The pernicious influence of the electioneering system upon those who practise it and those upon whom it is practised, requires a more serious and distinct consideration than any I can now bestow upon it. I will suppose the young candidate installed into his new dignity—which he has attained by honourable means—without debasing himself, or corrupting others. Is there any thing in his situation to compensate him for the many sacrifices he is forced to make? Our legislative halls are no longer schools for wisdom or eloquence—nothing especially can be more unlike a convocation of sages and orators, than the local assemblies in the several states.—When a great crisis, indeed, calls for extraordinary exertion, talents flock to the theatre where they are required. But in ordinary times, and in the usual routine of duty, the business of local legislation is as insipid as the *active* men who transact it, are unimproving.—The division of a county, the opening of a road, the granting a divorce, or the establishment of a new bank, are certainly not the questions upon which the mind of a young man should for several months in the year, be exclusively employed: Nor are the debates upon these topics, often prompted by local prejudices, and conducted with intemperate zeal, precisely the oracles to which, for that length of time, he ought to listen.

The only effect which such a discipline can have, is, to narrow and prejudice the mind, *to magnify trifling things into importance*, to erase the few lessons of political wisdom he may chance to have learnt, and to render him an ignorant, pert, and frothy politician, instead of a profound and enlightened statesman. Vol. ii. p. 93, 4, 5.

From all this, and a great deal more of the same purport, to be found in the Essays, a stranger might conclude that we are, indeed, ‘nothing compared to the standard of revolutionary excellence,’ and that we truly exhibit ‘the phenomenon of a young people experiencing the decrepitude of age, before they attained maturity.’ But it must not be imagined that our author, when he thus upbraided and disparaged his coevals of Virginia particularly, could be deliberately of opinion that their demerits were so great, or the prospects of the country so fearfully overcast. Nor can we suppose that he believed the men of the revolution, august and accomplished as they were, to have been all that he has made them by contradistinction. In one of the Essays, he has himself furnished an explanation of the apparent superiority of the revolutionary race at large. ‘Our revolution called forth latent energies. It is during such a crisis, that superior men became conscious of their native powers, and displayed them to advantage. A revolution always produces what we may term an *eruption of talents*. The



commotion of the moment communicates itself to all individuals, renders them useful, necessary, and places each of them in his proper station.'

It is paying a poor compliment to our republican institutions, to assert that we have, since the period at which we substituted them for monarchical government, degenerated in spirit, intellect, morals, and manners. During the late war with England, when the occasion called for energy and ability, these were found to prevail, and ready to be exerted, in a degree and extent fully adequate. As we do not believe that the deteriorating causes, such as the increase of wealth and luxury, the contention for public honours and offices, the influx of foreigners, can have proved so far efficient as to have counteracted the opposite tendency of the republican system, we have no doubt but that the qualities necessary for a great crisis, are more general with the Americans of the present day, than they were with those of the first years of the revolution. Although we may not possess Washingtons and Franklins, there is, proportionably, throughout the nation, an ampler fund of intelligence and resolution for council; there are more men who could as speedily be converted into skilful commanders for the field; more who could furnish statepapers of equal excellence with the collection which the Old Bachelor so justly celebrates. Education is now more diffusive, and carried higher, with the bulk of the people, than it was at the era of the revolution; they are not only further initiated, but are more enlightened as to their rights of every description, and have stronger inducements to maintain those rights; they are certainly not less vigorous either in body or mind. As to simplicity and frugality, it is in the great cities only that these virtues have ceased to flourish, where, as an indemnity, the arts and sciences, the principles and institutions of philanthropy, which contribute to the perfection of national character, have made considerable progress.

There were scattered through the colonies members of the learned professions, planters, and officers of the royal government, who had been educated abroad,—who cultivated letters and philosophy with a keen relish, and on a comprehensive scale. Several of the revolutionary leaders belonged to this class, and we cannot now, perhaps, boast of public characters of exactly the same description; so profound in their studies, so refined in their sentiments, so finished in their style of expression. But, though the education of a few among our forefathers may have been more complete, we are much more generally instructed in the higher branches of knowledge; we have a far greater number of seminaries of learning, of more regular structure; books are more within our reach; facilities of every kind are indefinitely multiplied. At this moment, numbers of our youth are, to use a phrase of our author, 'retracing the whole route and travel of the human mind,' in the universities, schools, and capitals of Europe, and receiving lights which have broken forth only in these

later years. Looking to this circumstance, to the multitudes that frequent our colleges at home, and to the spreading regard for science, we feel authorised to predict that the rising generation will equal 'the standard of revolutionary excellence,' at least in copiousness and solidity of information, in depth and accuracy of thinking, in the arts of composition, and the graces of polished life. Why, under the excitement of a great emergency, they should prove deficient in dignity of sentiment, force of resolution, vigour and propriety of exertion, is not easily perceived. It is contrary to the Old Bachelor's own theory with respect to science and literature, that the wider diffusion, and more systematic pursuit of them be supposed detrimental to the moral energies of a people. And the imputation of such an influence to the increase of commerce, as commerce is pursued, or of wealth, as wealth is acquired and distributed in this country, appears to us unphilosophical;—alike unsupported by reason and experience. This point, however, would exact more space in the examination of it than we can at present afford.

In the foregoing observations, we have had in view the whole United States; but our author refers often to Virginia alone, and it is from the condition of things there, that his general impressions appear to have been taken. We agree with him thus far,—that education is not any where among us, so perfect as it might be, either in the scheme of studies, or the moral discipline; and we must presume from his representations, even after a liberal discount for rhetorical flourishes, that it is on a miserable footing in Virginia. He dwells, with great earnestness, upon the various phases and mischiefs of the evil, and communicates fully his ideas on the subject of education in general. These are for the most part, correct, striking, and finely developed. We give our hearty assent to all that he urges with respect to the culture of the female mind, and we admire not a little, the letters signed John True-name, as contrived with much ingenuity for their two-fold purpose, and replete with good sense, delicate humour, and natural feeling.

But we can never admit the opinions advanced in the twenty-eighth number, concerning the inexpediency or inefficacy of all great public institutions in the shape of endowed universities and colleges. We were not prepared for such opinions from the Old Bachelor, by the following passage of the twelfth number, in which he gives an account of the tenor of what he had written on the subject of education. 'I take a candid, impartial view, of those schools which private exertions have raised, and which private patronage supports. I examine their defects, and *demonstrate from the very nature of things, the utter impossibility of such establishments presenting to our youth, a regular, systematic, and sufficiently wide range of instruction.*'

The arguments employed in the twenty-eighth number against public foundations for tuition are, in substance, the objections

made specially to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge by Adam Smith and the Edinburgh Review. The papers of that Review concerning the Oxford edition of Strabo and Edgeworth's Professional education, and the second article of the first chapter of the fifth book of the Wealth of Nations, are evidently the sources of most of our author's notions on the subject: And, doubtless, he would not have put them forth, had he ever perused the several expositions and vindications of the true character and course of studies of those seats of learning, which have been since published, particularly the 'Oxford Replies,' in which the Scottish reviewers are refuted with equal strength of reasoning and elegance of diction. We do not mean to undertake here the defence of Mr. Barlow's plan of a National University, which the Old Bachelor chiefly assails; nor do we propose to discuss the main question; but we think it advisable to make a few loose remarks of a general nature, and to notice some errors of fact into which he seems to have fallen.

In the first place, it is unfair and illogical to argue from the inconveniences or disappointments which may have been found to attend institutions formed in the dark ages upon the principles and prejudices of those ages, organized with a view to particular, ecclesiastical ends, and fettered with a multitude of gothic regulations and statutes. If universities so constituted, were slow to abandon exploded errors, and to recognize new modes of philosophising, it does not follow that the like would happen with the great colleges we might now construct, of which the arrangement must necessarily be conformable to the liberal spirit, sturdy reason, and mature experience of the age. In the present state of knowledge, it is difficult to conceive what discoveries or improvements could be made, which such establishments would have an interest or inclination to reject; which they would not, indeed, be eager to appropriate and advance.

Again: although the absolute governments of Europe may have made learned societies and corporations the conduits of their favourite doctrines, and those bodies may have leaned to the side of power and prerogative against the people, general circumstances are so different in this country, that it is obvious nothing similar could occur. With whatever share of the management of a university the federal executive, or that of a state, might be invested, we must still hold it impossible he should succeed in warping such an institution to any sinister purposes of his own, when we consider his general official responsibility, the vigilance of republican jealousy, the American spirit of independence, and the justness and force of public opinion. It is this opinion, ever active and irresistible, the watchfulness of rival institutions, and the ambition of fame, besides the supervision of authority, which would prevent remissness on the part of the professors, although their chairs should be so endowed as to furnish an ample subsistence. But it would not be necessary that they should be made entirely in-

dependent on their hearers; that the situation of a professor should be a fixed station, which no exertion could render more lucrative. Let enough be assigned to each chair to shield the occupant from want; to compensate him for the risk he incurs in the outset; and let him look for further emolument to his class, and he will have the same stimulus as the private teacher for unremitting exertion, added to the incitement of acting on a public and more exalted theatre; he will equally find his account in keeping up with the march of science, and adopting all improvements without delay. In short, in the case either of a great national institute or of state universities, most of the dangers announced must prove imaginary; the apprehensible evils might be easily obviated, and the universally acknowledged and precious uses of such institutions secured almost without alloy.

We are told by the Old Bachelor, that in the progress of society, funds for collegiate establishments will no doubt be accumulated, when their benefits are evident and a necessity for them felt, independently of government; that 'the rich who have funds, will, whenever they are strongly impressed with the necessity of it, either by associations or otherwise, provide proper seminaries for the education of their offspring.' These allegations are certainly at war with all experience, and especially with that of Virginia, where, as our author bitterly complains, but one considerable public school exists, and this founded by an English monarch. Notwithstanding the extent of private opulence in that state, and the serious inconveniences and disadvantages so long suffered from the absence of establishments, 'presenting a regular, systematic, wide range of instruction;' it is the government which has finally been compelled to undertake them, and provide means for their support. We consider it as fortunate for Virginia that she has not allowed herself to be influenced in this matter by the opinions of the Old Bachelor, but has preferred to follow the example of all the enlightened nations of modern times; an example which is in itself a strong argument in favour of public endowments.

'We shall find,' says the Old Bachelor, 'that the most eminent men in Europe, particularly in England, have received their education neither at public schools nor universities.' This statement is altogether inaccurate. As respects the continent of Europe, the very reverse may be affirmed. By far the greater part of those who illustrate its annals either as divines, statesmen, jurists, scholars, poets, military commanders, passed through its universities, in which a liberal education has been at all times, almost exclusively, sought. With regard to England, the great majority of her brightest names are to be found on the rolls of Oxford and Cambridge: The Bacons, the Newtons, the Barrows, the Clarkes, the Spencers, the Miltons, Drydens, Addisons, Temples, Hales, Clarendons, Mansfields, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, &c., are in the list of their alumni. Even

were it true, that the most eminent men have not been bred in public schools, the fact would not affect the question of their eligibility with a view to the training and instruction of the mass of individuals. It has been justly remarked, that plans of education can never *create* great men; that native vigour and persevering exertion lead to excellence and eminence of every kind, and that to aid, encourage and direct those qualities is all that can be done in any scheme of education. We are firmly persuaded that seminaries upon a large scale are best adapted to the generality of cases; to the development of ordinary faculties and to the general diffusion and estimation of knowledge.

The Old Bachelor has repeated, inconsiderately, after the Edinburgh Review, that in the English universities the logic and metaphysics of Aristotle have hardly yet given way to the *Novum Organum* of Bacon. It is long since the metaphysics of the *stagirite* have ceased to be taught there, and if his logic has not been discarded, it is recast and purified in the compends used, so as to constitute, perhaps, the best manual in that branch of knowledge, which, we presume, no man of judgment wishes to see expunged from the list of collegiate acquirements. The *Organon* of Bacon was not designed by the author himself to supercede that of Aristotle. They have no relation to each other, and are in no way incompatible. The treatise of Bacon is confined to the department of physical science, and a great authority has truly said, 'that though it formed a grand era in the history of philosophy, to propose it as a manual of instruction, or a guide for philosophical inquiries in the present age, is to mistake its true nature and design.' As for the course of education in general pursued at the English universities, it is much more liberal and practical than is commonly supposed; it is, demonstrably we think, the best, as far as regards the preference given to classical and mathematical studies; and at all events, nothing, as we have before intimated, would be easier than to obviate the evil tendencies, and supply the deficiencies imputed to those institutions, in the construction of similar ones on this side of the water.

Our author states, in his advertisement, that the subject of eloquence had constituted a prominent figure in the original design of his work. Owing, however, to the want of leisure, he has been able to devote only a few numbers to it, towards the conclusion of the second volume. The theme is one which, from his opportunities of observation, and the bent of his genius, he might be expected to treat with entire success. This expectation would be gratified on the present occasion, were it not for the impetuosity of his zeal and the alertness of his fancy. The example and precepts of the ancients are powerfully exhibited and skilfully applied; the most enlarged views are opened, and the most efficacious topics of persuasion selected; none of the reigning errors of opinion, or faults of manner could escape so acute and anxious an observer: But in his eagerness to correct them, he



falls into one of what we would venture to call, his rhetorical paroxysms. He returns to his rage of denigration, and may be said to proceed with the spirit of a Juvenal, and the pencil of a Hogarth; he deals in sweeping, unmixed reprobation; he vents the keenest reproaches, and draws pictures which border on caricature. It is not that these are altogether wanting in resemblance, and may not leave a salutary impression; but a colouring less deep and uniform, more kindly touches, and some smiling images, would, we think, as being more conformable to truth and justice, have rendered the whole more conducive to the reformation at which he aimed.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Our readers will be likely to find these representations just, and to coincide with us in opinion, when they have read the following extracts, at the same time that they will recognize in them several faithful traits and masterly strokes.

‘ You cannot but have observed the woful state of eloquence of all kinds, in this country. The pulpit has degenerated almost entirely into a mere reading desk, or what is worse, a stage for mountebanks;—our legislative assemblies for the most part, are either dark and dull, or shine only with portentous flashes that make that darkness visible:—and as to the bar, instead of exhibiting those great and sublime wars of genius, which resemble the battles of Homer’s and Ossian’s heroes, it has dwindled down (I say it with regret) to little more than a game at push-pin. I admit with you, the *general* degeneracy of the country in point of intellect; but I think it more visible in this department than in any other, civilly speaking; for as to our military deficiencies, the season and state of public affairs forbid me to express my grief: “ herein the patient must minister to himself.” Vol. ii. p. 141, 2.

‘ I have regretted much the mistaken opinions of our young men, both as to the true character of eloquence, and the means by which the art is to be acquired. They seem, indeed, to think that no exertion at all is necessary for this purpose; that the whole is inspiration; the immediate gift of heaven; and that the orator, like the poet, is born, and not made. It is this fatal mistake which has crippled the art in Virginia, and overwhelmed us with a disgusting load of florid trash, as flat and sickening to the sense, as useless to the mind. Vol. ii. p. 143, 4.

‘ Let us pause here, to compare these advantages, thus gained by the Roman, in childhood, with the faults daily exhibited by the best of our public speakers, in the particulars just mentioned. In point of time, they are either so rapid and precipitate, as to disconcert their own understandings, and make those of their hearers swim *in vacuo*, or so very slow, drawling, and tedious, or so full of unnecessary and affected pauses, that it were just as interesting to attempt to watch the motion of the shadow on a sun-dial, as to follow the equally imperceptible creeping of their minds. As to cadence, instead of that fine and richly varied melody, which marks the appropriate character of every sentiment and feeling, and shows the speaker to be in full possession of himself, and at the same time, to be all alive to his subject, we are fatigued and distressed by the dissonant raving and screaming of a voice strained above



its natural key, and kept up until we are fearful of the breaking of a blood-vessel; or the laceration of the speaker's lungs; or we are deafened with the bellowing of a Bedlamite, equally regardless of his own lungs and of the hearer's ears; or we are lulled to sleep by the chiming reciprocation and alternate monotony of a frog-pond. Vol. ii. p. 150, 1.

‘What do you see at the present day? You see a speaker standing as stiff and motionless as Diggory in the play of “She Stoops to Conquer;” or you see him writhing and twisting like the mad priestess of an oracle; tossing his arms like the arms of a wind-mill, or the flail of a thresher, beating time to the clangour of an ear-crucifying voice, and adding new force to the fiery fury of a bloodshot-eye and a frantic face; or if you look for a medium between these extremes, you will see him chopping the pulpit, desk, or bar, with short quick and unintermitting percussions of the lower edge of his open right hand; or slapping loudly, and with ludicrous repetition, the authority or document which he holds in his left hand, with the open palm of his right, as if determined to demolish the whole ground of his own argument, and attempt to balance himself in empty space. You may see another stooping at an angle of ninety degrees to inspect the notes which lie on the table before him, his hands “the while,” instead of being employed in raising the notes to his eyes, being very gracefully and commodiously clasped together, and thrust between his thighs. I have seen an eminent man in one quarter of the union, so restless and fidgeting while on his feet, that he appeared to be troubled with St. Vitus’s dance; in another I have seen one, equally eminent, playing antics, with a chair, in the midst of an excellent speech, propping himself up with it behind, then propping himself up with it before; then resting one foot in the seat, then the other; then throwing one leg over the back, then the other; tossing the chair with a flourish, first to the right hand and then to the left, and thus combining the manual exercise of hands and heels, with the exercise of his wits, and showing, throughout, that his progress as well as duration, depended on the subject he was handling. In exact contrast with this, I have seen, in a great place, a speaker stand with German *sang froid*, for hours together, in the same posture, his eyes and face cast down towards the floor, and moving as slowly and haltingly forward as the baggage of an army drawn by weak cattle through a deep snow. On the same theatre I have seen another, who seemed to force every thing out of him by means of Archimedes’ screw, and to suffer all the agonies of repeated empalement, while the operation was going on—the *abdomen* violently retracted—his shoulders drawn up to his ears—his jaws locked—his features violently distorted—his hands clenched—his cries of anguish forced through his teeth—and the whole man apparently at the point of a painful death, instead of being at the point of his argument. Vol. ii, p. 152, 3, 4.

‘Who is not disgusted with the stiffness, the formality, the slow, mechanically measured enunciation, the nasal melody, the affected mouthings, or the coarse rusticity, the ear-crucifying sing-song, and the delirious raving and shrieking, which too often degrade the pulpit and defeat the very purpose of the institution, &c. &c

The crying sin of this accomplished author, in all his productions, is rhetorical exaggeration. We have adverted to it before,

and feel ourselves bound to signalize it the more frequently, because it is that to which the youth of Virginia, to whom he has particularly addressed himself, and for whom he is the highest authority, are most prone in their public exhibitions.—In description, he rarely keeps within any bounds of congruity or probability; he is almost always more or less hyperbolical where he means to be emphatic; his style of sentiment and expression is generally far too poetical and romantic for the nature of his compositions. Through the greater part of the *British Spy*, he may be said to be mounted on stilts, like those which are used by the French peasantry residing in the neighbourhood of the Pyrennees. The *Life of Patrick Henry* is, in itself, a beautiful and instructive work which blazons the writer's abilities; but it is, at the same time, a matchless tissue of fanciful delineation and inordinate panegyric. In reading it, we were strongly reminded of the series of Ruben's *Sketches of the History of Marie de Medicis*, which we had seen in the palace of the Luxembourg at Paris.\* Dr. Parr's '*Characters of Fox*,' the other most remarkable instance of the kind, is less enormous, because the author had intimately known his idol, and often personally witnessed the finest displays of that civilized eloquence which he celebrates.

We wish to bring this habitual licentiousness of the pen into disrepute with the public, and shall therefore offer a few more samples from the *Essays*, in addition to those presented in the extracts which we have already made. In the papers on eloquence, from which we have taken our last quotations, Mr. Cooper the tragedian, and Duchet the chaplain of the old Congress, are introduced, and instances given of their peculiar powers. In describing the performance of the first, in the dagger-scene of *Macbeth*, it was not enough for the Old Bachelor to talk of the 'horror-struck attitude and countenance' of the actor, of his 'increased amazement and frenzied consternation,' of 'his eyes starting wild with horror from their orbits,' but he must add, 'I got relief by the momentary disappearance of the dagger: I found that I had been bereaved of my breath—my sinews and my muscles had been strained to a painful extremity—and I *felt my hair descending and settling on my head*, for it had been raised by sympathetic horror! . . . . His attitude! his looks! that whisper! tenfold horrors surrounded him!! It was the most blood chilling—the most petrifying spectacle I ever beheld! *I am persuaded that human nature could not have endured the agonizing stretch of the nerves to which this master of his art was able to wind his audience!*' So, too, in the case of Duchet, the chaplain, reciting the nineteenth psalm of David. 'His heart itself seemed to expand with the augmenting

\* 'Under this head,' says sir Joshua Reynolds, in his seventh Discourse, 'of two evils, taking the least, we may consider the conduct of Ruben's in the Luxembourg Gallery, where he has mixed allegorical figures with the representations of real personages, which must be acknowledged to be a fault; yet, if the artist considered himself *as engaged* to furnish this gallery with a rich, various, and splendid ornament, this could not be done, at least in an equal degree, without peopling the air and water with these allegorical figures,' &c. &c.

tide of his sensations—no sound was heard but that of the throbbing heart and convulsed breath’—&c. and as he proceeded ‘there were few who did not involuntarily start from their seats, with sympathetic rapture.’ The picture of Duchet is a sort of miniature of that of James Waddell in the *British Spy*.

In his twenty-fourth number, the *Old Bachelor* portrays, severally, the young collegians who are on a visit to his castle. This number, otherwise worthy of admiration, for the elegance of the texture and strength of the discriminations, is rendered almost insupportable by the pitch to which the characters are overwrought, or rather overladen. Some few of the traits ascribed to one of them, named *Sydney*, another Crichton, may serve as a specimen. ‘His face seemed formed on the finest model of antiquity, his large eye, of soft deep blue, habitually expanded as if looking upon a wide and boundless surface, might well be called *an eye of ocean*. . . . Sydney appeared to be the master-spirit: cool, collected, firm, vigorous, and self-balanced; he stood, like an eagle upon the rocks of Norway’s coast; defying with equal composure, the storm that raved and rent the atmosphere above, and the surging element that towered and dashed, and roared below. This young man was really a prodigy. He was only two-and-twenty years of age, yet his information seemed already to be universal. He spoke *on every science and every art*, like one of its professors . . . he had the power of bearing up, with the strength of Atlas, the most extended and ponderous chain of logical deductions,’ &c. And this is but a very small part of what he was, and what he could do. There is a boy, too, of 14 years of age, celebrated in another of the *Essays*, who approaches to Sydney; whose mother o’ertops Cornelia of old, and who had been made by her care, an example of the feasibility of the rule prescribed in one of the numbers on eloquence, ‘that a boy should be taught to feel and to express all the regular and stately swell, all the deep-toned majesty of the heroic measure; all the abrupt and broken grandeur of the Pindaric; all the sweet simplicity and delicious tenderness of pastoral verse; all the terrible sublime of the tragic muse, and all the versatility, humour, and gayety of the comic!’

The style in which the niece Rosalie is described, would seem to be rather of the confection of a miss Owenson, than from the mint of a sober philosopher.—‘The fine contour of her figure; her eye of heavenly blue, rapt in all the sublimity of inspiration; her “eloquent blood” undulating over “her cheek of doubtful dye,” speaking to the heart with more emphasis than even the *melody* of her lips; all the innocence and all the expressive intelligence of an angel; all the grace and animation of Euphrosyne; her voice of soft aerial harmony; the vital grace and sweet enchantment of her manner,’ &c. On one occasion, ‘her fine eyes were raised and riveted with a look of ecstasy on the moon. Her hands were clasped upon her breast.—Her airy form seemed to float upon the breeze of evening. It was a look of transfiguration—the look of a disem-

bodied spirit—or of a seraph just about to spread her wings to that heaven to which her mind was so intensely directed.’ In the fifth number, the declaration is solemnly made, and printed in italics, that ‘the virtues of this country are with our women, and the only remaining hope of the resurrection of the genius and character of the nation rests with them.’—In another paper, the conversation of Dr. Johnson is thus described. ‘It was strong—acute—prompt—splendid and vociferous:—as loud, stormy, and sublime, as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark-rolling sea beneath.’\*

In the thirteenth number, in reference to a speech which he heard from lord Mansfield, the relater says—‘I admired his illimitable power of penetration. There were times when I said to myself—*now*, surely he must stop; I see that he has reached the *very wall of the firmament*. But he soon proved the firmament a visionary barrier; and in a still more glorious blaze of effulgence, passed beyond it, with ease, to illumine other hemispheres, and exhibit other firmaments, which, in their turn, should vanish at his touch.’ This is even more than the case mentioned in Lucretius—

—vividā vis animi pervicit, et extra  
Processit longē flammantia mœnia mundi:  
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.

We could furnish very many additional instances of such di-thyrambic sallies, and of that rhapsodical, falsetto manner which is so dangerous in the example to the youth of America. There

\* ‘A great error in composition,’ saith lord Kaimes, ‘is the introduction of a resembling image so elevated, or so great as to bear no proportion to the principal subject. Their remarkable disparity seizing the mind, never fails to depress the principal subject by contrast, instead of raising it by resemblance; and if the disparity be very great, the simile degenerates into burlesque.’ What would his lordship have said of such leaps as the following?—‘A cataract, like that of Niagara, crowned with overhanging rocks and mountains, in all the rude and awful grandeur of nature, would have brought him (R. H. Lee) nearer to the standard of *Homer* and *Henry*.’—‘He (Henry) put the revolution into motion and bore it upon his shoulders, as Atlas is said to do the Heavens.’—‘It was an occasion which called for all his strength, and he did put it forth *as man never did before*. He exclaimed in a voice of thunder and *with the look of a God*,’ &c.—‘He rose like the thunder-bearer of Jove when he mounts,’ &c.—‘Had his mind of Herculean strength been properly trained at first, he would have left behind him some written monument, compared with which, even statues and pillars would have been but as the ephemeræ of a day.’—‘The eloquence of colonel Innis was a mighty and roaring torrent; it bore a striking resemblance to the eloquence of lord Chatham; *it was a magnificent meteor, which shot majestically across the Heavens, from pole to pole, and straight expired in a glorious blaze!!*’—‘Henry’s eyes, at one time as piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again as soft and tender as those of Pity herself.’—‘The vast compass of his voice, enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half-whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, *the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic, was not more awfully sublime.*’ Life of Patrick Henry.

are, it is true, dispersed through both the *Essays of the Old Bachelor* and the *Letters of the British Spy*, urgent cautions and some pretty sharp invectives against offences of the kind, whether committed in writing or speaking. It might be concluded from several passages in those works, that the author believed his own style to be plain, simple and pure. The illusion would be strange, indeed, and we sincerely hope it has not fallen upon many of his readers. He writes, for the most part, ambitiously—gorgeously, and, to use a phrase of his own, ‘tambours and bespangles his periods with uncommon pains.’ His diction is greatly overstocked with epithets, and, as Dryden expresses it, ‘not a little pestered with metaphors.’ It swells and flares at times beyond the privilege of prose under any circumstances. It is not altogether free from grammatical inaccuracies, and is often liable to the reproach of eccentricity and laxity.\*

Having thus spoken, without reserve, of what we conceive to be the transgressions and failings of this author, we will not be backward in bearing testimony to his extraordinary merits. He is, in our humble opinion, the finest genius that has as yet ventured forth among us in the walk of literature, and we think he could not have failed, if he had been able to pursue it steadily, to overtake the classical models of Europe. As great an ornament as he is to the bar of this country, and as useful as he is now likely to prove to its federal councils, we regret on his own account, and that of the public, his bondage to a profession for which so many minds are qualified, while so few, comparatively, are made to *excel* in the line in which excellence procures the most extensive and durable glory, for both the individual and his nation. His writings

\* We are no friends to austerity, fastidiousness, or tameness in composition; but we cannot accommodate our taste, or extend indulgence to such phrases as the following, taken at random from the publications mentioned in the text.

‘The guttural croaking, the nasal twang, the hollow, vault-like howling, the shrill, sharp, ear-piercing squeel’—‘her eyes were swimming with *speechless* rapture’—‘a cloudless day, in which all was light’—‘*insinuates*, with resistless energy, the conviction’—‘the ducking lubricity of a *petit-maitre*’—‘a man of established lubricity’—‘*illy* received’—‘philosophical apparatus’—‘sudden and transient *glimpse*’—‘intuitive irradiations’—‘unbending pomp and monotonous majesty of intonation’—‘recoiling from the stream of his argument’—‘*luciform* vehicle that *clothed* her spirit’—‘the starry radiance that shot from her eyes’—‘soft and melting light of widowed love and fidelity’—‘the pencil of *original* truth’—‘*voluntary* effect of virtuous choice’—‘*intellectual* blaze which has suddenly burst upon his *mind*’—‘my breast *swelled* with *inward* pride’—‘capricious evolutions of unrestrained nature, frisking, curveting and gamboling at her ease’—‘soul-chilling yell of those hunger-smitten lords of the desert’—‘pity-intréating smile’—‘sweetly-pleasurable vibration with which the mind of man receives new truths’—‘transient thrill of divinest rapture’—‘spirit-chilling hardships’—‘through all the remote and minute ramifications of the most extensive and elaborate detail’—‘his *taste* had that delicate *touch*, which *seized* with intuitive certainty’—‘crowned with every light of learning’—‘the clash of contending parties, which *rang*,’ &c.—‘stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods’—‘he infused the tones of his voice into the nerves of his hearers and rivetted their attention,’ &c.



indicate a buoyant and generous enthusiasm; a fertile, graphic fancy; sound and ardent affections; an exalted, heartfelt patriotism; a perennial spring of delicate sentiment, and an unlimited command and choice of expression. If he runs riot, it is always with vigour and elasticity; he is never uninteresting nor ungraceful, even in his wildest and most unseasonable flights. He has hardly a page which does not present some captivating image, or some felicity of language;—which has not an *arriere-gout*, a relish, of the most refined studies. His diction, however viciously redundant and figurative, cannot be denied the praise of elevation, elegance, and facility; and it is in general of a real richness and massiness which entitle us to apply to him what Dryden has said of Shakspeare—that if his embroideries were melted down, there would still be enough of sterling gold and silver at the bottom of the crucible.

Among the Essays of the Old Bachelor, are several comprising ingenious fictions, of which the style is every way appropriate and exemplary. We would instance the ninth, thirteenth, twentieth, and thirty-third numbers, so salutary at the same time in their moral. In like manner, in the biography of Henry, the elocution of the author, when he merely narrates the general events of the revolution, connected with his subject, and intermits the glorification of Virginia, is natural and chaste;—conspicuous, indeed, for all the best qualities happily tempered. We should do our duty still more imperfectly to the work under consideration, if we did not specify the fourteenth number, in which the characters of the office-hunter and demagogue are so fully and forcibly drawn. In the same paper is an account of lord Mansfield, of which the eloquence must be felt, and the drift applauded by every reader. We cannot forbear singling out again the thirty-third number, which we are inclined to view, on the whole, as the master-piece of the Old Bachelor. The dramatic energy and deep pathos of this composition, attest powers which would insure a brilliant career to him as a votary of the tragic muse.

Before we close this article, we will call the attention of the younger members of the profession of the law, to a circumstance which may not be without its efficacy in stimulating them to literary exertions. The author of the Essays is understood to be the gentleman who now fills, so worthily, the highest official post at the American bar; and if his well-earned literary reputation did not absolutely carry him thither, it doubtless smoothed the way to his elevation. It contributed principally to the universal and cheerful acquiescence in his appointment; it stifled the murmurs which the *locality* of the choice was fitted to excite, and which his acknowledged professional merits would have been insufficient to repress. We must, as deeply interested in the promotion of authorship, be permitted to hold out his personal example in another respect:—We are convinced that his literary exercises administered largely to his excellence, and consequently to his fame, as an orator.



His case is an illustration of the maxim contained in the following passage of the first book of Cicero's treatise *de Oratore*.

‘Quamobrem in istis ipsis exercitationibus, etsi utile est, etiam subito sæpe dicere, tamen illud utilius, paratius atque accuratius dicere. Caput autem est, quod (ut vere dicam) minime facimus: est enim magni laboris, quem plerique fugimus: quam plurimum scribere. STILUS OPTIMUS, ET PRAESTANTISSIMUS DICENDI EFFECTOR AC MAGISTER.’ ‘Although it is of great importance that a man should acquire an ease and quickness in speaking, yet it is of much greater that he should speak at once readily and correctly. To tell the truth, the chief point of all is what we *very little practise*; for it is difficult, and therefore commonly avoided,—I mean frequent compositions upon paper. THE PEN IS THE BEST, THE MOST EXCELLENT FORMER, AND DIRECTOR OF THE TONGUE.’

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ART. II.—*A Topographical description of the Province of Lower Canada*, with remarks upon Upper Canada, and on the relative connexion of both Provinces with the United States of America. By Joseph Bouchette, Esq. Surveyor General of Lower Canada, and Lieutenant Colonel, C. M. Dedicated by permission to H. R. H. the Prince Regent. London, 1815.

FOR many years before the war of 1812, men of considerable talents and information had, both in and out of Congress, accustomed themselves to speak with contempt of the barren fields and inhospitable climate of the Canadas. Blind to the circumstances which assimilate those provinces to the territory of the United States, and which necessarily produce the same consequences in the rapid development of the treasures of the soil and the increase of the population, they persisted in viewing the northern shores of the lakes and the banks of the St. Lawrence, as unsusceptible of those improvements which have taken place in the interior of our own country. Mr. Bouchette's official situation, and the high patronage under which his book is presented to the public, may be deemed sufficient vouchers for its exactness; it is doubly interesting, as it exhibits a detailed topographical description of Lower Canada, and as it dissipates the errors prevalent among our citizens on this subject. A province of the British empire which touches our frontier in an extent of 2000 miles, and which in the interval between the years 1775 and 1814, has seen its population augmented from 90,000 to 430,000 individuals, cannot be an object of indifference to its neighbours.

We regret to meet, in a work which professes to be purely topographical, with illiberal reflections on the subject of the United States. While the two countries were at war, policy might render the exaggeration of military successes and defeats excusable on either side. The official reports of belligerents have long been proverbially deceptive; they may give interest to the ephemeral columns of a gazette, and feed the curiosity of the inactive portion of the community; but the result of a campaign is the test of the

ability with which it has been conducted, and of the valour which those engaged in it have displayed; and it not unfrequently happens that the pompous account of a victory is only a veil to cover discomfiture and disgrace.

Mr. Bouchette's book contains local information, which must render it a valuable acquisition, not only to the proprietors and inhabitants of Lower Canada, but to all who wish to be acquainted with an interesting portion of the American continent. The author's reputation for truth and discretion, cannot, however, but suffer in the opinion of the candid and the well-informed, when they shall peruse his narrative of some of the military transactions in the year 1813. We particularly allude to the account given (p. 116, et seq:) of general Hampton's expedition on the Chateaugay river.

'The Grande Isle divides the stream of the St. Lawrence into two channels; that on the south side is called the Beauharnois channel, in the course of which are the rapids Croche, les Faucilles, and de Bouleau; the latter both intricate and dangerous to pass. It was through this channel, with the view of avoiding the rapid and post of Coteau du Lac, then held by a British detachment, that the American general Wilkinson intended to conduct the army under his command, with the avowed object of invading Lower Canada. He was however prevented from carrying his design into execution, and the boasted superiority of his arms greatly diminished by the unexpected defeat of part of his force, by a much inferior number, at a place called Christler's Farm, in Upper Canada, on the 11th of November, 1813, which compelled him to a precipitate retreat, and to abandon the British territory, by recrossing the St. Lawrence, and ascending Salmon river, to a place called French Mills, within the American boundary; in which situation, owing to the panic which embarrassed all his operations, he deemed himself so unsafe, as to think it advisable to destroy all the boats and craft he had collected for carrying his plan into effect, and retire to a position more distant, or more secure from attack. This repulse in the attempt at invasion, was rendered decisive by the previous retreat, or rather complete defeat of a force amounting to 7000 men, under general Hampton that was intended to make a diversion in favor of Wilkinson, on the south western frontier. So sanguine were the expectations of success formed by these commanders, that a junction of their forces was contemplated at Montreal, where they promised themselves winter-quarters, and from whence in the next campaign, they calculated a victorious career was to be pursued. The battle of La Fourche or Chateaugay, that annihilated this visionary glory, was one of the singular events that cannot be taken into the ordinary calculations of military operations, and the circumstance of such a force being not only stopped in its progress, but obliged to retire by the exertions of a body of men not amounting in numerical strength, to a twentieth part of the assailants, must be a matter of admiration whenever it becomes the subject of professional reflection. This exploit, for it well deserves such a name, was achieved by one company of Canadian fencibles, two companies of Voltigeurs, some militia forces of different descriptions, with a few Indian auxiliaries, the whole numbering only 300 men, that formed the advance picquets of major general de Watteville's

chain of positions established towards the frontiers, and under the command of lieut. colonel de Salaberry of the Canadian Voltigeurs.'

Mr. Bouchette, continues his narrative by details in which time, situation and numbers are all equally misrepresented, and concludes with this modest sentence:

'On both these points,' (the two banks of the Chateaugay River,) 'although the Americans were several times repulsed, they repeatedly rallied and resumed the attack with no better success, until the close of day, when their commander, unable to make any impression upon the invincible bravery of a truly Spartan band, thought proper to withdraw from so unequal a contest, overwhelmed with *defeat* and *disgrace*.'!!!

From circumstances which it is here unnecessary to dwell upon, much obloquy was heaped upon the actors in that period of the war. The alarming aspect which American affairs assumed in the following year absorbed public attention in the U. States, and prevented inquiry into the events of the preceding campaign. The subject having thus unexpectedly been brought before us by Mr. B., we deem it a duty to rescue from misrepresentation the character of the American forces engaged in that expedition, and we pledge ourselves for the authenticity of the statement we shall now proceed to lay before our readers.

Major general Hampton's division, consisting of two brigades of infantry, one company of artillery, and one squadron of light dragoons, in the whole about 4000 men, was assembled in the middle of October, 1813, at the village of Chateaugay Four-Corners, situated four miles south of the Canada line. The first brigade, composed of the 4th, 33d, 34th Regts. and a battalion of Maine volunteers, was commanded by brigadier-general Thomas Parker; the 2d brigade, (the 10th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, Regts.) by brigadier general George Izard. The cavalry consisting of two incomplete troops of the 2d Regt. U. S. light dragoons and a small detachment of New-York volunteers under captain Yates, in all 150 men, was commanded by captain Hall. The artillery (eight six pounders and one five and a half inch howitzer) was under the orders of major Mac Rea of the U. S. engineers. From both brigades were drafted 700 men, who were formed into two battalions of light infantry, the first of which was commanded by major Snelling of the 4th, the second by major Wooll of the 29th.

This force was destined to co-operate with the army, under general Wilkinson, then preparing to descend the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of attacking Montreal. The mode in which this was to be effected does not appear to have been concerted with general Hampton; no correspondence seems to have existed between these two officers, and the latter received his orders directly from Mr. Secretary Armstrong. The following letter reached its destination on the 19th of October.

*Sackett's Harbour, Oct. 16, 1813.*

DEAR GENERAL,

Your favor of the 12th ult. has been handed to me by major Parker. The Niagara division has been slow in its movements. It has at length reached Henderson's Harbour, and moves this day to Grenadier Island, whither the division here is moving also. From this point, (Grenadier Island) we take our departure either for Kingston or for Montreal. The enemy broke up his positions before Fort George on the 9th, burned his surplus stores, arms, &c. and moved rapidly for Burlington Bay, which he reached on the 11th instant. Advices from the Bay of Canti state, that he is coming down to Kingston, and that his sick and convalescent, to the number of 1200, had already arrived there. He will bring with him about 1500 effectives, and thanks to the storm and our snail-like movements down the Lake, they will be there before we can reach it. The manœuvre intended is lost, so far as regards Kingston. What we now do against that place, must be done by hard blows and at some risk. The importance of the object may however justify the means. In the other case, (the immediate descent of the St. Lawrence,) the army will make its way to the Isle Perrot, whence we shall immediately open a communication with you. Under these circumstances you will approach the mouth of the Chateaugay or other point, which shall better favour our junction, and hold the enemy in check. Your known vigilance and skill make it unnecessary to suggest any measure of precaution against the enterprizes of the enemy, while you remain within stroke of him. The dragoons will cross the St. Lawrence near the Coteau de Lac. Yours, &c.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

*Major general Hampton.*

Conformably with the above order, the principal part of the division, with the artillery and baggage, proceeded on the 21st of October into Lower Canada, by the main road on the banks of the river Chateaugay; while brigadier general Izard, with the dragoons, the light infantry and the 30th regiment, in all 1500 men, entered the enemy's territory, through a deep forest which was supposed to be occupied by the enemy's light troops, and after a fatiguing march of nine hours, during which they had to surmount the multiplied obstacles which had been prepared by felling trees at every swamp on the narrow path they were following, they reached at sun-set the bank of the Chateaugay river at a ford called Spears's. An advanced party of one subaltern and twenty-four men of Snelling's corps came upon a post of sixty or seventy Indians, whom they routed after a very short skirmish. The Indians made their escape, leaving four of their number killed; and several guards of militia which had been stationed at and near the ford, fled without firing a gun.—They left behind them thirty-seven muskets and fusils, some kegs of powder, several barrels of provisions and 115 blankets, with a variety of Indian ornaments. The Americans had two privates wounded.

On the morning of the 22d, parties were sent to reconnoitre the country, and in the evening the troops which had marched

from the Four-corners by the main road, with the baggage and artillery, arrived at Spears's, where the whole encamped. The major general who had remained at the Four-corners in the hope of persuading a corps of militia assembled in the vicinity to follow the regulars into Canada, having failed in the attempt, dismissed them to their homes, and joined the army in the afternoon. Every house in the neighbourhood had been abandoned and burnt. Fortunately the British out-posts were too much alarmed to destroy effectually the forage for five or six miles below our position, but columns of smoke in a northern direction indicated their employment, where they thought themselves out of our reach. A party of dragoons pursued some Indians through a wood six miles below, beyond which they discovered a body of six or seven hundred British troops. A man of the name of Baird was brought in from his farm, in the hope that he might give some information respecting the roads; and in the course of the day a young Canadian militia-man, who had concealed himself at our approach in a hay-stack, in the midst of our bivouac, was discovered and examined; he had lain there since the preceding day, and was so much frightened that he did not recover his senses for some hours. The most extravagant stories had been circulated among the people of the country, of the barbarous habits of the American soldiery. This fellow however was soon convinced of his having received wrong impressions, and became so attached to us that he followed our army to the United States. Baird, after a short detention, was allowed to return to his home; he was greatly distressed at having left his family exposed to the visit of the Indians, during his absence. During the 23d and 24th of October, the bridges over numerous ravines and creeks in our front, were restored, and the road which had been blocked up with trees was rendered passable. The soil is here very deep, and the continual rains made it extremely difficult for the artillery and wagons to proceed. During this detention, news of general Wilkinson's progress down the St. Lawrence was anxiously expected. Our force alone was certainly incompetent to taking Montreal, and only on the junction of the two divisions could any reasonable hope of success be founded. General Hampton's force was now in a situation to effect the contemplated junction, if general Wilkinson descended to the vicinity of Montreal. The greatest obstacle had been surmounted. The passage through the Chateaugay woods might have been defended by a small British force with the certainty of delaying our advance for several days; but the pusillanimity or negligence of the Indians and Canadian militia had deprived them of this advantage. There remained between us and Coghawaga, but one position where the enemy could avail himself of the means of defence presented by the almost impervious forests of Canada; and we were masters of the communications with the Four-corners, where were our depots of provisions and ammunition.



On the 24th, nothing having been heard of general Wilkinson's army, and it being ascertained that the enemy had assembled a considerable force behind the wood, which yet separated us from the open country below, general Hampton determined on attempting to cut them off. It was known that there existed a ford about twelve miles beyond that, near which we were encamped. Colonel Purdy, at the head of the 1st brigade, (in the absence of brigadier general Parker, who was left in command at Plattsburg) moved at night fall from the left bank of the river across the ford through the encampment of the 2d brigade, where he was joined by the light-infantry, and proceeded down the right bank. It was hoped that his movement would not be discovered by the enemy, whose attention would be engaged by Izard's force in their front, and that he might gain the lower ford, about the time when the latter should commence the attack on the left bank of the river. Unluckily, before Purdy had proceeded half a mile, the rain began to fall in torrents; the darkness rendered it impracticable to make any progress through the woods, and the troops passed a disagreeable night, having been strictly forbidden to kindle any fires. At dawn of day, he resumed his march, which was greatly retarded by the difficulty of the ground. The 2d brigade now in their turn crossed the Chateaugay, and advanced on its left bank towards the enemy. Our progress was slow, on account of the artillery and baggage, (the latter drawn by oxen,) which moved with difficulty through a continued quagmire. The troops halted near Baird's farm, in order to give colonel Purdy time to reach his destination. A few dragoons were pushed forward, and soon returned with notice that the enemy were waiting for us behind a ravine about two miles further on. The 10th regt. consisting by the morning report of that day, the 26th October, of 237 non-commissioned officers and privates for duty, including the company of the 5th regt. under captain Brooke, which was attached to it, was ordered to advance, and brigadier general Izard with his aides and a guide accompanied the party. The road was so narrow that the column could be formed only by sections of four. They had marched about half an hour, when on the brink of a deep ravine communicating with the river on the right, and within one hundred yards of a hillock covered with a thick wood, which extended from the front around their left flank, they were met by a volley of musketry. There was a momentary confusion in the rear of the column; but by the gallant exertions of lieutenant col. Pickens,\* commanding the regiment, captains Brooke and Nelson and adjutant Vashon, the line was quickly formed and the fire returned. It however appeared irregular to the commanding officer, who silenced it for a few seconds in order to dress the line, and re-commenced it by platoons from right to left. Every

\* Andrew Pickens, the present governor of South Carolina. Thomas M. Nelson, member of Congress from Virginia. George M. Brooke, now colonel in the U. S. Army.



account published by the British admits that the force engaged consisted of 300 of the corps called the 'Canadian Voltigeurs,' commanded by lieutenant colonel de Salaberry, and of twenty-four Indians who were posted on their right. Their line occupied a space more than three times the extent of our front. The action lasted about twenty minutes, when the enemy precipitately left their ground, which was immediately occupied by our men. Not a gun was that day fired on the left bank of the Chateaugay by any of the American troops, but the 10th regiment. After the engagement had commenced, the dragoons under captain Hall arrived, but could take no share in it from the nature of the ground. They were drawn up at a small distance in the rear, and would have been of use, if the enemy had ventured to leave the wood which covered them; a circumstance which might have been expected from their superiority in numbers. One of their historians celebrates the 'ruse de guerre' of the British commander, who sent ten or twelve buglemen into the adjoining woods, with orders to separate and blow with all their might; and thus led the Americans to believe that they had more thousands than hundreds to contend with.' We do not exactly know what is the proportion of buglemen to combatants in the English army; but assuredly ten or twelve are a large allowance for 300 men. Be that as it may, this shrewd device had the effect of convincing our troops that the Canadian musicians were better than our own; and in consequence pains were taken to make prisoners of some of these artists. They were conducted to our camp and that evening cheered our men, and enlivened the echoes of Chateaugay with their notes. The elevation of the ground on which the 'Spartan band' of Voltigeurs were posted was an advantageous circumstance to our party; though the firing was well supported, the balls flew over our heads, and it is not less true than surprizing that only one private was killed on our side, and one officer and seven privates wounded. The prisoners and deserters, among whom was an intelligent sergeant who joined us the next day, stated the enemy's loss at twenty killed and nine wounded. Sir George Prevost in his despatch to Lord Bathurst, reports only three rank and file killed; one sergeant, three rank and file wounded, and some missing.

Soon after the termination of the action, the head of the 2d brigade made its appearance. The 30th regiment, under colonel Dana, marched 150 yards into the wood, in advance of the 10th, where it formed in line; the 29th rested its right flank on the river at the edge of the wood. Just as this disposition had been made, a heavy firing was heard from the opposite side of the river, and some of the men of the 1st brigade were seen running to its banks. Our disappointment at finding them so near us was extreme. Till that moment the hope had been indulged that colonel Purdy had effected his object of passing down to the lower ford, and that as the 2d brigade pressed upon the enemy's front he would take

them in reverse, and crown the enterprize with complete success. To the ignorance or treachery of his guide, and to the difficulty of moving through the woods is the failure of the plan to be ascribed. The force on the right bank was the most numerous and efficient of the division; besides the whole of the light infantry, they had with them the 4th U. S. regiment, the only one which had seen service before, and which had distinguished itself in the western country. But the most untoward circumstance was the approach of night, which prevented our establishing a communication with the other side, and supporting our friends, who from the frequent and general discharges of musketry were supposed to be warmly engaged. Unfortunately the inferior force which had opposed them profited of the absence of light to withdraw from the scene of action, and our brave fellows, mistaking their comrades for the enemy, continued for several hours to fire upon each other. In this situation the 2d brigade remained on the ground from which it had driven the 'Spartan band;' until orders were received from the major general to fall back to the spot where the baggage had been halted. This was done with the utmost deliberation and regularity.

About mid-day of the 27th colonel Purdy's detachment recrossed the Chateaugay and encamped in our rear. It had suffered considerably, though not as much as was apprehended during the preceding night; the total loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed 100 men. The troops were however completely exhausted. The effect of their disaster on the spirits of the men was but too conspicuous. On the 28th the army remained encamped at the same place, about two miles from the scene of action of the 26th. The enemy under the personal command of sir George Prevost lay perfectly quiet behind some rough intrenchments and abattis with which they had covered themselves. The famous achievement which Mr. Bouchette compares to the defence of the Thermopylæ did not encourage them to pursue their *advantage*. Still nothing was heard from the force on the St. Lawrence, to co-operate with which we had, a week before, by order of the secretary at war, entered Lower Canada. An extraordinary piece of intelligence which now reached general Hampton, excited apprehensions lest some important communications had miscarried. An officer of the quarter master's department had received at the Four-corners, a letter from the quarter-master general, then at general Wilkinson's head-quarters, by which he was directed to provide the means of building huts for 10,000 men on the Chateaugay *near the line*. Was the expedition abandoned? If so, how happened it that our immediate commander was unapprized of the circumstance?

Under the embarrassment thus excited, general Hampton assembled a council of war, composed of the commanding officers of brigades and regiments, and the principal officers of his staff, to whom was proposed this question; 'Is it advisable under exist-

ing circumstances to renew the attack on the enemy's position; and if not, what position is it advisable for the army to take, until it can receive advices of the advance of the grand army down the St. Lawrence?' The following was the answer.—'It is the unanimous opinion of this council that it is necessary for the preservation of this army and the fulfilment of the ostensible views of the government, that we immediately return by orderly marches to such a position as will secure our communications with the United States, either to retire into winter-quarters, or to be ready to strike below.'—In the printed documents submitted to congress by the department of war, January 31st, 1814, *Chateaugay* was inserted between the words '*such a position,*' and '*as will secure.*' No place was designated by the council of war; but it was fully believed by the officers who composed it that the position to be held was that of Spears's ford, at the junction of the two roads to the Four-corners, with which we could then communicate freely, as well as with the country around Malone, and on the St. Lawrence. Had this been done, the post could have been maintained until the approach of Wilkinson, and Hampton's division could in twenty-four hours have marched to Coghawaga or to the mouth of the Chateaugay to unite our forces with his.

In the afternoon, the army moved slowly eight miles up the river, where it encamped. On the 29th, the heavy baggage and part of the 1st brigade marched up the road. About noon the enemy's light troops attacked one of our pickets, which was quickly supported, and after some sharp skirmishing were beaten off;—we had an officer and four men wounded, none killed. Early the following morning the 4th Regt. and part of the artillery proceeded up the river; and at nine o'clock the 2d brigade, to which was attached Snelling's corps, twelve dragoons and a detachment of artillery with four six pounders, moved to the 'long rapids' on the Chateaugay, where it encamped. The rest of the army had gone on some miles nearer our line with the major general. Not the slightest interruption was offered by the enemy, whose light parties observed us, but kept at a considerable distance. On the 31st the whole division arrived at the heights of Chateaugay within the American territory; and on the 2d of November the old ground about the Four-corners was again occupied by the troops.

On the 7th of November the first direct communication from general Wilkinson of his progress on the St. Lawrence, was made to general Hampton by colonel King, his adjutant general, who had been despatched for information.

Our readers are now enabled to decide with what justice the epithets of disgrace and defeat have been affixed to the expedition on the Chateaugay, and how well founded was the exultation of the British commander, which gave a sanction to the gasconades of his countrymen. It cannot be denied that although the troops did their duty amidst scenes, not of much danger perhaps, but of suffering from exposure at an inclement season, and of want, from

deficiencies in the commissariat, there was great misconduct on the part of the framers of the expedition. The impropriety of directing military operations at a distance cannot be better illustrated than by the following passage taken from a late work ascribed to the pen of one of the most distinguished soldiers of the present age.

‘ Deux fautes capitales furent la cause première de nos revers; et ce n’était pas au maréchal Jourdan que la nation devait en imputer le résultat. Le directoire seul en est responsable. C’est lui qui, en confiant à deux généraux le commandement de nos armées d’Allemagne et la défense d’une même frontière, en mettant deux volontés, deux intérêts, deux amours propres où il n’en faut jamais qu’un, avait préparé d’avance le triomphe de ses ennemis; et comme si ce n’était pas assez, pour nuire aux opérations de ces deux armées, que cette misérable combinaison d’une jalousie mal entendue, ce même directoire se réservait l’honneur de les diriger. En vain depuis un siècle tous les écrivains militaires s’étaient prononcés contre cette manie ministérielle de vouloir commander des armées du fond d’un cabinet situé à deux cents lieues du terrain où elles manœuvraient; en vain des exemples sans nombre avaient démontré les inconvéniens de cette vanité bureaucratique, et les avantages d’une confiance pleine et entière dans les Généraux.’ *Mémoires pour servir à l’histoire de la campagne de 1796.*

‘ Two capital faults were the primary cause of our reverses; and it was not to marshal Jourdan that the nation ought to have imputed the consequences. The directory alone is responsible for them in the eyes of posterity. It is they who, by confiding the command of our armies in Germany and the defence of the same frontier to two generals, by placing two minds, two interests, two vanities, where there should never be more than one, had prepared before-hand the triumph of the enemy; and as if this wretched combination, proceeding from mistaken jealousy, had not been sufficient to embarrass the operations of the two armies, the same directory was reserving for itself the honour of dictating their movements. In vain, for a century past, had all military writers remonstrated against the ministerial mania of commanding armies from the interior of a cabinet, situated at the distance of two hundred leagues from the theatre of war; in vain had numberless examples demonstrated the inconveniences resulting from this penman’s vanity, and the advantages of reposing full and entire confidence in the generals who are entrusted with the command of the forces.’

We leave the application to the discernment of those who followed the events of the late war in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; in the last of which, although the American armies on the frontiers illustrated not only their own character, but that of their country, when encountering superior numbers of veteran European troops, yet the federal government was exposed to humiliation by the incapacity and presumption of some of its ministers.

Of the little confidence which Mr. Bouchette’s account of military transactions is entitled to, we believe we have furnished abundant proof; we shall therefore spare ourselves the trouble of refuting some other passages in his book. The last page, how-

ever, contains so preposterous an exaggeration, that we immediately referred to the table of errata, in the expectation of finding it corrected,—but in this we were disappointed. ‘That the subjugation of both provinces hath been, and will continue to be, a favourite object with the Americans, is not to be doubted; in the late attempt upon them they sustained a loss of no less than 47,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners; but this has not abated the keenness of their desires,’ &c.

Now we can assure Mr. Bouchette, and all the Leonidas of the two Canadas, that if they will make 47,000 the dividend, and 10 the divisor, the quotient will be infinitely nearer the truth than the extravagant number at which he has estimated the American loss during the war.

The map of Lower Canada which accompanies the book, is probably the most splendid that has been published of any part of our continent. It consists of ten sheets, and is executed with an elegance and minuteness that do credit to the geographer, and to the artists he has employed. The greater part of it appears to be founded on actual survey. We regret that the Cartouche which contains the plan of Quebec is incomplete; Cape Diamond and the advanced works on the plains of Abraham are omitted. The portion too of the United States which is included in the map, is incorrectly laid down; especially the borders of Lake Champlain and the vicinity of Chateaugay Four-Corners. In July, 1814, an engineer or surveyor, bearing the rank of colonel in the Canadian militia, made an attempt to visit Crown-Point and Ticonderoga, in anticipation of the intended occupation of that part of the state of New York by the grand army under Sir George Prevost; he was traced, and if he had fallen into our hands must have paid the forfeit of his temerity. If this be the gentleman who is the author of the map before us, we can but rejoice at an escape which has procured us so valuable an addition to our topographical stores, and could almost wish that he had found the means of completing his work by a more correct delineation of that interesting country.

### ART. III.—*Fragments on Portuguese Literature*, from the French of Sismondi.

**T**HE kingdom of Portugal constitutes properly a part of Spain; the Portuguese consider themselves Spaniards, and take the name, whilst they call their neighbours and rivals who divide with them the sovereignty of Spain, Castillians. Yet Portugal has its own literature; and its language, instead of remaining a dialect of the Spanish has been regarded by an independent people as a mark of their sovereignty, and has been cultivated with zeal. The distinguished men whom Portugal has produced, have made it a point to give to their country every branch of literature; they have attempted all kinds of learning, in order that their



neighbours should have no advantage over them; and the national spirit has infused into their compositions, a character altogether different from that of the Castillian. Portuguese literature is, it is true, complete without being rich; every thing is to be found in it, but nothing in abundance, except lyric and bucolic poetry; the duration of its lustre has been short; the nation to which it belongs is not numerous;—and, moreover, almost all the Portuguese who have distinguished themselves in letters, have written a part of their own works in the Castillian tongue. This literature, too, is out of the reach of the rest of Europe; the little commerce of the Portuguese with all other civilized people, the attention which they devoted solely to the Indies, whilst any vital spirit existed in them, and their present languor, have entirely prevented their works from being diffused among us. It was only by travelling and visiting the most celebrated libraries, that I have succeeded in procuring a small number of them; often, among an hundred thousand volumes collected together, there is not to be found a single Portuguese book, and without the work of Bouterwek on this literature, it would have been impossible for me to have given any account of it that would be at all satisfactory.

Although all the Portuguese poets have written Castillian poetry, yet the passage from one language to the other is not so easy as we might at first imagine. The Portuguese is the Castillian contracted, but the contraction is so strong, that the characteristic sounds of the words often disappear entirely. Moreover, the language is softened, by, as almost always happens, an opposition of the dialects of the plains, to the rude and sonorous language of the mountains. Such is the relation which the Dutch bears to the German, the Danish to the Swedish, and the Venetian to the Romagnol.\*

The little country of Portugal, which formerly only comprehended the province now called *Tra los Montes*, or the neighbourhood of Braganza, threw off the yoke, as did Gallicia, of the Mussulmen, a few years after their invasion. But as long as the power of the Ommiad caliphs continued, satisfied with defending themselves in their mountains, they had little hope of making conquests, and aspired only at remaining unknown. The period of anarchy among the Mussulmen, which followed, in 1031, the death of Heschem el Mowajed, the last of the Ommiades of Cordova, and which continued until 1087, when Joseph, the son of Teschfin the Morabite, subjected the Moors of Spain to the empire of Morocco; this period, I say, gave the Portuguese as well as the Castillians, leisure for breathing, and for thinking of aggrandizing themselves.

It was at this epoch that Alphonso VI, who had just conquered Toledo, married two of his daughters to two princes of Burgundy, of the royal house of France, to whom he gave as dower.

\* The language of Romagna in the ecclesiastical states.



to one Galicia, to the other the county of Portugal. Henry of Burgundy, the first of the known sovereigns of Portugal, at the head of the French adventurers who followed him, extended his little state, at the expense of the neighbouring Moors, from 1090, to 1112. His son, Alphonso Henriquez, the real founder of the Portuguese monarchy, during a life of ninety-one years, and a reign of seventy-three (1112 to 1185), conquered in succession, nearly the whole of actual Portugal, excepting the kingdom of Algarves. The efforts made by the Almoravides to maintain all the little princes of Spain in dependance on the empire of Morocco, appear to have given some respite to the Christians. Without doubt also, the very numerous Mo-Arabian\* Christians who inhabited these provinces, favoured the conquest, which might more properly be called a revolution, since, without changing the nation, it rendered dominant another religion and another dynasty. It was under the reign of this Alphonso, that the great victory of Ourique, on the 26th July, 1139, in which five Moorish kings were defeated, induced the Portuguese to change the title of county for that of kingdom. The cortes assembled at Lamego, gave in 1145, a free constitution to this new people; and the capture of Lisbon, in 1147, gave it a powerful capital, already enriched by the most active commerce, and inhabited by an immense population.

The power and wealth of Lisbon, that great capital of a small nation, had a very marked influence on the habits and genius of the people. The Portuguese were from their first origin, unaccustomed to a solitary life; they formed themselves by intercourse with men, and not by the retired life of the castle; and were, in consequence, less savage, less imperious, less haughty, and less fanatical. On the other hand, a great number of Mo-Arabians, being all at once incorporated with the nation, the oriental influence had a more powerful effect on them than on the Castillians. Love occupied a still greater portion of their life; it was more passionate, more tender, more pensive, and their poetry became a religious worship of their mistresses, far more enthusiastic than that of any other people of Europe.

In the most beautiful country of the world, in the land of oranges, on those hills where are collected without trouble, the most exquisite wines, the Portuguese seem never to have pushed to any great extent, their agricultural knowledge. At this day even, one of the banks of the Tagus is absolutely deserted, and you may traverse an extensive and fertile plain, without beholding one cottage, one blade of grass, one vestige of the existence of man or of his industry. The plains are abandoned to pasturage, for in proportion to the population, the number of shepherds is considerable; and it is not without reason, that in the view of the Portuguese, the country life is always identified with the care of tend-

\* Chretiens Moçarabes.

ing flocks. The nation composed of bold navigators, soldiers, and shepherds, was more suited to energetic and courageous enterprize, than to the persevering exertions of industry. Love, the desire of glory, the thirst for adventures, enabled the Portuguese to support the heaviest fatigues, the most severe privations; for, as a sailor and shepherd, he was accustomed to them all; but as soon as the excitement of the passions was no longer felt, he relapsed into his pensive indolence.

The idleness of the people of the south, does not enfeeble their souls as much as it does those of the people of the north; the former do not abandon themselves to gross enjoyments in the time of their relaxation, but to contemplation, and to the soft influence of a fine climate. Even when they are least active, they still harmonize with nature. However much the Portuguese may have fallen in latter ages, from their past grandeur, they still recal with pride, the place they once occupied in the history of the world. A handful of knights achieved in less than a generation, the conquest of a kingdom; and during eight centuries, the frontiers of this little state have never receded, at least in Europe. Glorious combats with the Moors, gave them a country which they were obliged to conquer foot by foot. In their chivalric expeditions, they succoured and protected their powerful neighbours the Castillians: the christian kings of Spain, fought none of the great battles with the Moors, which signalize their history, without inviting the Portuguese to occupy an honourable place in them. The spirit of chivalry transported them, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, beyond the strait of Gibraltar, and made them attempt the founding a new christian empire on the frontiers of Fez and Morocco.

A more towering ambition, hopes of more distant conquests, captivated, about the middle of the same century, the heroes who governed Portugal. The Infant Don Henry, third son of John 1st, Alphonso V, and John II, had divined the peninsular form of Africa, and fancied the vast ocean which surrounds the world. The boldest navigators traversed that torrid zone which had been thought uninhabitable, crossed the line, saw rising above their heads a new pole, and pursued their course over an unknown sea, guided by the constellations of an equally unknown heaven; they, in fine, doubled that terrible cape of tempests, which king John II, with a just foresight, named the Cape of Good Hope: they opened to Europeans the unknown route to India; and the conquest of its richest kingdoms, the conquest of an empire equal in extent and wealth, to that which the English now possess there, was the work of a handful of adventurers. That empire is, it is true, overturned, but the language of the Portuguese, a monument of their past greatness, is still the language of commerce in India and Africa: it is the medium there of all intercourse, as is the Frank language in the Levant.\*\*\*

Whilst Ferdinand and Isabella were still contending in Spain against the Moors, the Portuguese were pushing their discoveries and conquests in India and Africa; the heroism of knight errantry was blended with the constancy and activity of a commercial nation. During forty-three years, (1420-1463) the Infant Don Henry directed the efforts of the people; the western coast of Africa was covered with Portuguese factories; that of St. George de la Mine, had already become a colony, whilst the kingdoms of Congo and Benin, were converted to the christian faith, and acknowledged the sovereignty of Portugal; in fine, Vasco de Gama, passed in 1498, the Cape of Good Hope, already discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, and was the first who ploughed the immense seas which lead to India; Portuguese heroes, whose boldness the imagination can scarcely follow, rapidly succeeded each other in this unknown world. In 1507, Alphonso d'Albuquerque, conquered the kingdom of Ormuz; in 1510, that of Goa; and in a few years, an immense empire was subjected in the Indies to the crown of Portugal.\*\*\*\*

The species of composition in which the Spaniards have shown the greatest invention, and which possesses the greatest riches, is almost entirely wanting to the Portuguese. Their dramatic literature is very poor. They have but one popular poet who has written in the spirit of the nation, Gil Vicente, of whom I shall soon make mention; their other pieces are erudite comedies and tragedies, formed rather on the study of the ancients, than for the theatre; they are the essays of some distinguished men, in a path unknown to them, rather than finished works, approved of by the public and constituting a separate school. They are badly sustained in the representation; and at the theatre of Lisbon, Italian operas alone are played, and some Spanish comedies in their original language.

This, however, is the only kind of poetry which has not been cultivated with success by this ingenious nation. The same chivalric and romantic spirit which animated the Spaniards, inflamed also the Portuguese, perhaps even in a still greater degree, because they felt themselves called on to achieve great things with small means. Engaged in continual combats with enemies, from whom they conquered, foot by foot, their country,—without communication with the rest of Europe, except through a rival nation who occupied all their frontiers,—shut in between the sea and the mountains,—and compelled to exercise on the vast ocean, the adventurous spirit which no longer found nourishment within their narrow enclosure; they were thus habituated to tempests, and to that imposing image of infinitude which the boundless seas present; whilst, to these advantages they united in their own country, the gayest and most magnificent objects. In the land of oranges and myrtles, in their charming valleys, on those mountains which present all the aspects and temperatures of the globe, they found every thing that could develop the imagination and dispose the

soul to poetry. Their language, if it did not possess all the dignity and sonorous harmony of the Spanish, if it was a little too abundant in vowels and nasal syllables, was at least equally harmonious and soft with the Italian; its accent possessed something more affecting, and seemed more adapted to the celebration of love. Its richness and pliancy allowed it to assume the most brilliant ornaments and the boldest figures; its construction much more varied and free than the French, enabled it to produce, by the position of words, a much more striking effect. The lively passions of the south, expressed themselves without art in poetry, which flowed with facility from an impetuous bosom, and which the harmony of the language with the abundance of rhymes, finished without effort. The poet was satisfied with this impulse which he had given to his ideas,—his auditors had to devote but little attention to it; and finding in the poetry of another, only what they thought they themselves possessed, the greatest talents obtained no celebrity. Camoens lived unknown and died wretched; although in his earliest youth, and prior to his voyage to the Indies, he had given proofs of his wonderful talent for poetry. The *Lusiad* even, of which there were published two editions in 1572, did not draw on him either the attention of his countrymen or the favours of his prince; and during the remaining seven years of his life, he sustained his wretched existence by the charity which was granted, not to the immortal poet, to the man who had made his country illustrious, but to the unknown slave who begged in the streets for him, without pronouncing his name.\*\*\*

The epochs of Portuguese literature are not strongly marked as are those of the Spanish, its course is more uniform, the innovations which were gradually introduced into it, changed its aspects without producing a revolution; and in spite of the influence of ages, we still find traces of the same spirit, from the first Portuguese troubadours of the twelfth century to the pastoral poets of our days. Yet this literature has no more than every other been able to escape the influence of political events and of government; and to become acquainted with its grandeur and decline, we must, as we have done with other nations, cast a glance over the revolutions of the state. Among the Portuguese as among all other people, we again behold the same phenomenon to which we have on several occasions called the attention of the reader; the period of the greatest literary eclat was that of the subversion of laws and morals; oppression commenced at the moment when genius seemed to abandon itself most entirely to its primitive liberty. This genius had been unfolded by the wisdom and the virtue of the preceding government; but, as if to convince us that nothing perfect is durable on this earth, the fruits of order and of liberty have only been gathered by the human mind, when order and liberty no longer existed. The best troubadour poets were contemporary with the war of the Albigenses; Ariosto and Tasso flourished at the time of the enslavement of Italy; Garcilaso and

Cervantes witnessed the subversion of the liberties of their country: Camocns died of grief at the destruction of the Portuguese monarchy: but in each nation the successors of these great men were but pygmies beside them.\*\*\*\*\*

The political state of Portugal in the seventeenth century caused the ruin of her theatre. This country was united to the crown of Spain, before any great dramatic talent had shown itself; under the reign of the Philips, Lopez de Vega, and then Calderon made illustrious the Spanish stage: there was no longer any court at Lisbon, and the Spanish comedians brought by the viceroys, represented there Spanish comedies. The small number of the ancient Portuguese pieces of Gil Vicente and Miranda did not suffice to nourish the Portuguese theatre. The eclat of Spanish literature dominant at that time in all Europe, induced the Portuguese poets to compose in that language, at least as much as in their own, and those who had any dramatic talent wrote for the theatre of Madrid: thus was the national theatre absolutely abandoned.

It was not until after the peace of 1668, and when Portuguese independence was acknowledged, that it could be perceived to what a point the national spirit of Portugal had been destroyed. The nation seemed sunk in an universal lethargy. This mortal sleep manifested itself at the end of the seventeenth century, as well in her literature as in her military and maritime power which were equally destroyed. The finances and national industry fell at the same time, and the government weak, irresolute and ignorant, was as little alive to its own interests as to those of the people. At the opening of the war of the succession of Spain, it knew not what to desire; it espoused alternately the English or French side, according to circumstances, and henceforward Portugal began, in her literature as in her policy, to feel the influence of these two rival nations.

During the long reign of John V, from 1705 to 1750, the government made several efforts to awaken the literary spirit of the nation, or rather to give to the throne that kind of lustre, which the other monarchs of Europe sought for, at this period, in literature. The Portuguese academy of languages was founded in 1714, that of history, in 1720; but neither of them have done any thing to fulfil public expectation: only the close intimacy with the government of England diminished a little, their persecuting zeal.

The reign of Joseph Emanuel, from 1750 to 1777, appears to have been more advantageous to the national spirit. The cruel despotism of the Marquis de Pombal, his minister, in nipping perhaps several budding geniuses, roused however the nation from its long lethargy. Reform in the administration, and the progress of knowledge, were intimately connected with the views of this redoubtable despot; he broke the yoke of superstition, drove away the Jesuits who had enfeebled and enslaved all minds,

and when he reached the term of his tyranny, it was perceived with astonishment that the ancient chains had been shaken off as well as those which he had imposed. It was during the short reign of Peter III, (1779 to 1786) that Portugal enjoyed this new liberty, and even the efforts of the present queen Maria, to restore to monks and superstition their ancient influence, have not arrested the new impulse which Portugal has received, and which a more frequent communication with Europe has maintained. A royal academy of sciences has been founded by the Prince Regent: since 1792, it publishes memoirs treating equally of the sciences and of literature; it distributes annual prizes, and has had great influence on the taste, criticism and theatre of the nation.\*\*\*\*\*

Perhaps the existence of the Portuguese language is about to terminate in Europe. Their vast empire in the Indies has already disappeared, and of the countries there formerly tributary to them, there remain but two cities half deserted, in which they preserve languishing factories. The great kingdoms of Africa, Congo, Loango, Angora, Benen, in the west; Mombaza, Quiloa and Mozambique in the east, where they had introduced their religion, laws and language, have gradually withdrawn their obedience, and are almost entirely detached from the Portuguese empire; but the immense extent of Brazil still remains. In the finest climate and the richest soil, they have founded a colony which exceeds twelve times in surface their ancient country; they have now transported thither the seat of their government, their marine and their army; events which no one could have foreseen. These give the nation new youth and new energy, and perhaps the time approaches, when the empire of Brazil will present, in the Portuguese tongue, worthy successors of Camoens.

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ART. IV.—*De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Littérature Française, comme Protectrices des Lettres, et comme Auteurs: ou Précis de l'Histoire des Femmes Françaises les plus célèbres. Par Madame de Genlis. pp. 370. Paris.*

[From the British Review.]

**WE** have thought proper to recur to this subject, already considered in an earlier part of our journal; because we feel that the state of society, at this juncture, imparts to it a fresh interest, and claims for it a fuller exposition. The proper influence of women on literature, is not, as madame de Genlis would seem to suppose, to be deduced from the records of the celebrity of certain distinguished females in the worlds of fashion and letters: it cannot even be taken safely from the books which they have written; far less from those which have been written concerning them. Madame de Stael, we think, is correct in her observation, that, 'in reading those works which have been composed since the restoration of letters, one may remark, in every page, certain sentiments which had no existence, as it were, in the heart, before



women were admitted to civil equality. Generosity, valour, and humanity, have each, in certain respects, taken new and more enlarged acceptations since that epoch.' A new set of natures having been permitted to disclose themselves, a new and powerful influence was of course, brought to act upon the mind; and this influence, extending itself universally, like the effects of the atmosphere, demands to be taken into account, as a principal agent, in all the moral phenomena that can become the subject of inquiry. It is certainly to be considered as among the most active of those internal springs of society, that have been brought into play at a comparatively late date, and which have given a new form and character to what are termed the modern ages, by which they are visibly separated from that part of the series of our race which constitutes what we call the ancient world.

This observation, however, must be taken in that spirit of liberal interpretation which can alone sustain the justice of any general principle, applied to the exposition of the history of human nature; including, as it does, exceptions, diversities, and modifications, without number. Individuals have existed in all times, who have belonged rather to other eras than to their own; and although the great moral divisions which denote the changes of time and place, are no less strongly marked than the natural boundaries and varieties of mountains, rivers, and climates; although, in regarding the former, as well as the latter, from points that command their distinct effect, we recognize differences which cannot be reconciled, and dissimilarities which must not be confounded; yet, in following the long course of things, these characteristic features are often concealed from our eyes, and the gradations of the change are calculated to render us insensible to its reality. A French traveller, leaving his country during the last days of a very fine autumn, and entering Italy as the winter commenced, exclaims against the error of those who represent the temperature of 'Tuscany to be more mild than that of Paris: and much the same is the mistake of those who argue from a few scattered instances in ancient history, to the general state of manners. The tenor of classical compositions sufficiently proves, that women constituted among the ancients but a small part of what has been called the moral life of man. She produced, not unfrequently, a powerful effect on the passions: but she had little or no influence in forming the character. The Achilles of Homer might be represented precisely as we find him delineated, if Briseis had never existed, or been his mistress: all that, in such a case, it would have been necessary to change, was the moving cause of the wrath of the hero. The desire of a renown, to be hardly won by strength, courage, or genius, formed, amongst the ancients, the single spring of the most generous breasts: women went for nothing in the calculations of ambition, and lent but little impulse to the flights of imagination. She might, it is true, be employed as an accessory to assist in developing those qualities of a hero which she had no share in form-

ing; and which acquired little or no additional interest from her connexion with their display: she might also be employed as an accidental interruption, or diversion, to the course of great designs, and the tenor of decided characters, by affecting those sensations which have their origin in physical constitution. The purposes of Jupiter, in regard to the Trojans, were shaken and swayed to different sides by Juno and by Venus; and this may, at first, seem to intimate that, in the opinion of Homer, female influence was boundless in its sphere of operation; but the means made use of by these goddesses to back their suits, show that the bard had but very limited notions of the power of the sex, and lodged it entirely in what is by no means now considered its most honourable seat of empire. It is a striking proof of the great difference between modern and ancient manners, in the point which we are considering, that woman was excluded as a spectator from the Olympic exercises; where the skill, courage, and elegance of the youth of the other sex entered into such brilliant competition. The necessity usually alleged for this restriction might have been easily obviated, had the absence of the ladies been thought any great misfortune: on the other hand, contrast this fact with the animation and interest which the presence of females gave to the tournaments of the middle ages. At those superb exhibitions, where the hardihood and dexterity in arms, peculiar at that period to the West, were combined with an imitation of the parade and luxury which the knights of the crusades had witnessed in the East, the combatants felt every other motive to rivalry absorbed in the predominating anxiety to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the beauties by whom they were surrounded; and still more nearly to touch the heart of some one object of chivalrous devotion. But if woman formed any part of the reward of ancient valour, it was by falling into the hands of the successful warrior as a captive; and the consequence of her degraded condition was, that the full extent of the character of man, comprehending all the resources and varieties of its faculties, was not developed.

The footing on which the Grecian courtesans were placed at the most glorious epoch of the republic, is the circumstance that can be urged with the greatest appearance of force, as indicating that women exercised, in the classical ages, an influence on the minds of men superior to that which we have here attributed to them. Socrates, the most virtuous and judicious of heathen philosophers, frequented the house of Aspasia, not from a licentious motive, nor even in deference to the weakness of others, but in search of the elegant, learned, and polite conversation which he was certain there to hear: desiring to meet with the best company of Athens, and to enjoy an entertainment in which philosophy and grace had equal shares; and in which, of course, the externals of decency must have been sedulously preserved. This undue estimation of a class of women essentially degraded, would appear less astonishing if we found it coupled with a general disregard of that parti-

cular virtue to which the females in question had renounced all pretension, or even with an indifference to the value of its strict observance. In the dark and uncertain state of moral knowledge in which the pagan world was immured, and in which it wandered from one absurdity and enormity to another, an arrangement of society may be conceived to have existed, in which domestic happiness, and the public peace, should have a less indispensable connexion with female chastity than in the nature of things they certainly possess. But such a system had no place in ancient Greece. At the period of which we are speaking, the wives and daughters of the Greeks were required to live in a state of seclusion; and they considered an almost total retirement as requisite to their respectability. They were taught to fear death less than violation, and to bury themselves in the gloomy silence of their homes; while the houses of those of their sex who had incurred all the penalties of disgrace, were thrown open as schools of learning, as well as temples of pleasure! 'Socrates and Pericles,' says a French author, 'met of an evening at Aspasia's (*chez Aspasia*) as St. Evremont and Condé met at Ninon's.' As the ladies of this description in Greece were all proficient in music, the charms of sound were intermingled with literary criticism and political debate; and moralists and statesmen sharpened their wits by collision in those scenes of mental competition. This is a state of manners to which we find no approach in modern times, unless it be in France; but there the line of separation between the courtesans and the mothers and wives has not been so carefully observed as in Greece. And the want of this reserve indicates as much deficiency in taste, as depravity of morals. The Greeks possessed a very lively temperament: they were distinguished by a keen sensibility to the various forms of beauty; and they probably derived the perfection of their arts from their disposition to pleasure. These impulses drove them to seek gratification in a mixed society; where the rigid rules of their domestic life were respite in favour of an unrestrained and vivid communication between the sexes: but the convention which admitted of this intercourse was strictly limited to the women who chose to accept celebrity as a compensation for the loss of respectability. Vice, beyond the family boundary, was permitted to attire herself with attractions; but within that sacred barrier she was regarded as odious, and enjoyed no toleration.

But however brilliant, and even commanding, may seem to have been the condition of a certain class of women, at this distinguished period of ancient history, the reader cannot fail to have already discovered good reasons for denying, that this condition affords any ground for supposing that the sex was then properly esteemed, or that it possessed that influence over man which is now its undisputed right, and which it practically exerts. The females who occupied the most important posts in society; who were most intimately connected with the interests of the citizens and the hopes of the state; who reared the children that were to

become the strength of the commonwealth; and who presented, after all, in spite of the dazzling effect of the life led by their meretricious rivals, the model of female manners, according to the standard of honour established by public opinion, were, as we have seen, shut up in their houses, and educated in the narrowest notions, so as in a manner necessarily to repress the signs of character and the growth of sentiment. Those who were excepted from this thwarting and impoverishing system, acquired the privilege at the expense of what constitutes the most powerful magic of their sex, as it is felt in the hearts of the other. Deprived of this charm, they might, as individuals, exercise a dominion over the passions, and excite admiration by their talents and accomplishments; but the plastic power of woman, the ceaseless and penetrating spirit of her influence, is not manifested in such desultory and extraneous effects. In the Greek tragedies we never find the personal accomplishments and freedom of the courtesans taken advantage of to confer interest on female characters: their misfortunes as captives; their duty of obedience as wives and daughters; their oppressions and torments as feeble beings; their degradation as objects of sensual passion; their vindictiveness and cunning as slaves and victims; such are the features that compose the picture of woman in these celebrated productions.

Among the Romans, as it has been often observed, women possessed more of what can be called moral existence; but it was only in the interior of their families that they obtained any ascendant. Their manners were reserved and austere: their virtues could scarcely be called the result of sentiment. They raised for the republic a race of labourers and soldiers, and made clothes for their husbands and children. Great pains were taken by the grave magistrates of Rome to preserve them in this state of negative virtue. It is well known that Cato the censor, struck off from the list of the senate a husband who had permitted himself to salute his wife in the presence of his daughter. This was paying no great compliment to the young lady; but when the mind is left unstored with knowledge, it is necessary to put the passions under strong restraint. When the severity of the republican institutions yielded to the progress of luxury and the innovations of tyranny, the regularity of female manners was displaced by the most frightful licentiousness. This was carried to such a degree that the bounds of nature were overleaped, and the traces of humanity lost in the abyss of vice. About this period commenced the custom of praising women of rank after their death in public orations; and the most distinguished sometimes received the honours of divinity. Mr. Thomas, in his essay on the history of the female character, says it was then more easy to make a goddess than to find an honest woman. He notices that the appearances of female virtue which yet remained, were of the artificial and forced kind, being the offspring of the stoical philosophy. Like the vices of the time, the virtues were unnatural. The most striking contrasts were thus

displayed: excessive courage appeared by the side of extreme baseness; and the most rigid austerity near the most dishonourable license. The author whom we have just quoted, sketches in a lively manner the picture of Julia, the wife of the emperor Severus; and it comes nearer a modern portrait than any other we meet with in ancient history; but indeed she lived on the very brink of modern times. She was witty and beautiful; always surrounded by philosophers and men of letters; sometimes changing paramours into savans, and sometimes savans into paramours. Her husband occupied a principal place in the group. She was the first and most shining object in all the most remarkable affairs of the day: in politics, pleasure, and science, her sway and example were omnipotent: her rank assisted her dispositions, and her dispositions induced her to take every advantage of her rank: she played a brilliant part during her life; and her reputation after death, says the author, would have been complete had it but included virtue.

Proceeding with this historian of the sex, we arrive at the third century of the christian era, when a new and permanent principle began to act on the female character. Hitherto the limits of virtue, and the claims of decency, had varied according to systems of philosophy and views of policy. Lycurgus, as Montesquieu expresses it, took modesty from chastity itself; and the most virtuous girls of Sparta behaved in a way that would cause the most vicious in worse times to blush. In fact the ancients had no steady principles, or certain guides, in regard even to the common moral duties: for although the words religion and deity are for ever in use among them; yet, correctly speaking, they had no religion whatever. They transplanted to heaven the vices and caprices of earth; and regarded themselves either as the subjects of a fantastical and oligarchical tyranny, or of presiding deities, who betrayed their trust, and left them to themselves, while they quaffed their nectar in heaven. Christianity bore a very different character from its birth. It assumed at once the language and functions of supreme legislation. It yielded to nothing; it demanded that every thing should yield to its authority. To women, as to men, it prescribed fixed and severe rules of conduct. It interfered with actions, nor stopped there: it extended its empire over the thoughts of the heart. Hitherto the loose and accidental circumstances of politics, climate, or other points of national condition, had given their character to the customs and laws and morals of countries; but the sacred legislation of an unerring system established itself as a single, equal, and universal power.

The religion of Christ is incompatible with the degradation of women; and it is admirably calculated to illustrate their proper virtues. Meekness, longsuffering, patience under injuries, humanity and perseverance in duty, even when it is most barren of reward; such are the dispositions inculcated by the gospel; such are the qualities that form the power and beauty of the female character, and which establish its ascendancy in the heart of man,



whatever advantage he may seem to take of the attributes that are peculiar to himself. Wherever this religion has prevailed, the condition of the sex has been elevated; where it is yet rejected or unknown, woman remains insulted and oppressed. Christianity then is to be considered as the principal source of that marked distinction between ancient and modern times to which we have adverted. It has opened to females that passage into society which was before shut against them by the brutality and ignorance of man: to it, therefore, we owe that charm and expansion of life which their emancipation has conferred on civilized Europe.

The operation of this great agent of human improvement became assisted by an event which would at first seem ill-calculated to promote the progress of softer manners, and to aid the development of the kind affections. We allude to the irruption of the barbarous nations of the north, into the more southern kingdoms, and their establishment of themselves in these countries as the masters of the soil, and the stock of the people. Mr. Heeren, a German professor, who has written some excellent works on the philosophical questions which history suggests, remarks, that 'a religious respect for the sex, a sort of mystical fanaticism in love, belongs essentially to the Teutonic character.' There has always existed, in this regard, a remarkable difference between the north and the south: it was visible in their earliest and rudest respective conditions; and it is not obliterated to this day. The Scandinavian tribes always respected their women: in these wild and inclement regions, females were never held in a state of restraint or seclusion; they accompanied the warriors in their expeditions; they distributed the rewards of valour; and their presence inspired the efforts to deserve them. Love, considered as a sentiment, has always been a favourite theme of the northern poets; and the heroes and hunters amongst these warlike people, roaming through their interminable forests, or bursting from their fastnesses on the affrighted refuse of the great empires of the south, regarded it as an honour and a duty to be submissive to their women. To this source, then, we owe first the spirit of chivalrous gallantry, and ultimately the practice of that polite gallantry which forms the most prominent feature in the present constitution of social intercourse.

The institution of chivalry chiefly grew out of the desire of protecting woman, exposed as she was by her weakness in those times of disorder, when society was agitated with the throes that precede the birth of establishments. As civilization advanced, and law became more strong, the original objects of the knight became by degrees almost forgotten: but the institution was too agreeable to the spirit of the age to be yet allowed to disappear. Gallantry, ambition, and a taste for martial exercises, became the chief animations of chivalry: each warrior sallied forth to maintain the peerlessness of his mistress; and Europe was covered, from one end to the other, with these adventurers; who, displaying the scarfs



and crests of their ladies, knocked each other on the head to merit their favour. However numerous were the absurdities included in this custom, its influence inspired enthusiasm to poets, and gave grace and brilliancy to the nobility. Chivalry, says a German author, forms the sole glory of several centuries, which would, but for it, be consigned to horror and contempt in history. Remove from the middle ages this institution, and what would remain to them? To it we owe that extraordinary sentiment of modern times which is called *honour*; a sentiment unknown to the ancients; but which, in the absence of a much higher principle, is one of the most powerful springs of noble and admired actions. Above all, it added still more to the value of the female sex in the public estimation. In the courts, in the lists, in battle, and in literature, woman was the principal object of celebration; and often the same person was at once lover, poet, and warrior: he could sing to his lyre, as well as combat with his lance, in behalf of the beauty by whom he had been subdued.

Returning, however, to the early times, which we have for a moment quitted, we find the ladies, who at first but animated the martial dispositions of their admirers, catching themselves the ardour of arms, and, affected by the praises which were every where bestowed on courage, maintaining their claims to equal estimation, by displaying ample proofs of that imposing quality. Mr. Thomas gives a list of female warriors, amongst whom we find a 'demoiselle' of Transylvania, who killed ten Janizaries with her own fair hands. Gibbon notices the desperate act of the women of Cyprus, who, to avoid the Mussulmen, blew up the magazines and themselves along with them. The fair and frail queen Eleonore of France, commanded a corps of ladies in the holy land, which was called *the Regiment of the Boots of Gold*. Mr. Charbonnieres, in his amusing and instructive sketch of French literature, very recently published, makes mention of the interesting Louise Labbe, the handsome wife of a rope-maker at Lyons, the date of whose charms and talents is about the time of our Henry VIII. She was an excellent poet, and distinguished herself as an equally good soldier at the siege of Perpignan.

But this warrior woman was not in all respects invincible. In her compositions she frequently betrays the consciousness of her besetting foible: she complains that time, which destroys the proud pantheons, the strong cities, the high pyramids, which dries up rivers, and finishes so many other things, only seems to augment in her the disposition to be tender.

The rage for arms, however, began at length to subside. During the most flourishing times of chivalry, the most distinguished knights were but seldom able to read: as it declined, they commenced their alphabet; and when the fall of Constantinople threw the scholars of the east amongst the heroes of the west, learning remained no longer an unknighly accomplishment. The ladies, who love not to be left behind, accordingly forsook fighting, and

took to Greek. Steady, but frigid characters, slightly gifted with imagination, gave a preference to the philosophy of Aristotle; but the youthful and enthusiastic, embraced with ardour the sublime metaphysics of Plato. The fashionable manners, says a French author, were now a medley of gallantry, religion, platonism, poetry, ancient learning, and modern theology. The women soon became distinguished by their skill and ardour in public disputation. The daughter of a gentleman of Bologna, being mistress of the Roman law, pronounced, at the age of twenty-three, a funeral oration in Latin, the delivery of which, assembled an immense crowd in the great church of that city. At twenty-six, she took the degree of doctor; and, at thirty, received the chair of professor, from which she commented on Justinian, to scholars, who came from all parts of Europe to attend her lectures. Mr. Tweddle, in a letter written from Coppet, to be found in the volume published by his brother, says that madame de Stael spoke with so much ability in conversation, that she made her hearers forget she was not pretty: the talents of the lady of Bologna achieved something which we consider more extraordinary; they are said to have rendered the young men inattentive to her great beauty! At Venice, two clever and learned ladies, distinguished themselves also about the same time. One (Modesta di Pozza), composed verses 'serious, gay, heroic, and tender;' the other (Cassandra Fidele), wrote equally well in the three languages of Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and also (which is more doubtful praise) 'equally well in verse and in prose.' She possessed, says her historian, the philosophy of her own age, and of all former ages; she sustained theological theses with eclat, gave public lectures at Padua, excelled in music, had enchanting manners, and was as virtuous as she was learned. Whether she was also pretty is unfortunately not said. At Milan a young lady spoke eloquently in Latin. At Verona, Isolta Nogarolla excited the curiosity of all the sovereigns to hear her. In Spain, Catherine Ribera wrote verses 'moitié devotes, et moitié tendres.' The dutchess of Retz, in France, astonished and perplexed the ambassadors by accosting them in Greek. Aloysia Sigea took the unnecessary trouble of writing to the Pope one letter in five languages. The ladies Seymour and Jane Grey, in England, were distinguished for learning and talents, even in a time when it is affirmed to have been very common to see young girls, who had finished their education at the schools, present themselves before the holy father, and, in Latin or Greek, implore of him to declare war against the Turks.

If the women, says Mr. Thomas, appear to have wished at this time to wrest the fame of knowledge from the men, the latter were more than usually eager to bestow panegyrics on the women. Gallantry lost nothing of its power by being transferred from the chevaliers to the pedants. Boccacio composed a Latin work in honour of illustrious women, in the course of which he explores Greek and Roman history, the Bible and the romances: he in-

stances as models, Cleopatra and Lucretia, Flora and Portia, Sappho and Athaliah, and Dido. A collection of pieces was published at Venice, with the title '*A Temple to the Divine Signora Joan of Arragon, constructed to her Honour by all the Wits in all the principal Languages of the World!*' This temple is built in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Slavonic, Polish, Hungarian and Hebrew.

The question of the comparative rank and value of the two sexes was now provoked. The superiority of women was demonstrated by proofs theological, physical, cabalistical, religious, and moral. The most singular work on this subject is that of Ruscelli, which appeared at Venice in the year 1552. Moses is there made the ally of Petrarch and Dante; and the author supports his arguments by quotations from Boccaccio and St. Augustin, Homer, and St. John. The ladies took an active part in this discussion, and always in their own favour. Lucretia Marinella published a book, having for title, '*The Nobility and Excellence of Women, and the Faults and Imperfections of Men;*' which certainly does not promise the fairest view of the question. Marguerite, the first wife of Henry IV., more famous for talents than for chastity, published a letter in which she undertook to prove, that '*the woman is much superior to the man.*' In 1643, there appeared at Paris, a volume entitled '*The Generous Woman, who shows that her Sex is more noble, more politic, more valiant, more learned, more virtuous, and more economical than the other.*' But about the same time there came forth a treacherous ally of the ladies, in a work with this affronting announcement, '*The Woman better than the Man, a PARADOX; by Jaques del Pozo!*'

We are now coming towards times when the influence of women, though not less powerful and general, bears less of the air of a new enchantment. Chivalry and scholastic philosophy seem to have been equally favourable to their celebrity. As these declined in the world; as splendid illusions of various kinds began to fade in the public view; as the affairs of mankind were put on a more practical footing; as human nature was better understood, and custom produced familiarity with almost every object of life; women lost a part of that ideal lustre which had shone around them when tournaments and colleges formed the sphere of their triumphs. In further tracing the influence of the female sex on literature and manners, we shall chiefly confine ourselves to France, that we may more strictly treat of the subject denoted by the title of the work placed at the head of this article. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to say, that we can derive very little assistance from madame de Genlis. It appears that this lady had collected a number of notices of distinguished French women, in the expectation of being employed in the compilation of a biographical work, which they are still continuing to publish at Paris. In consequence of some misunderstanding, however, these notices, so prepared, were permitted to rest on her hands; and, unwilling to be left in the

lurch, she bethought herself that they might be given to the world in a volume: but it has no claim to the title it has assumed; it does not illustrate the influence of women on French literature. Unconnected anecdotes of queens, princesses, and female authors, with lists of their works, and of their protections, though very necessary to enter as materials into such an interesting survey as madame de Genlis announces, cannot be said to constitute it. This survey can only be made by a connected review of the facts separately gleaned, and by referring them all to certain principles of cause and effect, extracted from the general state of society at the various periods which enter into the discussion. As a compilation of anecdotes, then, this book may afford some degree of amusement, although it is rather meagre and barren even in this respect; but in common justice it ought to be stripped of the more important pretension conveyed in its title-page.

The influence of women on French literature, certainly affords an interesting subject for examination. A parade of superiority, and show of activity, have for several centuries distinguished the footing of the female sex in France: a nominal importance has been there given to all the connexions, reputable and disreputable, which the men have formed with women, such as we do not find elsewhere displayed. The memoirs of mistresses, and the amours of wives, constitute a very considerable part of the stock of its printed productions: its social manners have assumed gallantry as their most distinguished feature; and the principal epochs of its history connect themselves, in every one's recollection, with the names of certain females of celebrity. The real import of this state of things is well worth inquiry, and cannot be better ascertained than by looking into the literature which has been its companion. It is here that one is sure to get hold of the genuine spirit of manners. We have had occasion to observe, that the neglected and degraded condition of the sex in the times of antiquity betrays itself in the character of their most brilliant writings; the fervour of a romantic regard for women, burned in the early compositions of the western poets: love and chivalrous gallantry manifest themselves in a way that leaves no doubt of their sincerity in all the effusions of Italian genius: and amorous enthusiasm, of a singular, but intense kind, is to be found working and frothing in the heated mysticism of Germany. In England we can offer the Eve of Milton, and the Juliet, the Desdemona, and every female portrait, from the hand of Shakspeare, as examples of that susceptibility to the power of their subject, which is necessary to enable even the highest talent to display, with touches of truth, those more delicate and internal characteristics which belong to the essence of character, which introduce to its unreserved communications, and which can alone awaken those primitive sentiments placed by nature in the human heart to correspond to the incitements of the various classes of her beauties. The Tatler and Spectator, those standard models in a species of composition which no other coun-

try pretends to rival, owe their existence altogether to the estimation in which females were held at the epoch of their appearance. A constant and predominating reference to the minds, tastes, and habits of women, pervading their whole strain, forms both the principal charm and the principal utility of these delightful works. The novels of Richardson, so universally popular with us, and which the French critics praise, but find too tedious and heavy, are testimonials, singular in their kind, of the interest we take in what may be termed the mechanism of the feelings and character of woman, and of the ardour with which we can follow, under the dominion of simple truth, the progress of her fate, although the recital may lead through the minutest particulars, and possess, for its only embellishment, a simple air of reality. It would indeed be easy to show, that we have no one great production of the descriptive and imaginative class that does not receive what may be termed the breath of its life, the vital and distinguishing principle of its existence, as well as the most powerful charm of its attraction, from a certain intimate communion of thought and sentiment with the various qualities of the female constitution, and a quick sensibility to the inspiration of its influence. It is for this impress, this stamp of the importance and estimation of woman, that we are to look, when we wish to decide how far it can be affirmed, from the literature of any particular country, that the spirits are there submitted to the magic of her attributes. Of the use which lord Byron has made of the sentiments which the sex inspires, we cannot approve; but to the swell which these sentiments impart to his poetry, what heart can deny its testimony? His example is, indeed, of a very peculiar kind; and probably requires to be traced immediately to singular impulses of mind and temperament. The genius of this bard, while it has all the splendour and rapid ardour, has at the same time the eccentricity of a comet; its career includes the extremes of our system; but it is in approaching the light and warmth of female loveliness, that its effulgence increases, that its velocity augments, and that it seems to rush to the fountain-head of its glory, as if to recompense itself for the fate that has doomed it to pursue so large a part of its course through the regions of gloom and desolation. Turn to Wordsworth, a poet whose works are important enough to involve the discussion of the first principles of his art, and who is perhaps further than any writer that can be quoted, from taking advantage of forms of expression which pass by acception for a certain current value, when they are not connected in his own mind with the genuine elements of passion and thought, lying deep in the nature of man. The introduction of woman in the compositions of this remarkable author sheds instantly a sentiment into his poetry, which fills the heart as with the rich stream of an incense, that applies itself to the imagination as odours steal upon the senses. The forlorn Margaret, whose



—————‘ infant babe  
Had from its mother caught the trick of grief;’  
the wife of the solitary,  
—————‘ So intimate with love and joy,  
And all the tender motions of the soul;’  
poor Ellen, whose ‘ virgin step’ seemed  
‘ Caught from the pressure of elastic turf,’  
and who  
—‘ by the unclosed coffin kept her seat,  
Weeping and looking, looking-on and weeping  
Upon the last sweet slumber of her child,’

are portraits distinguished by ardour, expression and truth.

A literature thus strongly testifying to the power and generality of female influence on the mind, is certainly the best proof of the fervour of those feelings which the sex habitually excites in the country to which it belongs.

We should have been glad if madame de Genlis could have pointed out to our observation any such vein of feelings running through French literature; too deep to be affected by modes, and originating in an enthusiastic sensibility to the touching virtues and retiring graces which constitute the ineffable charm of the female character. These feelings are not to be confounded, as madame de Genlis must know, with the clatter of compliments, or the bustle of giving place. Although Louis XIV made it a rule to take off his hat to every female he met, even if she were a servant or a peasant, this does not exactly prove the existence of the particular sentiment which we mean; and when St. Simon describes the tortures suffered by the ladies who went in the carriage with the king, all caused by his majesty’s neglect, and selfish regard for himself, we are confirmed in our disposition to reject the externals of deference, particularly when disproportionate, as evidence of real esteem. What we look for is the test of the difference between reality and pretension, between feeling and form; and we should have been the more grateful to madame de Genlis for indicating this to us in French literature, because, to say the truth, we need assistance to discover it. Mr. Thomas’s work, of which we have made considerable use, though amusing in its historical sketches, affords a sufficient justification of what Grimm said of the author, viz. that he was by no means learned enough in the female heart to do justice to his subject. The common works of a gallant description in the French language display, under a certain exterior of affected courtesy, a body of the very coarsest and most degrading sentiments and descriptions in relation to the female character. Rising, however, from professed works of gallantry, which have in general but little to do with real feeling, we still continue at a loss to discover the signs of a heart-felt respect for the sex, and susceptibility to its real graces. Voltaire’s novels and lighter poetry, have no other object but to render enthusiasm of every kind laughable; and in his tragedies, as in French tragedy generally,



with the exception of a very few passages, love is only remarkable (as D'Alembert has observed) for its coldness: its introduction, instead of giving interest to a piece, throws a languor over all its progress, and spoils those other qualities to which it forms the lifeless companion. *Gil Blas*, which is usually quoted as the first of French novels, does not afford one indication of sensibility from its first page to its last. But the most remarkable case is that of *Rosseau*. This writer, who possesses so true a touch for description in general, can scarcely ever approach the object which he pretended to idolize, without being guilty of something offensive and coarse, outraging truth of character as much as delicacy. His *Eloisa* sacrifices her person to her lover on a principle of prudence, and calculates the consequences before-hand. By this, *Rousseau* thought to save the delicacy of his heroine: he was ignorant that the flow of passion and the shock of surprise were necessary for this purpose. His *Sophia* betrays, at the age of eighteen, certain ideas which she could only have acquired in the course of unbecoming conversations with some apothecary's apprentice in the neighbourhood. From the productions of *Rousseau*, which profess to relate facts, proofs without number might be brought to show that he had no imagination of the true beauty of the female character, and no instinct directing him to find its examples in society.

We cannot attempt, in an article of this description, to follow the plan which the title of the work of madame de Genlis led us to expect she had executed; but on which, to our disappointment, we observe she has not entered. We must limit ourselves to a slight outline of the history of the condition of females, as connected with public manners, confining our notice for the future, almost entirely to France. Francis I is generally regarded by the French writers as the founder of that spirit of gallant legerity which they avow as the distinction and ornament of the national character. He is said to have declared, 'that a court without women was like a year without a spring, or a spring without flowers.' His second mistress, the dutchess d'Estampes, was called 'la plus savante des belles, et la plus belle des savantes.' His sister, Margaruite de Valois, is the author of a volume of tales, of which madame de Genlis says 'one cannot conceive how the hand of a woman, of a princess, could have written such licentious productions.'

Francis I was himself a poet, but only under the influence of the fair sex. Several of his smaller compositions are scarcely inferior in grace and facility to those of Marot. The *Bibliothèque Royale* possesses a manuscript volume of the poetry of this prince, which, among other things, contains a letter in verse and prose to the countess Chateaubriant, his first mistress, giving a description of his unfortunate expedition into the Milanais, and of the fatal battle of Pavia. Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II, was both literary and athletic. It is recounted of her, that, in the hardest frosts, she washed her face in cold water; that early every

morning she mounted her horse, rode ten leagues, returned, went to bed again, and 'read books.' Ronsard the poet, about this time, introduced a much more artificial style of compliment to the sex than that of Marot, and his royal patron. He became the head of a coterie of seven writers, all equally forced and affected in their gallantry, who called themselves the *Pleiade*.

Some time after the epoch of the *Pleiade*, Pasquier the historian, Harlay the celebrated first president, Bisson, president of parliament, Joseph Scaliger, and a crowd of other writers, less distinguished for rank and talent, all exercised their poetical imagination on *one* subject. That subject was, however, august enough to justify so extraordinary a union, being nothing less than a *flea*, which had been seen by some adventurous eye on the bosom of Madeleine Desroches, during a festival at Poitiers. The pieces on this illustrious transgressor were collected by Pasquier in a volume, which was entitled '*Le Puce des grands Jours de Poitiers.*' After the death of Ronsard, whom we have noticed as the chief of this style of gallantry, and who had the misfortune to be very deaf, an orator charged with his funeral oration, exclaimed, 'Oh happy deaf man! thou gavest to the French, ears for the oracles of poetry!' The school in question is of a nature to have its disciples in all ages. A Mr. Le Genre, in a work entitled '*The Antiquities of the French Nation,*' discovers the Scythians to be the ancestors of the French, from their polite behaviour to the Amazons; and the chevalier de Mere, who was one of madame de Sevigne's lovers, but of whom she says he had a '*chien de style,*' is not less recondite in the mysteries of gallantry. He is the author of several treatises, which were said to be 'fine and tiresome,' as madame de Longueville observed of Chapelain's '*Pucelle d'Orleans;*' and in one of these he affirms, that Alexander the Great was guilty of a breach of manners, when in addressing the queen of Persia, he called her *mother*; it was bringing to her recollection that she was no longer young, says the delicate chevalier, 'a circumstance always extremely disagreeable to the ladies!' This choice spirit is said to be the author of the phrase *bonne compagnie*, in its fashionable acceptation.

Under the abominable Catherine of Medicis, and her miserable son, Charles IX, the manners of the higher classes, as it has been observed, were a 'medly of gallantry and fury: Italian ardour mingled itself with French licentiousness; carnage was planned in the rendezvous of love, and conspiracies were meditated in ball-rooms.' The work of Brantome, containing the histories, public and private, of the political and gallant ladies of this time, is as extraordinary a production as has ever been given to the world. One of his commentators says, 'I will not speak of the second and third volumes, which concern the ladies, not wishing to condemn the memory of a gentleman whose other works render him worthy of esteem; and imputing the whole crime to the dissoluteness of the court at that period, of which more terrible histories might

*be given than those which he has recounted.*' This last assertion is calculated to surprise the readers of Brantome; for it is not easy to conceive how the description of what is most odious in bad faith, debauchery, and corruption of every kind, can be carried further than it is by this chronicler and eye-witness. What is most of all bewildering, however, is to find seigneur Brantome, whose spirit is uncommonly caustic and shrewd, and who, in matters of politics and war, is clear sighted to a remarkable degree, losing all sobriety of expression, and lanching out in a strain of enthusiasm that would not seem to belong to his manner, when he is stimulated by what he calls the glories of these fine times! Writing his memoirs when well stricken in years, he actually subdues us into commiseration of the unhappy fate which doomed him to survive the golden age of St. Bartholomew, and left him exposed in his decline, to the evil times of Henry IV! We might almost be seduced into dropping a tear with him over the degeneration of human affairs, when he reminds us that those who live long see many changes, and compresses into a hint what is easily perceived to be the dictate of a bursting heart, full of regret and discontent. 'Ah!' he exclaims, 'these were different days from the present!' and then he works himself into an ecstasy on the velvet robes, and the ostrich feathers, and the ankles, and even the garters of the ladies of the court; and on the dances of the demoiselles, which he says were '*si piquantes et libidineuses!*' Catherine of Medicis is his goddess: but he admits, with reference to such actions as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that, to be sure, these great people have a 'morality of their own, with which it is best not to meddle.' The account which he gives of Mary, queen of Scots, possesses much genuine interest. In homely language he relates the facts of this unfortunate creature's departure from France, and casts a light on the scene of sorrow, by glowing praise of her beauty and accomplishments. Brantome was one of the courtiers appointed to conduct the queen to Scotland: we follow her. in his recital, weeping and overcome, to the vessel; we see her mount its side, and received with honours by the crew, while in a state of the profoundest grief. During the whole first day of the voyage she hung over the stern, gazing on the land, which her tears and the distance rendered every instant more dim. The captain invited her to take refreshment in the cabin, but she persisted in remaining on deck, says Brantome, for France was yet in sight. When the darkness of the evening at length confounded the earth with the water, she went below sobbing loudly, as if she had foreseen the misfortunes that awaited her. Brantome is indignant against those who accused her of being concerned in the murder of her husband; she was a lady of too tender a heart, he says, to wish to do harm to mortal man; and he supports his justification of her against this crime by telling, that when, during the voyage, she heard the cries of the rowers who were beaten by the officers, she was always angry, and never failed to stop the chastisement.

The French chronicler is horrified when he arrives at Leith. Ah! what a change, he exclaims, for this fair and amiable queen, from all to which she had been accustomed. She was obliged to ride on a hackney horse to Edinburgh, and wept as she looked upon the people.

Posterity does not exactly participate in Brantome's idea of the degeneration that took place when Henry IV became sovereign. Under the influence of his personal character, the manners were rendered more mild, though they continued to be scarcely less licentious. Brantome had grown old; otherwise he would not have found so much cause for complaint. 'Corruption,' says a French author, 'was general, but self-degradation was not then connected with it.' A more false and mischievous distinction cannot be made, nor one more pregnant with ruin to nations and to individuals: but the distinction has always been recognized in France.

In the time of Louis XIII, the style of gallantry seemed to incline again to the metaphysics and pedantry of an earlier age. Cardinal Richelieu in the intervals of decapitating the nobility, and intriguing against the queen mother, found leisure and inclination to cause theses on knotty points of love to be sustained and debated. The nature of these may be gathered from *mademoiselle de Scuderi*. Among others, she states the following questions, which we submit to our scientific readers of both sexes, to solve if they can:—'Which is the most convincing sign of love; to conceal a passion, or to declare it; to sigh, or to shed tears?' 'Which gives most satisfaction to a lover;—to praise his mistress, or to be praised by her?' 'Which event renders most manifest the power of the god of love; a shepherdess falling in love with a king, or a king falling in love with a shepherdess?' The most celebrated authors and courtiers united in the houses of the most beautiful and fashionable women to discuss such mysteries as these, during five or six hours together; and when the point was settled, some of the poets would read specimens of their productions. These assemblies were called *Bureaux d'Esprit*, the most renowned of which was held at the hotel of the marchioness de Rambouillet. Here Corneille read his *Polyeucte* before its public appearance; and Bossuet, at the age of sixteen, was brought in, as a surprising lad, to show the ladies and gentlemen how well he could speak extemporaneously. They gave him a text, and he commenced a sermon which did not finish till after midnight. Madame de Rambouillet had the good fortune to predict that he would one day be a great orator; and Voiture, who was probably a little fatigued, observed that he had never before been at a preaching, either so early or so late. Julia D'Argennes, the daughter of the mistress of the house, was the idol of the wits who partook of her mother's hospitality. The history of 'la guirlande de Julie,' bears a distinguished place in the memoirs of the time. The finest flowers were painted on vellum, and the first authors of the day made it a duty to furnish verses for each. Corneille, more plentifully sup-

plied with genins than the others, contributed no less than three. We owe to the author of the *Cid*, *la tulipe*, *la fleur d'orange*, et *Pimmortelle blanche*.

The regency of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, during which occurred what may be called the burlesque civil war of the Fronde, forms a most singular epoch. France, then, says one of her authors, was plunged in anarchy; but they mingled pleasantries with battles, and vaudevilles with factions. The Parisians, who were in revolt, made excursions into the country, covered with ribbons, feathers, and devices, to fight the king's troops. When they were beaten, they were welcomed by their own party with songs and *calembourgs*. Madame de Sevigne was in the capital when it was besieged by the court; and her relation and admirer, Bussy-Rabutin, was in the army of the besiegers: the war did not interrupt their correspondence; and, in one of his letters, he tells her, that she must expect him to take full advantage of the rights of conquest, when Paris should be carried by assault! Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of the duke of Orleans, belonged to the Fronde, as well as her father, and she ordered the cannon of the Bastille to be fired on the king's troops. The wags remarked that she had been unlucky enough to kill her husband by so doing, meaning that Louis XIV would probably have married her but for this determined action. Women were the principal agents, as well as the animating soul of the Fronde: every warrior had his mistress, and she dictated his party. The lines of the duke de Rochefoucauld to madame de Longueville are well known:

“ Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire a ses beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois; je l'aurois faite aux dieux!”

The memoirs of the cardinal Retz present the most amusing picture of this extraordinary time. In these we find a churchman putting pistols in his pockets on leaving his house, to be prepared for any casual affair in the streets; submitting the profoundest and most hazardous political intrigues to the deliberation of a troop of pretty women, in council with their husbands and lovers; now haranguing the mob as a patriot, now preaching to the court as a divine, now arguing in parliament as a subtile statesman, now posting his friends with the skill of a general, at the corners of the alleys, at the bottom of stair-cases, in the anti-rooms of public buildings, to back eloquence by the appearance of force. Women, however, formed the soul of the whole movement. ‘At midnight,’ says the cardinal, ‘I went *chez madame*: I found her in bed; we had a long consultation over the last proposals made by the court: she was of opinion that if Mazarine, &c. &c. &c.’ Sometimes it is, ‘I found madame in bed with her husband; I submitted to her my ideas on the present state of our affairs, but I could not convince her, though I observed that monsieur seemed to approve of what I said.’ Such is the style of these extraordinary memoirs, in which traits of the acutest sagacity and



deepest ambition unite themselves in perfect harmony with the details of gallantry, frivolity, and dissipation. Such unions as these are not now to be found in the world: the principle of the division of labour has been extended to character: as certain artizans fashion the heads of pins, others make the bodies, others sharpen the points, and others put the two together; so politics and compliments, eloquence and dancing, fall in general into different hands, and distinguish different characters. No doubt this latter method has its advantages: Adam Smith explains them: but life is thus split into so many separate and dry divisions, that we no longer enjoy the interest and amusement offered by the brilliancy of contrast, the reliefs of light and shade, and the charm and surprise of versatility. Each woman of fashion and beauty at this epoch, possessed in her lover her political department: madame de Montbazon, handsome and brilliant, governed the duke de Beaufort; madame de Chatillon held two places,—that is to say, she had for lovers, Nemours and Conde; mademoiselle de Chevreuse directed the cardinal Retz; mademoiselle Soujon, devout and tender, presided over the duke d'Orleans; the dutchess de Bouillon managed her husband; and madame de Longueville, who by her beauty, birth, and courage, became the head of the Fronde, conquered all the great men who were necessary for the party. She had the merit of gaining Turenne, and of fixing the duke de Rochefoucauld. Cardinal Retz, in sketching her portrait, says, 'she had a languor in her manners which was more touching than the splendour of the most brilliant. She had even a languor in her mind, which had its charms, because it had the most surprising and captivating awakenings.' He adds, 'she would have had few faults if love had not given her many.' To inspire confidence in the breasts of the Parisians, she went to the hotel de Ville to be brought to bed, and the infant was baptized under the name of Charles Paris. When the rebellion was extinguished, madame de Longueville, as a resource against languor, engaged with ardour in literary discussions; and when she had lived out the interest of these, she afforded one of those edifying spectacles on which madame de Genlis lays so much stress: 'She quitted society,' says our author, 'and consecrated her retreat to austerities and penitence.' Nothing could be more brilliant than the appearance of the public meetings during the time of the Fronde: the ladies entered the rooms at the head of their parties; they were supported by their received lovers and devoted admirers, as a general is supported by his staff, and they wore elegant scarfs, which distinguished the sides they had adopted. The gentlemen went to the balls in cuirasses, and instruments of war and music were heaped together in the corners. Cardinal Retz describes these extraordinary spectacles in very lively language. One of his friends, he says, beholding with him the scene presented by the apartment of madame de Longueville, asked him if it did not seem that the romance of *L'Astree* was realized? We believe it was from the midst of this



very party, that one of the officers of the Fronde sallied forth at the head of a troop of young cavaliers, and was killed by the court troops a few paces from the barrier. At this time people spoke in as serious a tone of an affair of gallantry, as of giving a battle. The duke de Belliarde, who openly declared himself a lover of the queen, in taking leave of her, when on the point of setting out to command the army, begged that she would have the condescension to touch the hilt of his sword! M. de Chatillon, the lover of mademoiselle Guerchi, was seen in the thickest of the fire, with the garters of his mistress tied on his arm. A regiment was raised which bore the name of Mademoiselle—and the duke of Orleans, writing to the ladies who followed his daughter to the siege of Orleans, addressed his letter, ‘a Mesdames les Contesses, marechales de camp dans l’armee de ma fille contre le Mazarin.’ To render the picture still more striking, the women were at this time, says a French author, ‘more than commonly devout.’ They caballed in the morning, visited convents in the evening, and received their gallants on their return home.

These facts we have gathered as they are scattered through the numerous memoirs, and collections of letters, which the sage personages of those busy times have consigned to posterity for its instruction. It is easy to conceive that when so much was done, there would be much to write; and we accordingly find the manners of society, during these periods, fully registered in a mass of documents, prepared by individuals who treat of themselves, as well as others, with a frankness not less extraordinary than the conduct to which it relates. In what follows on the reign of Louis XIV, we take considerable advantage of Mr. Thomas’s work. The singular position which women occupied in society during the regency of Anne of Austria, naturally led them to assume a tone of pretension in regard to literature and the arts; for they sought every road to distinction, and desired to be first in each. This taste of the time caused that to be most esteemed which appeared to cost the most of effort, of expense, and of zeal. Fashion became omnipotent, and its principle was exaggeration in every thing. ‘We had, in consequence,’ says Mr. Thomas, ‘*le bel esprit pour l’esprit.*’ Women, who aspired to be noticed, invented expressions which were much admired, because they were not perfectly understood. Hence originated that female character which went by the name of *Precieuse*; a term at first thought honourable, and afterwards consigned to ridicule by Moliere. The style in question was promoted and illustrated by the letters of Voiture, and the romances of mademoiselle de Scuderi. Louis XIV, who must be regarded as one of those princes whose personal characters have had sufficient force to produce a decided effect on the characters of their respective ages, though inclined to theatrical display as far as his own grandeur was concerned, and by no means gifted with a perception of what is most delicate in truth, yet had a scrupulous sense of respect for external decency, and which seemed to

proceed partly from pride, and partly from a love of order in the midst of luxury and magnificence. He had also a natural tendency to that *reserve* which generally operates as a corrective of licentious taste, though it may be often connected with infirmity of original conception. This character of the monarch, and the growing propensity to ridicule, which always accompanies the progress of civilization, tended to repress the most prominent curiosities and contrasts in the manners of the Fronde.

Mr. Thomas thus sums up his account of the manners of the time of Louis XIV: 'They were characterized by voluptuousness, united with decency; activity turned towards intrigue, slight knowledge, many accomplishments, a fine politeness: the women continued to preserve a sort of empire over the men: respect for religious sentiments mingled itself with the habits of coquetry, and remorse was always either by the side of love, or following it very closely.'

In support of the truth of this picture, and which a person of a true English mind must call a sad picture, and particularly of the last remark, we may refer the reader to the *Memoirs of the Mistresses and Ladies of the Court of Versailles*. The *History of Madame de la Valliere* is extremely interesting. Beaumelle gives a minute account of the paroxysms of remorse which this amiable woman continued to experience during the whole course of her connexion with the king; a connexion almost singular in the records of royal mistresses, being founded on the lady's impassioned attachment. It is to be doubted, however, whether her religion would ever have had force enough to break what it condemned: the ascendancy of the less worthy madame de Montespan compelled her, after sustaining a series of neglects and insults which cut her to the heart, to solicit the permission of the king to entomb in a cloister her penitence and her sorrows. It was of course granted, and her resolution having become generally known, she was visited in form on the occasion. The duke de Beauvillier, who was at the head of the most religious party, exhorted her to give to the world a striking example by choosing an austere order. Others recommended her to select a convent where she might rise to dignities. Her reply to the latter was, that *not having known how to conduct herself, she dared not pretend to conduct others*. On the 19th April, 1764, she received the adieus of the court, in the apartment of madame de Montespan, her successor! She there supped: in the morning she attended the king's mass, he being present: after it was finished, she went directly to her carriage, which conveyed her to the Carmelites of the Rue St. Jacques, where, at the age of thirty, she was buried for ever. After the year of her novitiate, she made her profession on the 4th June, 1675, and assumed the name of the Sœur Louise de Misericorde. Bossuet pronounced one of his finest discourses on this occasion, and the queen and all the court were present at the ceremony. Madame de Montespan sometimes visited the recluse: 'Is it true,'

said the favourite to her one day, 'that you are as happy here as people say?'—'I am not happy,' replied the Sœur Louise, with a mournful smile; 'but I am contented.'

The reader will not fail to make his own reflections on a state of manners which reconciled and united so many circumstances, which in the real nature of things are utterly inconsistent, the one with the other. The discarded mistress receiving the regular adieus of the court in the apartment of her successor; attending the mass as part of the ceremony of her retirement, where the king, and probably the queen, as well as the new favourite, were present; all France occupied with the change, as if it had been of a famous minister; the most eminent preacher adding to the noise of the event by the thunders of his eloquence; and the queen conferring dignity on the retreat of her husband's mistress by her presence at its consecration! Of madame de Montespan, the successor of madame de la Valliere, nothing more favourable can be said, than that she harnessed six fleas to a coach of filigree to amuse the king, and fed kids in painted *boudoirs*. What worse might be said of her does not belong to our present subject. The origin of the famous connexion between Louis XIV and madame de Maintenon, will generally be regarded as more irregular than madame de Genlis represents it; but that it was afterwards hallowed by marriage, is scarcely doubtful.

The regency of the duke of Orleans afforded a free and ample field. Barefaced voluptuousness, and gallantry stripped naked, were now the mode at court. Decency, far from being thought a duty, was not even respected as a heightener of pleasure. No one was ashamed, for no one was worse than another; and corruption, to blush at nothing, took the part of laughing at all. The variations of fortunes which attended the false financial schemes, producing unnatural riches and unnatural poverty, precipitated the degradation of manners. Extreme misery, and extreme luxury, have similar effects on the public morals; and rarely, it has been observed, has a nation experienced a great shock in its properties, without undergoing a change for the worse in its manners. Gallantry had till this moment, at least, pretended to the sentiment of love; but the pretence was now dropped, and the senses indulged themselves in a way as coarse as vicious. A new social character grew up amongst women, in consequence of this change. Losing the most captivating distinction of their sex, they stood on a sort of common footing with the men. In consequence, as will always be the case under such circumstances, the two sexes made exchanges to the injury of both. The spirit of society annihilated all distinction of sex, age, talent, and character. The communications became universal, and in the general intimacy all particular attachments vanished. All the world was welcomed, and nobody cherished. Mademoiselle D'Espinasse joined her lovers in the most amicable communion; and madame de Geoffrin received

every body, and distinguished no one: '*Elle jouoit le plus tendre interet avec trente personnes indifferentes.*'

Here we might stop. The influence of women on French literature is to be gathered from the manners which we have been describing; and in general their qualities, according to the fashion of the day, are to be found faithfully represented in the style of contemporaneous productions. There is usually to be observed a strict correspondence between the two, and each doubtless had an effect on the other. The early part of the reign of Louis XVI, was chiefly remarkable for the contrast between the easy habits, goodness, and simple tastes, which entered into the personal character of the king; and a general looseness and confusion of principles as well as practice, which showed that society was then utterly unhinged and deranged. To the state of manners sketched in the last paragraph, the revolution quickly succeeded, and neither literature, women, nor any thing else, can now be considered as moving in orbits proper to themselves: a fearful meteor had rushed into the system, dispersed the various centres which governed its regular movements, and dashed the ordinary masses of society into fiery fragments, whirling around itself in its rapid and undefineable course. The women had not the revolution in their own hands, as they had been accustomed to have, or to seem to have, the course of public events at some preceding eras; but still, according to the usage in France, they acted prominent parts on the public stage. The first army which the sovereign people marched against Versailles was chiefly composed of women; and it was a part of this force that chased the queen naked from her bed. On the other hand, some of the most dramatic instances of heroism and affection, on the part of the victims of anarchy, were displayed by women. They pressed forward to accompany their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers, to the scaffold: they cried '*Vive le Roi,*' to draw down the fury of the murderers on their heads: they made pointed and indignant apostrophes to their judges on their trials: gave precedence to age at the guillotine; and advanced to be tied to the plank with firm and graceful steps. It was a woman who planted a dagger in the heart of the monster Marat; and we have ourselves seen the mistress of Robespierre in a madhouse at Paris, where she still lives, having become deranged in consequence of the misfortunes of her lover. Madame Manson, as we had occasion to notice in our last number, declares that she felt herself ready, at ten years of age, to mount the scaffold with her parents; and we do not doubt either her resolution then, or the sincerity of her declaration at present. There are countries where, in the midst of similar public calamities, it is probable the women, speaking of their sex generally, would be more subdued by the horrors around them, and less capable of illustrating themselves as individuals, by playing striking *roles*: are we to conclude that this difference would of itself be sufficient to prove them inferior to French women, in real powers of mind and genuine af-

fections? The reader who, in the course of our recapitulation, has been struck by the ease with which French manners unite female devotion and intrigue, philosophy and coquetry, metaphysics and love-making; in short, all things that are naturally most opposite and inconsistent, will have probably already made up his opinion on this question. The principles of conduct in such a state of manners are often precisely the reverse of what they would be, where the natural order and connexion of things have place; and one cannot safely argue from action to motive, but in what may be called an inverse line. Mr. Segur, a count and an academician, who has published several works of a light descriptive kind, and one very recently on the manners of his nation, relates an anecdote of the times of blood, which will help us to a solution of the question above stated. He says, that, having occasion, during many days in succession, to attend the morning levee of one of the men then in power, he remarked the constant attendance of a very pretty woman, who, on inquiry, he found came to plead the cause of a husband, thrown into prison for some of the political offences of the period. It was winter, and the hour of ministerial reception was a very early one: at length becoming in some measure known to each other by their frequent meetings, he took occasion to pay the lady a compliment on her assiduity and punctuality: 'It is indeed very inconvenient for me, as you may judge, sir,' she replied; 'one cannot well get home from one's visits of an evening before midnight; and to finish one's toilette, so as to be here by seven, it is necessary to be up by five at the very latest.'

It is of the highest importance, in all questions that relate to what may be termed the style of a nation's thinking and feeling, to make sound distinctions, and to examine a little deeper than the surface. All the most useful and honourable qualities of English sentiment, and of the manners that there have their origin, are to be traced to the faculty and habit of so doing, which, as parts of the public character, should be sedulously guarded. A recent instance of female agency in France, exerted in a husband's cause, furnished occasion to some amongst ourselves to say, 'see what exquisite models of domestic virtue were formed under the much calumniated influence of Bonaparte, and let the aspersers of French manners, as they relate to women, now blush over their slanders.' The fallacy of this argument it was not convenient for these persons to see; and of the singularly unfortunate nature of the example, they were probably ignorant. Not to be misunderstood, however, we would observe, that notorious acts of zeal and devotion, which attract general regard and admiration, are, in the proper nature of things, proofs of exalted character and intense passion: but much depends on time, place, and other circumstances; the shepherdesses of Arcadia are not to be confounded with those we see at a masquerade; the original in Sparta is not honoured by the parody at Paris. When a particular system of manners has destroyed all distinctive signs of feeling by jumbling all together;



has turned life, as it were, out of doors, to let in show and exhibition; has rendered men and women machines that take the impulse of their movements from without, rather than from within; part-playing becomes then as universal as it is in general easy, and people deem it more agreeable to perform something splendid, even if it should be a little difficult, that will be soon over, and have the multitude for spectators, than patiently and firmly to pursue the noiseless tenor of the long and painful way of perseverance in duty. The more weighty and sterling qualities lie deep, and often secret: they, as well as the most delicate sensibilities, are to be found most tried in the unassuming discharge of what appears to be the common routine of family affairs: under the unknown tests and varieties of these, there are frequently exercised a magnanimity of heart, and an enthusiasm, having scope and support in its own consciousness, that would astonish were they discovered.

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ART. V.—*Memoir on the Method of taking out Spots of various kinds from White Woollen cloth.* By M. Colin; student with M. Thenard: inserted in the *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*, for Feb. 1818. No. 164. pp. 49, from the report of M. Cadet de Gassicourt.

**T**HE consulting committee for the dress and equipment of the national troops, being desirous of knowing by what plain easy methods spots of any kind can be taken out of the cloth of white uniforms, entrusted the necessary experiments to M. Colin: putting the following questions.

1. How is the whole dress of a soldier in white uniform, to be cleaned?

2. How are wine-stains to be removed?

3. The stains of red fruits?

4. The stains of coloured liqueurs?

5. The stains made by acid substances?

6. Those of negligence, and want of cleanliness?

Whereupon M. Colin instituted the following experiments, which are too instructive to induce us to give the results only.

To enable me to reply to the questions of the committee, I stained the six pieces of white cloth which were sent to me, with ink, tallow, cerate, soap, oil mixed with emery, (and wine.)

1. All the stains made by the fat and oily substances, were discharged by washing with soap. Sulphurous acid did not take away the stain of wine; but chlorine seemed to answer the purpose. Ink yielded in part to washing with soap, and afterwards to water impregnated with chlorine gas. Indeed I thought the piece of cloth was perfectly white, but on drying it, I found that the chlorine had produced a yellow tinge, which was not removed by the cautious application of the fumes of burning brimstone, or by a subsequent washing with soap.



2. *Experiments on wine stains.* Although the former experiment induced me to lay aside the use of chlorine (oxymuriatic acid, either in the state of gas, or water impregnated with the gas) I still thought I might make it of use by careful management. For that purpose, I washed away all that I could by the application of mere water. I then dipt the spot in liquid chlorine, rubbing it for a few moments: I then washed it abundantly in water. The yellowish tinge still remained, and was not entirely removed by liquid sulphurous acid, though it was weakened.\*

3. Before I abandoned the use of chlorine, I determined to try the water of Javelle in lieu of the brimstone vapour. (The water of Javelle, so called from the place where it was first made, is a solution of oxymuriat of lime, so strong as to discolour a diluted solution of sulphat of indigo. It is used by the washer-women in Paris and other parts of France. T. C.) Still, the cloth received a yellow tinge, though very slight.

4. The effect produced in the two last experiments by means of sulphurous acid, induced me to try its effect on wine stains. I used it in the form of gas without moistening the cloth, but the result was unsatisfactory. Nor was it better when I wetted the spot before using the fumigation.

5. Reflecting that wine contains an acid combined with alcohol, I mixed together alcohol, and hydro-chloric acid, in expectation of dissolving the red stain, but I did not succeed. (He should have tried alcohol, spirit of wine, alone. T. C.)

6. I then prepared a mixture of alcohol and sulphurous acid for the same purpose, but I was compelled to abandon it.

7. Although I was satisfied that acid salts enlivened the colour, as acids themselves did, yet to complete the series of experiments, I employed them. I then tried alkalies and alkaline salts, but they made the stain brown instead of effacing it. Alkaline sulphurets produced no effect; neither did the sulphites, or the sulphuretted sulphites, though they weakened the stain sensibly, but left it of a grayish colour ultimately.

8. I then tried oxalic acid in a tin spoon: after dipping and well rinsing the spot, the colour was weakened, but it still appeared of a decided rose tint, which the vapour of brimstone greatly weakened.

9. I then tried the same acid in a silver spoon, and then rinsing, and afterward the vapour of brimstone, but the result was as before.

10. Before I gave up the experiments, I determined to try the combined action of alkalies with sulphurous acid vapour. I cau-

\* The chlorine gas and chloric acid has the same effect as nitric acid on animal substances; it turns them yellow. Hence it is a proper bleaching liquor for cloth made of vegetable substances, such as cotton and linen, but not of animal substances such as silk and woollen. The sulphurous gas, is made by burning brimstone and admitting the fumes to the cloth. The sulphurous acid, by rendering oil of vitriol *very black*, by cork, straw, &c. and diluting it with about 40 or 50 times its bulk of water.

sed cold water to take up all that it could from the wine stain: I then washed it in soap and water, and rinsed it well; then I exposed it to brimstone vapour, and to my surprise, the stain was completely effaced.

11. I then took some specimens of the numbers 2, 4 and 6 (wine stains, coloured liqueurs, and spots of dirt through carelessness,) upon which I had employed brimstone vapour without effect,—I washed them well in soap and water, and the effect desired was produced.

12. *Experiments on fruit stains.* I spotted white woollen cloth with the juice of strawberries and of cherries. Brimstone vapour, the same dissolved in water, and in alcohol, were tried, but the stain was not removed until I washed it afterwards in soap and water.

13. I tried another specimen (that had previously been exposed to sulphurous acid), and soap and water then took out the stain.

14. The stain of gooseberries was effaced in the same manner.

15, 16, 17. Neither soap and water, or acids alone, could discharge the stain of mulberries, but employed one after the other, they succeeded. Water impregnated with chlorine gas (hydrochlorine), produced a rose colour, which it could not discharge.

18. *Stains by means of Liqueurs.* Stains of ratafia were discharged by washing first in soap, and then exposing them to sulphurous vapour.

19. Such was the case with the liqueur called oil of roses.

20. And ratafia of Bologna, made of the small black cherry, sugar, and brandy.

21. Brandy produced a less decided stain than the others, but it required the same means to efface it. (Because brandy is coloured in part, by the alcoholic solution of the colouring matter of the cask itself. T. C.)

22. The liqueur called green wormword, (absinthe verte) which is coloured by means of a tincture of saffron and indigo, resisted all the proofs. But a small quantity of sulphat of potash dissolved in water, removed it almost entirely.

23. *Experiments on ink spots.* I tried cream of tartar in vain: but a solution of cream of tartar in hydrochlorine nearly eradicated the stain.

24, 25. I employed in succession, water, washing with soap, and cream of tartar dissolved in hydrochlorine. It succeeded perfectly with 24, but not quite so well with 25.

26. I succeeded by employing first water, then chlorine; but the cloth must be washed so quickly after the last, that it cannot be employed, till we have discovered some means of destroying the yellow tint which chlorine produces.

27. Alcohol succeeded still worse.

28. A solution of gelatine acidulated with hydrochlorine, succeeded by soap and water, gave a satisfactory result.

29. The stain was washed with water; it was then exposed to

the vapour of sulphur, but without success: a subsequent washing did not so much good.

30. A better effect was produced by water first, and then by immersion in liquid sulphurous acid.

31. *Yellow stain of Chlorine.* Wishing to ascertain if some colouring matter would not combine with the chlorine, I tried gooseberry, but without effect, although the spot was afterward washed with soap.

32. Sulphurous alcohol first, then ammoniacal alcohol produced some effect.

33. Sulphurous alcohol alone much diminished the colour of the spot after some time.

34. An alternate immersion in alcohol impregnated with sulphurous vapour and ammoniacal alcohol, followed each time by washing with water, succeeded better still.

But we cannot destroy a deep stain of chlorine, which seems to attack the tissue of the cloth. Perhaps we might succeed, by patient application of weak sulphurous acid.

35. *Stains of Herbs.* I took a handful of grass containing several leaves of plantain; when bruised in a mortar, I stained some cloth with the juice. Water first, then washing with soap, effaced the stain.

36, 37. I made a strong solution of weld, and stained two pieces of cloth: upon the first I poured water; the stain was slightly diminished; soaping seemed to revive it; and it yielded only to a long-continued sulphurous fumigation. The second piece, was exposed at once to the vapour of sulphur, but was not completely discoloured.

38. Water, and soap and water destroy the stain made by beer.

39. A coffee-stain, yields somewhat to water, more to soap and water, and more still to sulphurous vapour. These being repeated, nothing remained but a slight trace not easily distinguishable. Essential oils, and alcohol, did not remove a coffee-stain.

40. Blood disappears with water, and then soap and water.

*Recapitulation.* 1. Simple washing with soap and water, removes grease spots.

2. The same means suffice for the stains of strawberry, cherry, gooseberry, grass, beer, and blood.

3. Spots of wine, mulberry, small black cherry, liqueurs, and weld, do not yield unless to a washing in soap and water, rinsing, and then the vapour of sulphur. Except, indeed, the liqueur called absinthe verte, which cannot be removed unless by a solution of alkaline sulphuret. (Above it was alkaline sulphat, but I should adopt the sulphuret. T. C.)

4. Ink resists this treatment: and even coffee leaves a stain, though very slight. Ink is removed by salt of sorrel moistened, and then by exposure to liquid sulphurous acid. Chlorine might be used, but it requires too much precaution.

5. The yellow stain of chlorine (on all animal substances, T. C.) is ineffaceable: but it may be diminished by liquid sulphurous acid.

*Manipulation.* Wash the spot with water, till no more effect is produced: then employ a washing with soap, and a perfect rinsing in clean water; then the vapour of burning brimstone, and again a good washing in clean water.

The vapour of sulphur is applied to the particular spot: thus, make a funnel of pasteboard, of a conical shape; place it over a bit of lighted brimstone, and hold the spot over the narrow part of the cone so that it may receive the vapour, taking care that it be not burnt or singed. If several pieces are to be so treated, some pieces of brimstone may be thrown upon burning charcoal on a chafing dish in a close box; which may be opened in about two hours to take out the cloth.

Coffee requires to be twice treated, before the spot disappears: the green liqueur also requires a slight solution of alkaline sulphuret.

All the spots operated on, had penetrated the cloth. T. C.

*Additions to the above, by T. C.*

*Ink spots* on cotton or linen, if recent. Apply strong vinegar, lemon juice and salt, by rubbing the spot with part of a lemon, or oxymuriatic acid, or common muriatic acid diluted:—washing the spot well in cold water after the stain is removed.

*Iron moulds.* The peroxyd of iron is very difficult to remove. The bleachers remove it by taking strong spirit of salt, and dipping the finger in it, they dab the stain with the acid, letting it rest till it is removed. This sometimes answers, but if the spot has been frequently washed, it will be very hard to move. In this case, put on it a little salt of sorrel, and then rub it well with a slice of lemon: then rinse it well: then wash it in hot soap and water and rinse it: and again with salt of sorrel and lemon. Or, add to it tincture of galls till it turns black: let it dry: then apply salt of sorrel and lemon juice. Or, apply a solution of liver of sulphur: let it remain some time; wash it in water, and then apply salt of sorrel and lemon juice. Sometimes one of these methods succeeds, sometimes another.

*Printers ink.* Apply warm oil of turpentine and rub the spot. Warm it, by putting the vial in a vessel of hot water.

*Paint.* Apply oil of turpentine as above.

*Stains of fruit or wine.* Apply strong spirit of wine: if that does not succeed apply oxymuriatic acid, and washing with soap, alternately.

The oxymuriatic acid may be applied thus: In a small tea cup or coffee cup put a little common spirit of salt, as three or four tea spoonfuls: to this add about half a tea spoonful of red lead, or of manganese, having first immersed the small cup in a larger one containing hot water. Moisten the stain, and stretch it over the vapour, till the stain be effaced. Wash it well in water.

**Grease spots.** Apply powder of white tobacco pipe clay, or French chalk, (that is, steatite or soap-stone,) put blotting paper over it, and apply a hot iron at a little distance. This will take out much of the grease, by repetition. Good ether, or *hot* oil of turpentine, will efface the remainder.

Where you can venture to wash the place, a good washing with hot soap and water will answer every purpose.

You may thus efface grease spots from paper; should any slight stain remain at the edges, brush it with a camel's hair pencil dipt in very strong spirit of wine, or ether.

The following remedy has been tried with success in England, and lately much recommended in France, for the Sciatica. Oil of turpentine, two gros; honey, four ounces. Divide it into three doses, and take one in the morning, one at noon, and one at night.

Doubtless this would be much aided by a strong cathartic, abstinence, and friction externally with oil of turpentine.

The gros is 2 penny weights 6 grains troy.

Composition to secure the corks of wine bottles. Cut the cork off even: wipe the cork and neck of the bottle dry: dip it in a melted composition of wax 2 oz. rosin 4 ounces.

## AR . VI.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

We have received the third volume of the Memoirs of Franklin, from which we extract the following political squib, written shortly after his arrival in France, as Commissioner Plenipotentiary from the United States.

*A Dialogue between Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Saxony and America.*

**Britain.** Sister of Spain, I have a favor to ask of you. My subjects in *America* are disobedient, and I am about to chastise them; I beg you will not furnish them with any arms or ammunition.

**Spain.** Have you forgotten, then, that when my subjects in the low countries rebelled against me, you not only furnished them with military stores, but joined them with an army and a fleet? I wonder how you can have the impudence to ask such a favor of me, or the folly to expect it.

**Britain.** You, my dear sister of *France*, will surely not refuse me this favor.

**France.** Did you not assist my rebel Huguenots with a fleet and an army at *Rochelle*? And have you not lately aided privately and sneakingly my rebel

subjects in *Corsica*? And do you not at this instant keep their chief,—pensioned, and ready to head a fresh revolt there, whenever you can find or make an opportunity? Dear sister, you must be a little silly!

**Britain.** *Honest Holland!* You see it is remembered that I was once your friend; you will therefore be mine on this occasion. I know indeed you are accustomed to smuggle with these rebels of mine. I will wink at that; sell them as much tea as you please to enervate the rascals, since they will not take it of me; but for God's sake don't supply them with any arms.

**Holland.** 'Tis true you assisted me against *Philip*, my tyrant of *Spain*, but have I not since assisted you against one of your tyrants; and enabled you to expel him? Surely that accompt, as we merchants say, is *balanced*, and I am nothing in your debt. I have indeed some complaints against you, for endeavoring to starve me by your *navigation acts*; but being peaceably disposed, I do not quarrel with you for that. I shall only go on quietly with my own business. Trade is my profession, 'tis all I have to subsist on. And let me

tell you, I should make no scruple, (on the prospect of a good market for that commodity) even to send my ships to Hell and supply the devil with brimstone. For you must know, I can insure in London against the burning of my sails.

*America to Britain.* Why, you old blood-thirsty bully! you who have been everywhere vaunting your own prowess, and defaming the Americans as poltroons! you who have boasted of being able to march over all their bellies with a single regiment! you who by fraud have possessed yourself of their strongest fortress, and all the arms they had stored up in it! you who have a disciplined army in their country, intrenched to the teeth, and provided with every thing! Do you run about begging all Europe not to supply those poor people with a little powder and shot? Do you mean, then, to fall upon them naked and unarmed, and butcher them in cold blood? Is this your courage? Is this your magnanimity?

*Britain.* Oh! you wicked—Whig—Presbyterian—Serpent! Have you the impudence to appear before me after all your disobedience? Surrender immediately all your liberties and properties into my hands, or I will cut you to pieces. Was it for this that I planted your country at so great an expense? That I protected you in your infancy, and defended you against all your enemies?

*America.* I shall not surrender my liberty and property but with my life. It is not true that my country was planted at your expense. Your own records refute that falsehood to your face. Nor did you ever afford me a man or a shilling to defend me against the Indians, the only enemies I had upon my own account. But when you have quarrelled with all Europe, and drawn me with you into all your broils, then you value yourself upon protecting me from the enemies you have made for me. I have no natural cause of difference with Spain, France, or Holland, and yet by turns I have joined with you in wars against them all. You would not suffer me to make or keep a separate peace with any of them, though I might easily have done it, to great advantage. Does your protecting me in those wars give you a right to fleece me? If so, as I fought for you,

as well as you for me, it gives me a proportionable right to fleece you. What think you of an American law to make a monopoly of you and your commerce, as you have done by your laws of me and mine? Content yourself with that monopoly if you are wise, and learn justice if you would be respected.

*Britain.* You impudent b——h! am not I your mother country? Is not that a sufficient title to your respect and obedience?

*Saxony.* *Mother country!* Hah, hah, hah! What respect have you the front to claim as a mother country? You know that *I* am your mother country, and yet you pay me none. Nay, it is but the other day, that you hired ruffians to rob me on the highway, and burn my house! For shame! Hide your face and hold your tongue. If you continue this conduct you will make yourself the contempt of Europe!

*Britain.* O Lord! where are my friends?

*France, Spain, Holland, and Saxony, altogether.* Friends! Believe us you have none, nor ever will have any till you mend your manners. How can we, who are your neighbours, have any regard for you, or expect any equity from you, should your power increase, when we see how basely and unjustly you have used both your *own mother and your own children.*

—  
*From Hamilton's East India Gazetteer.*

CALCUTTA.

The local situation of Calcutta is not fortunate, for it has extensive muddy lakes, and an immense forest close to it; and was at first deemed hardly less unhealthy than Batavia, which it resembled in being placed in a flat and marshy country. The English, it has been remarked, have been more inattentive to the natural advantages of situation than the French, who have always in India, selected better stations for founding their foreign settlements. The jungle has since been cleared away to a certain distance, the streets properly drained, and the ponds filled up; by which a vast surface of stagnant water has been removed, but the air of the town is still much affected by the vicinity of the Sunderbunds.

The city stands about 100 miles from the sea, on the east side of the western



branch of the Ganges, named by Europeans the Hooghly river, but by the natives the Bhagirathi or true Ganges, and considered by them peculiarly holy. At high water the river is here a full mile in breadth; but, during the ebb, the opposite side to Calcutta exposes a long range of dry sand banks. In approaching Calcutta from the sea, a stranger is much struck with its magnificent appearance; the elegant villas on each side of the river, the Company's botanic gardens, the spires of the churches, temples, and minarets, and the strong and regular citadel of fort William. It exhibited a very different appearance in 1717, of which the following is a correct description:

The present town was then a village appertaining to the district of Nuddea, the houses of which were scattered about in clusters, of 10 or 12 each, and the inhabitants chiefly husbandmen.

The modern town and suburbs of Calcutta, extends along the east side of the river above six miles, but the breadth varies very much at different places. The esplanade between the town and fort William, leaves a grand opening, along the edge of which is placed the new government-house, erected by the marquis Wellesley; and continued on in a line with this edifice, is a range of magnificent houses, ornamented with spacious verandahs. Chowringhee, formerly a collection of native huts, is now an entire village of palaces, and extends for a considerable distance into the country. The architecture of the houses is Grecian, which does not appear the best adapted for the country or climate, as the pillars of the verandahs are too much elevated, to keep out the sun during the morning and evening, although at both these times the heat is excessive; and, in the wet season, the rain beats in. Perhaps a more confined Hindoo style of building, although less ornamental, might be found of more practical comfort.

#### CANTON.

This city stands on the eastern bank of the Pe-kiang river, which flows from the interior in a navigable stream of 300 miles to this town, where it is rather broader than the Thames at London bridge, and from hence falls after

an additional course of 80 miles in the southern sea of China, near its junction, with which it takes among foreigners the name of Bocca Tigris. The town is surrounded by walls about five miles in circumference, on which a few cannon are mounted; but the whole of its fortifications, with a view to defence, are in every respect despicable, and only serve to prevent the intrusion of Europeans.

Although Canton is situated nearly in the same parallel of latitude with Calcutta, yet there is a considerable difference in their temperature; the former being much the coolest, and requiring fires during the winter months. The suburbs may be frequented by Europeans; but they are not permitted to enter the gates of the Tartar city, which, however, in its building and exterior appearance, entirely resembles the suburbs. The streets of Canton are very narrow, paved with little round stones, and flagged close to the sides of the houses. The front of every house is a shop, and those of particular streets are laid out for the supply of strangers; China-street (named by the seamen Hog-lane) being appropriated to Europeans, and here the productions of almost every part of the globe are to be found. One of the shopkeepers is always to be seen sitting on the counter, writing with a camel's hair brush, or calculating with his swan-pan, on which instrument a Chinese will perform operations in numbers with as much celerity as the most expert European arithmetician. This part of Canton being much frequented by the seamen, every artifice is used by the Chinese retailers to attract their attention, each of them having an English name for himself, painted on the outside of his shop, besides a number of advertisements, composed for them by the sailors in their peculiar idiom. The latter, it may be supposed, are often duped by their Chinese friends, who have, in general, picked up a few sea phrases, by which they are enticed to enter the shops; but they suit extremely well together, as the Chinese dealers possess a command of temper not to be provoked, and humour the seamen in all their sallies.

The foreign factories extend for a considerable way along the banks of the river, at the distance of about 100

yards. They are named by the Chinese, *hongs*, and resemble long courts, or closes, without a thoroughfare, which generally contain four or five separate houses. They are built on a fine quay, and have a broad parade in front. This promenade is railed in, and is generally called the *respondentia* walk; and here the European merchants, commanders, and officers of ships meet after dinner, and enjoy the cool of the evening. The English *hong*, or factory, far surpasses the others in elegance and extent, and before each the national flag is seen flying. The neighbourhood of the factories is occupied with warehouses for the reception of European goods, or of Chinese productions, until they are shipped.

For the space of four or five miles opposite to Canton, the river resembles an extensive floating city, consisting of boats and vessels ranged parallel to each other, leaving a narrow passage for vessels to pass and repass. In these the owners reside with their families, the latter of whom but seldom visit the shore. The Chinese junks that trade to Batavia and the Eastern Islands, lie in the centre of the river, moored head and stern, many of them exceeding 600 tons burthen. A Chinese ship, or junk, is seldom the property of one man. Sometimes 40 or 50, or even 100 different merchants purchase a vessel, and divide it into as many compartments as there are partners, so that each knows his own particular part in the ship, which he is at liberty to fit up and secure as he pleases. The bulk heads, by which these divisions are formed, consist of stout planks, so well caulked as to be completely water tight. A ship thus formed, may strike on a rock, and yet sustain no serious injury; a leak springing in one division of the hold, will not be attended with any damage to articles placed in another, and from her firmness she is qualified to resist a more than ordinary shock. A considerable loss in stowage is of course sustained; but the Chinese exports generally contain a considerable value in a small bulk. Some of these ships are not less than 1000 tons burthen, having a crew of 500 men, owners of goods and seamen, besides other passengers, who leave their country to better their fortunes at Batavia, Manilla, and

among the Eastern Islands. The Chinese coasting vessels are usually divided into 13 distinct compartments, well caulked and water-tight. In navigating these vessels, the same compass is used as in Europe; but in China, the south alone is considered as the attracting power, the Chinese compass is named *ting-nan-ching*, or the needle pointing to the south. The Chinese junks generally sail with one monsoon, and return with another. In the north-east monsoon they sail to Manilla, Banca, and Batavia, and return to Emoy and Canton, with that from the south-west. There are five junks annually from Emoy to Batavia, on board of which a considerable number of Chinese emigrate.

Canton is about 15 miles above Whampoa, and in this distance are five chop, or custom-houses, where boats are examined. The head tontiff, named by the mariners John Tuck, regulates the emperor's duties, respecting which the importer remains entirely ignorant, as they are paid by the purchaser of the goods, which are generally weighed and carried off immediately on landing. The cargoes are weighed with English weights of 50, instead of 56 pounds, and afterwards reduced to Chinese catties, by multiplying by three and dividing by four; and then converted to peculs, by dividing the product by 100. A pecul weighs 133 1-3 pounds English, and catty 1 1-3 pound; but the Chinese sale weights are generally inaccurate, and must be attended to. All goods in China are bought and sold by weight, even articles of food, such as milk, fowls, hogs, &c. The long measure is the cubit of about 14 3-4 inches. A tael is equal to 5798 decimal, troy weight; and in the East India Company's accounts, the tael of silver is reckoned at 6s. 8d. sterling.

The monopoly of all foreign trade is consigned, by the policy of the Chinese government, to a limited number of merchants, seldom exceeding eight, but occasionally more; in 1793 they were 12, and in 1808, 14. All foreign cargoes pass through the hands of these merchants, who are commonly men of large property, and by them also the return cargoes are furnished. With them the East India Company's supercargoes transact the concerns of their

employers; they dispose of the goods imported, and purchase the commodities which compose the homeward-bound cargo. At the close of the season, they are generally indebted to the Company above half a million sterling, and have, besides, property in their hands belonging to the Company and other British subjects, the aggregate of which has been estimated at two millions sterling.

The principal exports from Canton are tea, china ware, gold in bars, sugar, sugar candy, rhubarb, china root, snake root, sarsaparilla, leather, tutenague, japan, copper, varnished and lacquered ware, drugs, leaf gold, utensils made of white and red copper, cast iron, silk raw and wrought, thread, nankeens, mother-of-pearl, gamboge, quicksilver, allum, dammer, red lead, vermilion, furniture, toys, and a great variety of drugs.

Provisions and refreshments of all sorts are abundant at Canton, and, in general of an excellent quality, nor is the price exorbitant. Every description of them, dead or alive, is sold by weight. It is a curious fact, that the Chinese make no use of milk, either in its liquid state, or in the shape of curds, butter or cheese. Among the delicacies of the Chinese market, are to be seen horse flesh, dogs, cats, hawks, and owls. The country is well supplied with fish from the canals and numberless rivers that intersect the country, and the inhabitants breed also great numbers of gold and silver fish, which are kept in large stock ponds, as well as in glass and china vases.

The lower orders of Chinese, who engage as servants to Europeans at Canton, are extremely ready in acquiring a smattering of the English language, and fertile in inventions for making themselves intelligible to their employers. All the business at Canton with Europeans is transacted in a jargon of the English language. The sounds of such letters as B, D, R, and X, are utterly unknown in China. Instead of these, they substitute some other letter, such as L for R, which occasions a Chinese dealer in rice to offer for sale in English, a very unmarketable commodity. The common Chinese salutation is 'hou, poo hou,' the literal meaning of which is, 'well,

not well.' The name mandarin is unknown among the Chinese, Cochin Chinese, and Tunquinese, the word used by all these nations for a person in authority, being quan. Mandarin is a Portuguese word, derived from the verb mandar, to command. No correct estimate of the population of Canton has ever been formed, but it is known to be very great. *Ibid.*

#### MADRAS.

The approach to Madras from the sea is very striking. The low flat sandy shores extending to the north and south, and the small hills that are seen inland; the whole exhibiting an appearance of barrenness, which is much improved on closer inspection. The beach seems alive with the crowds that cover it. The public offices and store houses erected near to the beach are fine buildings, with colonnades to the upper stories, supported on arched bases, covered with the beautiful shell mortar of Madras—hard, smooth, and polished. Within a few yards of the sea, the fortifications of fort George present an interesting appearance, and at a distance, minarets and pagodas are seen mixed with trees and gardens. With all these external advantages it would be difficult to find a worse place for a capital than Madras, situated as it is on the margin of a coast where runs a rapid current, and against which a tremendous surf breaks even in the mildest weather. The site of Pondicherry is in every respect superior, and is placed in a rich and fertile country, besides having the great advantage of being to windward, the loss of which was severely felt by the British settlers during the hard fought wars of the 18th century. Yet, however inconvenient, the expense of removal at this late period precludes all idea of a change.

Madras differs in appearance considerably from Calcutta, having no European town, except a few houses in the fort, the settlers residing entirely in their garden houses; repairing to the fort in the morning for the transaction of business, and returning in the afternoon.

The garden houses about Madras are generally only of one story, but of a pleasing style of architecture, having their porticoes and verandahs sup-

ported by chunamed pillars. The walls are of the same materials, either white or coloured, and the floors are covered with rattan mats. They are surrounded by a field planted with trees and shrubs, which have changed the barren sand of the plain into a rich scene of vegetation, but flowers and fruits are still raised with difficulty. During the hot winds, mats made of the roots of the cusa grass, which has a pleasant smell, are placed against the doors and windows, and are constantly watered—so that the air which blows through them, spreads an agreeable freshness and fragrance throughout the room. The moment however the cooling influence of these mats is quitted, the sensation is like entering a furnace, although taking the average of the whole year, Madras experiences less extreme heat than Calcutta. In January the lowest is about 70°, and in July, the highest 91°.

The society at Madras is more limited than at Calcutta, but the style of living much the same, except that provisions of all sorts are much less abundant, and greatly more expensive. During the cold season, there are monthly assemblies, with occasional balls all the year.

The greatest lounge at this presidency is during visiting hours, from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven; during which interval, the young men go about from house to house, learn and retail the news, and offer their services to execute commissions in the city, to which they must repair for purposes of business. When these functionaries are gone, a troop of idlers appears, and remain until tiffin, at two o'clock, when the real dinner is eaten. The party then separate, and many retire to rest or to read, until five o'clock; about which time the master of the family returns from the fort, when an excursion to the Mount Road, and dinner afterwards, finishes the day, unless prolonged by a ball or supper party at night.

The black town of Madras stands to the northward of the fort, from which it is separated by a spacious esplanade. It was formerly surrounded by fortifications, sufficient to resist the incursions of cavalry; but having long become unnecessary, are now much ne-

glected. In this town reside the native Armenian and Portuguese merchants, and also many Europeans unconnected with government. Like other native towns, it is irregular and confused, being a mixture of brick and bamboo houses, and makes a better appearance at a distance, than when closely inspected. In 1794, the total population of both towns was estimated at 300,000 persons, and the city certainly has not since diminished in any respect. *Ibid.*

*Greenlanders.*—The Greenlanders seem to belong to the Mongul race; their stature is small, and they seldom arrive at a greater age than fifty years; the women are nearly as tall and robust as the men, and join with them in all their labours and exercises. Their habitations are all situated near the coast, as the climate is there less severe, and it is more convenient for fishing, which is their principal occupation; they are generally placed in the recesses of the rocks, and are supported by them; they are constructed of large masses of micaceous schistus, the crevices of which are filled with peat, and are lined with moss. Each hut is about fifteen feet square, and is occupied by about twenty individuals, who lie in it promiscuously. The apertures for the purpose of admitting light are closed with the intestines of the seal instead of glass; and the entrance into the huts is a long and narrow passage which just admits a man to creep in. They are heated and lighted by a lamp, which is suspended in the middle of the chamber, and over this they cook the flesh of the seal, which in the winter is their principal food. The houses are almost totally without any description of furniture, and are filthy to a degree which can scarcely be conceived; all access of fresh air is carefully excluded, and the heat and stench is absolutely insupportable, except to those who have been inured to them from infancy. Their only domestic animals are dogs, which serve as beasts of burden, and are employed by them in place of horses.

The sea-coast is almost covered with rocks and shoals, and is without any appearance of vegetation; the part which is not composed of rock being either bog or marsh. The rocks are,

however, covered with very beautiful lichens and mosses of the most brilliant colours; and the cascades which fall from the glaciers between the rocks, occasionally form very grand scenes.

*Annals of Philosophy.*

*Analysis of Rice.*—The object of the author in this analysis was chiefly to ascertain in what respect rice differs from the other cerealea; and especially to know whether it contains any saccharine matter proper for the formation of alcohol. A quantity of rice was pounded and macerated during some time in water; a transparent mucilaginous liquor was formed, without taste, that was neither acid nor alkaline, and was not precipitated by acetate of lead; by evaporation an extract was formed that in every respect resembled gum arabic. By treating this extract with nitric acid, a strong acid liquor was formed, from which water separated the phosphate of lime. This solution also contains a quantity of starch; and the author found that it was by means of the starch that the phosphate of lime was dissolved in the infusion. He also found in the same manner that animal jelly rendered a portion of phosphate of lime soluble. The author then examined the farina of rice, with a view to discover the quantity of animalized matter which was united to it, by distilling it and ascertaining the amount of ammonia disengaged; this was found to be very inconsiderable; he afterwards made an experiment for the purpose of determining at what degree of heat the starch begins to dissolve in water, which, by means of the test of iodine, he determined to be 144.5°. (F.)

The conclusions which M. Vauquelin deduces from his experiments are, that rice is a grain essentially amylaceous, which contains scarcely perceptible traces of gluten and of phosphate of lime. In this respect it differs from the other cerealea that serve for the nourishment of men and animals, which contain a considerable proportion of these substances. He was not able to detect any saccharine matter in rice, a circumstance which is considered as remarkable, because in some countries an ardent spirit, called arrack, is prepared from it. But potatoes also afford a spirituous liquor, although they, in like manner, contain no saccharine matter;

from which we must conclude that alcohol may be formed by something else besides sugar, unless we suppose that the sugar is so enveloped in the other ingredients that it escapes the ordinary means of detection. *Ibid.*

*Improvement in the purification of Coal-Gas.*—It is sufficiently known, that the production of carburetted hydrogen obtained from coal, and its fitness for the purpose of illumination, varies much according to the circumstances under which the gas is obtained, and the means employed for purifying it. To deprive coal-gas of that portion of sulphuretted hydrogen with which it is always more or less contaminated, it has hitherto been made to act on quicklime, either in a dry state, or combined with water in particular vessels, so constructed as to bring a large surface of the lime into contact with the gas. This method must naturally be very imperfect, on account of the feeble action of sulphuretted hydrogen upon lime. In proof of this statement, the gas supplied to this metropolis, need only be examined in the following manner: Collect a four ounce phial full of the gas, in a wash-hand basin, or other vessel full of water, in the usual manner, and then plunge into it a slip of paper moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver, or super-acetate of lead. The paper will instantly acquire a brown colour.

A new method of getting rid of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas has been lately resorted to with success; and the facility, cheapness, and expedition, with which this process may be employed in the large way, give reason to believe that it will be highly beneficial to the manufacturer of coal-gas in general. The process consists in passing crude coal-gas, as it is disengaged from coal, through a heated iron cylinder, or other vessel, containing fragments of metallic iron (the waste clippings of tinned iron will do very well), or any oxide of iron at a minimum of oxidation; for example, clay iron-stone, so disposed as to present as large a surface as possible: by this means the sulphuretted hydrogen becomes decomposed by the metallic iron, and the gas is obtained in a pure state. This iron, if in a state of a metal, acquires by this process a crystalline



structure, and affords abundance of sulphuretted hydrogen by the affusion of diluted sulphuric or muriatic acid, a proof that it is converted into a sulphuret;—a quantity of sulphuric and sulphureous acid is likewise collected at the extremity of the vessel. The gas thus treated, affords no disagreeable odour during combustion, and its purity is attested by its not acting upon the solutions of lead, silver, or any of the white metals. *Edin. Mag.*

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*Utility of Insects.—From the second Volume of Kirby's Entomology.*

The grand service which Insects render mankind, is in the removal by consumption of corrupt vegetable and animal substances, which, without their aid, would infect the atmosphere with disease and pestilence. They are also eminently useful in devouring other insects, which would otherwise multiply beyond endurance; and supplying food to birds and fish, which in turn constitute the food of man. It may be generally stated, that almost all the filth on the earth is cleared away (we allow for the action of rain and the elements) by inconceivable hosts of insects, of which some devour it, and others deposit their eggs, from which the larvæ soon co-operate with tenfold voracity.

Thus every particle of dung, at least of the most offensive kinds, speedily swarms with inhabitants, which consume all the liquid and noisome particles, leaving nothing but the undigested remains, that soon dry and are scattered by the winds, while the grass upon which it rested, no longer smothered by an impenetrable mass, springs up with increased vigour.

The *Coleoptera* and *Diptera* are the principal agents in this *scavengership*. The dead carcasses of animals, with all their fatal miasmata, are taken off by similar natural means. As soon as life is departed,

First come the *Histers*, and pierce the skin. Next follow the *Flesh-flies*, some, that no time may be lost (as *Musca Carnaria*, &c.) depositing upon it their young, already hatched; others (*M. Cæsar*, &c.) covering it with millions of eggs, whence, in a day or two, proceed innumerable devourers. An idea of the despatch made by these *Gourmands*, may be gained by a com-

bined consideration of their numbers, voracity, and rapid development. One female of *M. Cornaria* will give birth to 20,000 young; and the larvæ of many flesh-flies, as Redi ascertained, will, in twenty-four hours, devour so much food, and grow so quickly, as to increase their weight 200 fold!! In five days after being hatched, they arrive at their full growth and size. - - - Thus we see there was some ground for Linne's assertion under *M. Vomitaria*, that three of these flies will devour a dead horse as quickly as would a lion.

Another class bury small animals, such as mice, for the purpose of depositing their eggs with a supply of food. Putrescent vegetable substances vanish before the efforts of other insects, and their everlasting destruction of each other keeps the world free from superabundant multiplication. In the latter service, the earwig, spider, and dragon-fly, are marked consumers.

The important part which insects take in the fructification of plants is too well known to require being enlarged upon. As food for man, as medicine, as dyes,—in the production of wax, resin, silk, honey, &c. &c. their utility, though it furnishes many singular facts and illustrations to the authors, whose tract we are following, would demand a longer exposition than we can now allot to the subject.

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*English Opera House.*—This is the age of contradictions:—at the *English Opera House* there is a ballet of *American* savages,—real Split-log, Walk-the-Water, Elk, Big eye, or Buffalo gentlemen in their own country, and who, having taken up the trade of actors in this, perform with the most natural ferocity. These men are really very curious to behold. Their actions resemble those of the tiger, and there is not a motion but displays the habitual cunning and barbarity of their habits. They go through most of the evolutions familiar to their state of society, in war, peace-making, dancing, &c. &c. and afford a perfect idea of the manners and customs of wild Indians.—Their names are, Senung-gis, the Chief (*Long Horns*;) Ne-gui-c-et-twassaue (*Little Bear*;) Uc-tau-goh (*Black Squirrel*;) Se-guos-ken-ace (*I like her*;) Sta-eute (*Sleep Rock*;) Ne-gun-ne-au-goh (*Beaver*;) Te-ki-eui-doga (*Two Guns*.)



After the ballet these performers disport themselves in the saloon up stairs for an hour; and if any notion was entertained that they were only theatrical Savages, it must be instantly dispelled by seeing them in this situation. We were hardly ever so much amused with any representation as this eminently striking and curious scene. The shrubbery and these wild and warlike men; the mixture of European beauty, though unfortunately of a degraded class; and the contrast to which they gave rise, were worthy of a more philosophical contemplation than any mere dramatic exhibition; and we confess to have been highly gratified with the novelty. Human nature is always an object of interest, and when its extremes of barbarism and of the licentiousness of civilization are brought into one point of view, the study is neither common nor incurious. We shall next week renew our observations on these persons, and in the interim recommend them as offering great attractions for a visit to the Lyceum. *Lit. Gaz.*

*Extraordinary circumstance.*—In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest Productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable, but not improbable account:—A merchant not only heard the name of Buonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of him in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking. *Europ. Mag.*

*English Electioneering.*—The late John Ellis, Esq. who was termed ‘a violent party man,’ was employed as agent in an election, which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the House of Commons. To the bar of the House Mr. Ellis was brought, on the part of the petitioning candidate, when he underwent a cross examination, of which the following is the substance:—‘We understand, Mr.

Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?’—‘Indeed, sir, I do: as agent, I know that *our party* bribed all that we could get to accept our money.’—At this acknowledgment a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the House; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided on a member’s saying to the witness, ‘Your party did not carry the election!’—‘No,’ returned Ellis, with great composure, ‘we did not.’—‘Well, but Mr. Ellis,’ said the first querist, ‘is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member!’—‘Not in the least,’ said Ellis.—‘No!—why how do you account for it?’—‘Easily—the opposite party *outbribed* us.’—At this there was an universal burst of laughter.—‘I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis,’ said the interrogator, with great indignation. *Ibid.*

*Amusing perplexities.*—The French translator of Franklin’s *Correspondence*, has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says, ‘People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo.’ Upon this the translator makes the following note: ‘Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it is the Opossum: but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History.’!!!—This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift’s admirable works. A gentleman saw a person poring over an Atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. ‘Can’t you find what you want,’ said he, ‘or can I assist you?’ ‘I don’t know (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this *cursed Lilliput* any where’!! *Lit. Pan.*

*Education.*—Dr Hamel, Russian Court Counsellor, who travelled several years in England, in order to make inquiries respecting the sciences and useful arts, has published at Paris the most detailed work which has yet appeared on the art of mutual instruction.

This work, which has been printed in German, by order of the emperor of Russia, is accompanied by twelve plates, and portraits of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. A French translation is printing at Paris, and Russian one at Petersburg. Lancasterian schools are established in the Russian cantonments in France, and the soldiers are instructed with the greatest care. There are examples of soldiers learning to read and write very well in the course of three months. *Ibid.*

RUSSIA.

*Bible Society.*—Of the efficacy of the Russian Bible Society, in the prosecution of its object, the preparation and distribution of the Holy Scriptures, some judgment may be formed by the interesting facts, that within four years after its establishment, the society had either published or was engaged in publishing, not fewer than forty-three editions of the sacred Scriptures in seventeen different languages; forming a grand total of 196,000 copies; that the issue of Bibles and Testaments in the fourth year, fell little short of what had taken place in the three preceding years, while the increase of the funds had been in nearly an equal proportion; and moreover, that preparations were making, at the close of that year, for stereotyping the Scriptures in five different languages; versions were going forward in the common Russian, Tartar, and Carelian languages, and measures were adopting for procuring translations into the Turkish, Armenian, and Buriat mongolian. When to these particulars, it is added, that within a month after the Anniversary, at which they were reported, sixteen wagon loads of Bibles and Testaments were despatched from the capital for different parts of the empire, nothing further need be said, to demonstrate the effective exertions of this zealous and enterprising institution. *Ibid.*

*New Products from Coal.*—It is said that Dr. Jassmeyer, Professor of Chemistry in Vienna, has made the discovery of a means to extract from coals two hitherto unknown acids, a resin, a resinous gum, and other products, which he has employed with success in the dying of wool, silk, hair, and linen; and that he has produced from them red, black, yellow, and various shades

of brown and gray. The president of the Aulic Chamber, and other enlightened judges of these matters, have given their approbation to the discovery.

*Journal of Science and the Arts.*

*Medical Properties of Salt.*—The importance and value of salt as an introduction unto food, becomes continually more evident, as its medicinal properties are rendered more distinct and fully known. Among other salubrious virtues, may be mentioned its anthelmintick properties, which have been rendered very evident by the publication of some late cases. It appears that whenever salt is denied to the human being, diseases of the stomach are general, and that worms are engendered in the body; and in one instance, where a person, from aversion to that substance, had refused it either in food, or in any other form, they appear to have been the consequence, and remained for many years.

In Ireland, salt is a well known common remedy for *bots* in the horse; and among the poor people, a dose of common salt is esteemed a cure for the worms. *Ibid.*

*Academy of Sciences.*—*Prize proposed*—To determine the chemical changes which fruits undergo during maturation and afterwards.

For the solution of this question it will be necessary to examine with care the influence of the atmosphere which surrounds the fruits, and the alterations which they receive from it.

The essayist may confine his observations to fruits of different species, provided consequences general enough can be drawn from them.

The prize will be a gold medal of the value of three thousand francs. The term of competition is limited to the 1st January, 1819. *Phil. Mag.*

The University of Upsal in Sweden, contains at present 1267 students, fifty of whom are from 30 to 35 years of age. The majority of the professors are paid in corn.

The French are varying the Kaleidoscope in every possible mode. One artist announces the addition of *senti-*ment to this *joujou*, which he names a *Policonoscope*, and fills with shade portraits of *dear beings*: another calls his

the *Transfigurateur*, and furnishes bouquets, flower baskets, fruits, &c.

*Lithography.*—Aloys Senefelder, who, which is seldom the case, may be called both the inventor and perfecter of the new art, desires now to have it called by the name of Chemical Printing, instead of Lithography, or stone-printing, which is not adapted to it; because other materials, such as brass, copper, tinfoil, prepared paper, &c. are used in it in many cases instead of stone. He is on the point of publishing a work called '*The Art of Lithography*,' the history of this art which has spread from Munich over all Europe.

The Human Eye possesses, it is now stated on the authority of Dr. Jacob of Dublin, a membrane which has hitherto escaped anatomical research. This membrane was discovered by a new method of examining the exquisitely fine parts of this organ. It covers the external surface of the retina, and prevents contact between it and the choroid coat. Animals also have this membrane, for a detailed account of which we look with some impatience.

#### *Books recently published in England.*

Florence Macarty; an Irish Tale. By Lady Morgan.

Sketches of the Philosophy of Life. By Sir T. C. Morgan, M. D.

Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of teaching the Logic or first class of Philosophy, in the University of Glasgow. By George Jardine, F.R.S. Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in that University.

Memoirs of Count Las Casas, the companion of Napoleon, communicated by himself, comprising a narrative of the residence at St. Helena.

A Journal of Travels in the United States of North America, and in Lower Canada. Performed in the year 1817, by John Palmer.

The first number of a Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review.

An Essay on the Disorders of Old Age, and on the means for prolonging Life. By Anthony Carlisle, F.R.S. &c. Surgeon Extraordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, Professor of Surgery and Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.

Memoir on the present state of Science and Scientific Institutions in France; interspersed with Anecdotes, &c. By Dr. A. B. Granville.

The Life, Writings, and Character of the late Dr. Alexander Monro. By Dr. Andrew Duncan, of Edinburgh.

An Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S. author of an Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa.

An Additional Volume to complete the System of Political Economy of Adam Smith. By William Russel, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh.

An Additional Volume to Dalzel's Collectanea Majora. By Professor Dunbar, of Edinburgh.

Philosophy of Arithmetic, exhibiting a Progressive View of the Theory and Practice of Calculation. By John Leslie, F.R.S.E. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

A new Periodical work, entitled, The Quarterly Journal of *Foreign Medicine and Surgery*, and of the Sciences connected with them.

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FOR THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

### THE DINNER OF LAW.

Instead of your frolics of ven'son and bowl,  
Your dinners of reason and flow of the soul;  
I'll give you a banquet, which none can refuse,  
Composed not of roastings, or boilings, or stews;  
But a dinner:—once at it, you'll never withdraw:—  
'Though no dinner of puddings—a dinner of LAW!  
Prepar'd by a *Cook*,<sup>1</sup> who though no masticator,  
Is a mighty reporter, and deep commentator.  
The water he uses to cleanse all his dishes,  
Abounds not with grasses nor nourishes fishes;

(1) Coke, Sir Edward.

But lies, as his black-letter, long pages tell,  
 Bright and clear as a diamond, deep down in a well.  
 Where, to draw it, instead of a windlass and bucket,  
 Your capacity only he gives you to suck it.<sup>2</sup>  
 No trouble does he take to garnish a dish,  
 For he'll broil an *et cætra*<sup>3</sup> instead of a fish.  
 Though bad for the body, 'tis best for the soul,  
 To be sparing of meats, and refuse the bright bowl;  
 Since this *Cook* wisely tells us, that feeders will find,  
 Good eating unfriendly to mem'ry and mind.<sup>4</sup>  
 Charley's bills too, he'd make quite a different thing,  
 And with forty good shillings behabit a king.<sup>5</sup>  
 The wine that he places our table upon,  
 Is drawn in small streams, from an old *Little-ton*.<sup>6</sup>  
 Though if any prefer, it is scarcely less nice,  
 From a *Tall-but*<sup>7</sup> and somewhat diminish'd in price.  
 None deny that our *Viner's*<sup>8</sup> exceeding profuse,  
 And keeps a large store of his nectarine juice.  
 Though of late a retailer, has set up a shop,  
 Mr. *Sell-wine*<sup>9</sup> to furnish the bar with a drop.  
 Now the liquors are ready, let's garnish the table,  
 With something substantial as well as we're able.  
 The *Butler's*<sup>10</sup> attention we now shall require,  
 Spread your cloth, that was ne'er in the hands of the *Dyer*.<sup>11</sup>  
 An abridgment of *Bacon*,<sup>12</sup> now place at this end;  
 It was cured by one *Gwillim*, or *Wilson*, our friend.

(2) Co. Litt. 71. a. 'The knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding.' 'And as the bucket in the depth is easily drawne to the uppermost part of the water (for *nullum elementum in suo proprio loco est grave*,) but take it from the water it cannot be drawne up but with a great difficultie, &c.'

(3) Co. Litt. 17. b. 'There is no *et cætra* in all the three books; (there being as you shall perceive very many) but it is for two purposes. First it doth imply some other necessary matter: Secondly that the student may together with that which our author hath said, inquire what authorities there be in law that treat of that matter, which will worke three notable effects: first, it will make him understand our author the better. Secondly, it will exceedingly adde to the readers invention; and lastly, it will fasten the matter more surely in his memory.'

(4) Institutes, 3d part. 200. 'There is no act of parliament against excesse of diet, for it is known to be so hurtful for man's body, and so obscureth the faculties of the mind, as the understanding, memory, &c.'

(5) Institutes, 3d part. 199. 'The best mean to repress costly apparel and the excesse thereof is by example.' 'It would best cure this vain and consuming ill which is a branch of prodigality, and herewith few wise men are taken. If you will look into the parliament roll of 2 H. 6. you shall see what plain and frugal apparel that renowned king H. 5. after he was king did wear, his gown of less value than 40 shillings.'

(6) Thomas Littleton, alias Westcote, whom Camden calls 'the famous English lawyer, to whose treatise of Tenures, the students of the Common Law are no less beholden, than the civilians to Justinian's Institutes.'

(7) Reports. temp. Lord Talbot.

(8) Charles Viner, Esquire, author of an Abridgment of Law and Equity, founder of the Vinerian lecture at Oxford. His Abridgment consists of 24 volumes folio, and a copious supplement.

(9) William Selwyn, Jun. Esq. Law of Nisi Prius.

(10) Charles Butler, Esq.

(11) Sir James Dyer. Reports, &c.

(12) Bacon's Abridgment of the Law. Henry Gwillim, Esq. is the author of an appendix, and an edition has been

A slice or two shaved from the *hock* or *hic* side,  
 Would serve as a feast for the daintiest bride.  
 Completely 'tis dress'd as you see *a la Dobe*,  
 With all the good things of this side of the globe.  
 Stuff't full, you'll confess, of all sorts of forced meat,  
 From the richest calves' head, to the humblest pigs' feet.  
 Then a hare, that has *burrow'd*<sup>13</sup> in many a *Park*; <sup>14</sup>  
 With his ears all so long, and his flesh all so dark,  
 May be used as a side dish, without seeming *Strange*,<sup>15</sup>  
 Should our neighbour *Come-in*,<sup>16</sup> he'll not ask for a change.  
 Of the makers of *contracts*, this neighbour's the best,  
 And black or white meat, none can better *digest*.  
 Here's another so *Hale*<sup>17</sup> though with crimes overflowing,  
 Who for king, or for Cromwell was equally knowing;  
 Not a dish at a feast, does he ever refuse,  
 Though you banish the castors, and keep not a *Cruise*.<sup>18</sup>  
 A suitable place to the *Kid*<sup>19</sup> now award,  
 'Tis seldom you witness goats' flesh so prepar'd.  
 Though we've Bacon already, for every one's palate,  
*Pop-ham*<sup>20</sup> in the middle: 'twill do with the sallet.  
 Our Pork, though no yearling, is yet very good;  
 The *Doctor*<sup>21</sup> himself, wont complain of such food.  
 To known viands why should we our tastes always trammel?  
 Here's an Arabic dish, the lean haunch of a *Camel*.<sup>22</sup>  
 'Tis just from the *Kitchen*<sup>23</sup> if you're in such a hurry,  
 'Tis done in a trice, you may dress it with *Curry*<sup>24</sup>  
 A goblet now bring, from the *Brook*<sup>25</sup> that's just taken:  
 Our guests other liquids perhaps have forsaken.  
 And for tastes that can relish plain dishes and fruit,  
 From the *Heath*<sup>26</sup> bring some peaches and plenty of *Root*.<sup>27</sup>  
 With all sorts of good food, we our board have supplied,  
 And giv'n our grave guests, a kind welcome beside.  
 Let them swallow their fill, then for grace they may call  
 On the *Palmer*<sup>28</sup> who sits at the end of the hall.  
 And should he implore such a banquet again,  
 The *Clark*<sup>29</sup> shall with rapture respond an AMEN.

published by judge Wilson of Pennsylvania, with valuable improvements.

(13) Sir James Burrows' reports K. B.

(14) Author of the System of Insurance Law.

(15) Sir J. Strange, reporter, &c.

(16) Lord Ch. baron Comyn published a Digest of the Laws of England. Samuel Comyns, esquire, is the author of a Treatise on Contracts, not under Seal.

(17) Sir Matthew Hale. Lord Ch. Justice of K. B. author of the History of the Pleas of the Crown. He kept his seat during the usurpation of Cromwell.

(18) Author of a Digest, respecting Real Property, &c. &c.

(19) Stewart Kyd, Esq. on the Law of Awards, &c.

(20) Sir J. Popham's reports in the reign of Q. Elizabeth.

(21) 'Doctor and Student.' Dialogues on the Law of England.

(22) John Campbell's Nisi Prius reports. K. B. and C. P.

(23) John Kitchen, Esquire's Jurisdictions; or the lawful authority of Courts lect, Courts Baron, Courts of Marshalsea, Court of Piepoudre and ancient Demesne.

(24) Curry's Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries.

(25) Sir Robert Brooke's Abridgment of the Law.

(26) Sir Robert Heath's Maxims and Rules of Pleading, &c.

(27) Root's Connecticut Reports.

(28) Sir Geoffrey Palmer's Reports in K. B. in the reign of James I. and Charles I.

(29) Clarke's *Praxis Curia Admiraltatis*.







**VIEW OF THE CAMP OF COL. LAUGHTS REGIMENT OF MILITIA.**

that 'the Pennsylvania observations of the transit were excellent and complete, and did honour to the gentlemen who made them, and to those who had promoted the undertaking.'

The reputation which Mr. Rittenhouse had now so justly acquired, as an astronomer, attracted the attention of the government, and he was employed in several geodesic operations, of great public importance.

In the year 1779, he was appointed, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, one of the commissioners for adjusting a territorial dispute, between that state and Virginia; and the success of this commission is ascribed, in a great degree, to his skill and prudence.

In 1786, he was employed in fixing the northern line, which divides Pennsylvania from New York.

In 1769, he was employed in settling the limits between New Jersey and New York; and, in 1787, he was called upon to assist in fixing a boundary line between the states of Massachusetts and New York.

Let us call upon those, who are in the habit of considering the pursuits of the philosopher as barren and useless, to cast their eyes once more over this list of labours; and then say, whether they were not of indispensable practical importance, and whether any thing but *science* could have accomplished them.

The literary honours, which the grateful votaries of science so gladly confer upon successful genius, were lavished upon Mr. Rittenhouse. In 1768, the degree of master of arts was conferred upon him by the college of Philadelphia. The same degree was also conferred by the college of William and Mary, in Virginia, in 1784. In the year 1789, he received the degree of doctor of laws, from the college of New Jersey. He was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, in 1782, and of the Royal Society of London, in 1795.

In the year 1791, he was chosen the successor of Dr. Franklin, in the presidency of the American Philosophical Society, the most elevated station that science can confer in our country. The connexion of Dr. Rittenhouse with this society, was certainly important both to him and to them. All his philosophical communications were made through the medium of their transactions; and the following list of his papers, printed in the three first volumes, will show his zeal for science, and the fertility of his genius.

Observations of the comet which appeared in June and July 1770, with the elements of its motion, and trajectory of its path; in a letter to Dr. William Smith.

An easy method of deducing the true time of the Sun's passing the meridian, by means of a clock, from a comparison of four equal altitudes, observed on two succeeding days, without the help of the equation tables; communicated by Dr. Wm. Smith.

An explanation of an optical deception; namely, that the surfaces of bodies, viewed through the double microscope, sometimes appear

to be reversed, that is, those parts which are elevated seem depressed, and the contrary.

An account of a remarkable meteor, observed at Philadelphia, on the 31st of October, 1775; with some conjectures relative to the theory of meteors; in answer to a letter from John Page, Esq., giving an account of the same meteor, seen in many distant places in Virginia.

Conjectures, corroborated by experiments, relative to a new theory of magnetism; in a letter to John Page, Esq., of Virginia.

A new method of placing a meridian mark for a transit instrument, within a few feet of the observatory, so as to have all the advantages of one placed at a great distance; in a letter to the Rev. Dr. John Ewing.

Observations on a comet discovered in the month of January, 1784.

An explanation of a curious optical phenomenon; namely, if a candle or other luminous body be viewed through a silk umbrella, handkerchief or the like, the luminous body will appear to be doubled; in a letter to Francis Hopkinson, Esq.

A series of observations, made at sundry times, in the years 1784, 85, and 86, on the new planet, or Georgium Sidus, also an observation of the transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, on the twelfth of November, 1782.

An account of three houses in Philadelphia, struck with lightning, on the seventh of June, 1789.

An account of the effects of a stroke of lightning upon a house furnished with two metallic conductors, on the seventeenth of August, 1789; in a letter to Mr. Robert Patterson.

Astronomical observations made at Philadelphia; containing an account of the eclipse of the moon, on the second of November, 1789.

An account of the transit of Mercury over the Sun's disk on the fifth of November, 1789.

An account of the eclipse of the Sun, on the sixth of November, 1790, with an account of corresponding observations made at the university of William and Mary, in Virginia, by Dr. J. Madison, and at Washington college in Maryland, by the Rev. Dr. Smith.

Short and elegant theorems for finding the sum of the several powers of the sines, either to a radius of unity, or any other; in a letter to Mr. Robert Patterson.

An account of a comet discovered in the month of January, 1793; in a letter to Mr. Robert Patterson.

A method of determining the true plane of a planet in an elliptical form, by converging series, directly from the mean anomaly.

A new and easy method of calculating logarithms; in a letter to Mr. Robert Patterson.

A description of an improvement on pendulum-clocks; by which the error arising from the different density or resistance of the medium in which the pendulum vibrates, is effectually obviated.

Lastly, Experiments on the expansion of wood by heat.

Besides these productions of our celebrated philosopher, we have an oration, on the subject of astronomy, which he delivered before the Philosophical Society, by their appointment, in the year 1775. It is said to have commanded, by its intrinsic excellence, universal admiration and applause, although delivered with a feeble voice, and without any of the advantages of elocution. The dedication is remarkable.—‘To the Delegates of the thirteen United Colonies, assembled in congress at Philadelphia, to whom the future liberties, and consequently the virtue, improvement in science, and happiness of America are intrusted, the following oration is inscribed and dedicated, by their most obedient and humble servant, the Author.’

As we believe that nothing can give a more accurate portrait of a man’s mind, than the style in which he expresses his ideas, we hope the following extracts from Dr. Rittenhouse’s oration will not be considered foreign to his biography.

After speaking of the false impressions of the solar system, made on the mind, by appearances, uncorrected by science, he introduces this elegant and instructive passage:

‘How does Astronomy change the scene!—Take the miser from the earth, if it be possible to disengage him; he whose nightly rest has been long broken by the loss of a single foot of it, useless perhaps to him; and remove him to the planet Mars, one of the least distant from us: Persuade the ambitious monarch to accompany him, who has sacrificed the lives of thousands of his subjects to an imaginary property in certain small portions of the earth; and now point it out to them, with all its kingdoms and wealth, a glittering star “close by the moon,” the latter scarce visible and the former less bright than our Evening Star:—Would they not turn away their disgusted sight from it, as not thinking it worth their smallest attention, and look for consolation in the gloomy regions of Mars?

‘But dropping the company of all those, whether kings or misers, whose minds and bodies are equally affected by gravitation, let us proceed to the orb of Jupiter; the Earth and all the inferior planets will vanish, lost in the sun’s bright rays, and Saturn only remain: He too sometimes so diminished in lustre, as not to be easily discovered. But a new and beautiful system will arise. The four moons of Jupiter will become very conspicuous; some of them perhaps appearing larger, others smaller than our moon; and all of them performing their revolutions with incredible swiftness, and the most beautiful regularity:—varying their phases from full to new and from new to full, and frequently eclipsing the sun and each other, at least to the equatorial parts of Jupiter; and almost in every revolution suffering eclipses themselves by falling into Jupiter’s shadow; excepting that the outermost will seem, like a traveller fond of the sun-beams, cautiously to avoid the shadow for whole years together. Since we are advanced so far, if not tired of the journey, let us proceed a step further; it is but 400 millions of miles to the globe of Saturn. Here again all will be lost, but Jupiter itself. The Sun will put on something of a starlike appearance, but with excessive brightness. The five satellites of Saturn

will exhibit appearances similar to those of Jupiter, but they will very rarely eclipse the Sun, or suffer eclipses themselves. The particular phenomena of Saturn's ring, we cannot explain, unless we knew the time and plane of Saturn's revolution on his axis. But this we know, that it must sometimes appear, by night, like a prodigious luminous arch, almost equal to one quarter of the heavens; and at other times, dark, so as to afford no light itself, but to intercept the light of every star beyond it, by night, and of the sun itself by day. And to conclude, if borne on the wings of a comet we should travel with it to the remotest part of its orbit; our whole planetary system would disappear, and the sun become a star, only more refulgent than Sirius perhaps, because less distant.'

Those who have read, and consequently admired, the eloquent 'Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy,' by Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, will be pleased to meet with the following extract on the same subject, from the oration of Dr. Rittenhouse.

'The opinion of the earth's rotation on its axis was once violently opposed, from a notion of its dangerous tendency with respect to the interests of religion. But, as truth is always consistent with itself, so many new proofs were furnished from time to time by new discoveries, that a mistaken interpretation of some passages in the Bible was compelled to give way to the force of astronomical evidence. The doctrine of a plurality of worlds, is inseparable from the principles of Astronomy; but this doctrine is still thought, by some pious persons, and by many more I fear, who do not deserve that title, to militate against the truths asserted by the christian religion. If I may be allowed to give my opinion on a matter of such importance, I must confess that I think upon a proper examination the apparent inconsistency will vanish. Our religion teaches us what philosophy could not have taught; and we ought to admire with reverence the great things it has pleased Divine Providence to perform, *beyond the ordinary course of nature*, for man, who is undoubtedly the most noble inhabitant of this globe. But neither religion nor philosophy forbids us to believe that infinite wisdom and power, prompted by infinite goodness, may throughout the vast extent of creation and duration, have frequently interposed in a manner quite incomprehensible to us, when it became necessary to the happiness of created beings of some other rank or degree.

'How far indeed the inhabitants of the other planets may resemble man, we cannot pretend to say. If like him they were created liable to fall, yet some, if not all of them, may still retain their original rectitude. We will hope they do: the thought is comfortable.—Cease, Galileo, to improve thy optic tube: and thou, great Newton, forbear thy ardent search into the distant mysteries of nature: lest ye make unwelcome discoveries. ~~Derive~~ *Derive* us not of the pleasure of believing that yonder radiant orbs, ~~travelling~~ *travelling* in silent majesty the etherial regions, are the peaceful seats of innocence and bliss: where neither natural nor moral evil has ever yet intruded; where to enjoy with gratitude and adoration the creator's bounty, is the business of existence.'

Dr. Rittenhouse, in continuing this view, now gives it a political direction.

‘ If their inhabitants resemble man in their faculties and affections, let us suppose that they are wise enough to govern themselves according to the dictates of that reason their Creator has given them, in such manner as to consult their own and each other’s true happiness, on all occasions. But if, on the contrary, they have found it necessary to erect artificial fabrics of government, let us not suppose that they have done it with so little skill, and at such an enormous expense, as must render them a misfortune instead of a blessing. We will hope that their statesmen are patriots, and that their kings, if that order of beings have found admittance there, have the feelings of humanity.—Happy people! and perhaps more happy still, that all communication with us is denied. We have neither corrupted you with our vices, nor injured you by violence. None of your sons and daughters, degraded from their native dignity, have been doomed to endless slavery by us in America, merely because *their* bodies may be disposed to reflect or absorb the rays of light, in a way different from *ours*. Even you, inhabitants of the moon, situated in our very neighbourhood, are effectually secured, alike from the rapacious hand of the haughty Spaniard, and of the unfeeling British nabob. Even British thunder impelled by British thirst for gain, cannot reach you: And the utmost efforts of the mighty Frederick, that tyrant of the north and scourge of mankind, if aimed to disturb *your* peace, become inconceivably ridiculous and impotent. Pardon these reflections. They rise not from the gloomy spirit of misanthropy. That being, before whose piercing eye all the intricate foldings and dark recesses of the human heart become expanded and illuminated, is my witness, with what sincerity, with what ardour, I wish for the happiness of the whole race of mankind: how much I admire that disposition of lands and seas, which affords a communication between distant regions, and a mutual exchange of benefits: how sincerely I approve of those social refinements which really add to our happiness; and induce us with gratitude to acknowledge our great Creator’s goodness:—how I delight in a participation of the discoveries made from time to time in nature’s works, by our philosophic brethren in Europe. But when I consider, that Luxury and her constant follower Tyranny, who have long since laid in the dust, never to rise again, the glories of Asia, are now advancing like a torrent irresistible, whose weight no human force can stem, and have nearly completed their conquest of Europe; Luxury and Tyranny, who by a vile affectation of virtues they know not, pretend at first to be the patrons of science and philosophy, but at length fail not effectually to destroy them; agitated I say by these reflections, I am ready to wish—vain wish! that nature would raise her everlasting bars between the new and old world; and make a voyage to Europe as impracticable as one to the moon.’

We continue our extracts:—

‘ How agreeable the task to dwell on the praises of Astronomy: to consider its happy effects as a science, on the human mind. Let the sceptical writers forbear to lavish encomiums on their cobweb philosophy, liable to be broken by the smallest incident in nature. They tell us it is of great service to mankind, in banishing bigotry and superstition from amongst us. Is not this effectually done by Astronomy? The direct tendency of this science is to dilate the heart with universal benevolence, and to enlarge its views. But then it does this without



propagating a single point of doctrine contrary to common sense, or the most cultivated reason. It flatters no fashionable princely vice, or national depravity. It encourages not the libertine by relaxing any of the precepts of morality; nor does it attempt to undermine the foundations of religion. It denies none of those attributes, which the wisest and best of mankind, have in all ages ascribed to the Deity. Nor does it degrade the human mind from that dignity, which is ever necessary to make it contemplate *itself* with complacency. None of these things does Astronomy pretend to; and if these things merit the name of Philosophy, and the encouragement of a people, then let scepticism flourish, and Astronomy lie neglected; then let the names of Berkely and Hume, become immortal, and that of Newton be lost in oblivion.'

Again:—

'If we consider that infinite variety which obtains in those parts of nature with which we are most intimate: how one order of most curiously organized bodies, infinitely diversified in other respects, all agree in being fixed to the earth, and receiving nourishment from thence: how another order have spontaneous motion, and seek their food on different parts of the earth, whilst by gravity they are confined to its surface, but in other respects diversified like the former: how a *third* float in, and below the surface of, a dense fluid, of equal weight with their bodies, which would soon prove fatal to both the others: and a *fourth* consisting of a vast variety too, have this property in common, that by a peculiar mechanism of their bodies, they can soar to great heights above the earth, and quickly transport themselves to distant regions in a fluid so rare as to be scarcely sensible to us: but not to pursue this boundless subject any further, I say, when we consider this great variety so obvious on *our* globe, and ever connected by some degree of uniformity, we shall find sufficient reason to conclude, that the visible creation, consisting of revolving worlds and central suns, even including all those that are beyond the reach of human eye and telescope, is but an inconsiderable part of the whole. Many other and very various orders of things unknown to, and inconceivable by us, may, and probably do exist, in the unlimited regions of space. And all yonder stars innumerable, with their dependencies, may perhaps compose but the leaf of a flower in the Creator's garden, or a single pillar in the immense building of the Divine Architect. If it shall please that Almighty Power who hath placed us in a world, wherein we are only permitted "to look about us and to die;" should it please him to indulge us with existence throughout that half of eternity which still remains unspent; and to conduct us through the several stages of his works; here is ample provision made for employing every faculty of the human mind, even allowing its powers to be constantly enlarged through an endless repetition of ages. Let us not complain of the vanity of this world, that there is nothing in it capable of satisfying us: happy in those wants, happy in those restless desires, for ever in succession to be gratified; happy in a continual approach to the Deity. I must confess that I am not one of those sanguine spirits who seem to think, that when the withered hand of Death hath drawn up the curtain of eternity, almost all distance between the creature and creator, between finite and infinite, will be annihilated. Every enlarge-

ment of our faculties, every new happiness conferred upon us, every step we advance towards the perfection of the Divinity, will very probably render us more and more sensible of his inexhaustible stores of communicable bliss, and of his inaccessible perfections.'

We have already mentioned the important services which Dr. Rittenhouse was enabled to render to the state, by his skill in astronomy; his labours for the public, were not, however, confined to this department alone. In 1777, he was appointed Treasurer of Pennsylvania; and he was continued in this office, by an annual and unanimous vote of the legislature, until the year 1789.

It is perhaps to be lamented, that so much of his important time should have been spent in the drudgery of such an office. The following extract of a letter from his friend Mr. Jefferson, written in 1778, will give the opinion of that distinguished statesman on this subject.

'Writing to a philosopher, I may hope to be pardoned for intruding some thoughts of my own, though they relate to him personally. Your time for two years past has, I believe, been principally employed in the civil government of your country. Though I have been aware of the authority our cause would acquire with the world from its being known that yourself and doctor Franklin were zealous friends to it, and am myself duly impressed with a sense of the arduousness of government, and the obligation those are under who are able to conduct it; yet I am also satisfied there is an order of geniuses above that obligation, and therefore exempted from it. Nobody can conceive that nature ever intended to throw away a Newton upon the occupations of a crown. It would have been a prodigality for which even the conduct of Providence might have been arraigned, had he been by birth annexed to what was so far below him. Co-operating with nature in her ordinary economy, we should dispose of and employ the geniuses of men according to their several orders and degrees. I doubt not there are in your country many persons equal to the task of conducting government: but you should consider that the world has but *one* Rittenhouse, and that it never had one before.'

In the year 1792, he was appointed, by the general government, to the office of director of the Mint of the United States. This was a more congenial and appropriate employment; and had been rendered honourable by being the employment of Newton. It is well known that Dr. Rittenhouse's mechanical skill rendered him a highly useful officer. His want of health obliged him to resign in 1795.

If from these public walks, we follow him into his retirement, we shall find there all the mild and amiable virtues of domestic life. He was a husband, a father, and a friend; and, in every relation, was a model of excellence.

His constitution, naturally feeble, had been rendered still more so, by sedentary labour, and midnight studies; and on the twenty-sixth of June, 1796, death terminated his career. His last illness was short and painful, but his patience, and his benevolence did not

forsake him. 'Upon being told that some of his friends had called at his door to inquire how he was, he asked why they were not invited into his chamber to see him.—Because, said his wife, you are too weak to speak to them.—Yes, said he, that is true, *but still I could have pressed their hands.*'\*

Immediately after his death, the American Philosophical Society decreed him the honour of a public eulogium, and this duty was executed in the ablest manner, by the celebrated Dr. Rush. In 1813, a large volume of memoirs of his life was published by his relative, William Barton, Esq. of Lancaster, and although this work is liable to the reproach of being greatly surcharged with erudition extraneous to its object, it is written with much elegance, and forms altogether a very valuable body of information. It is from these sources that we obtained the materials for the foregoing outline.

ART. II.—*Travels in Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817.* By Lieutenant Francis Hall, 14th Light Dragoons H. P. London 1818. pp. 543.

**T**HIS, if not an entertaining, is at least a very inoffensive volume. And even that moderate encomium, unfortunately, is no common praise when applied to a book of travels through our country, published by an Englishman and in England.

It is a good humoured narrative of the principal incidents in a voyage across the Atlantic, and a journey through a great part of Canada and the United States, composed in a plain familiar style, and much more remarkable for the candour and good temper which it evinces, than for either originality or profundity of observation.

Lieutenant Hall, it seems, arrived at New York from Liverpool early in the spring of 1816, and after devoting the short and apparently inadequate space of five days to an examination of that city, commenced an extremely arduous tour, whether incited by curiosity merely, or by any more worldly motive, he does not inform us. His five days in New York must however have been most actively employed, if we may judge from the variety of objects that he found time to visit, and the extensive acquaintance with American manners and literature, which he was able (as he thinks) to acquire. The city-hall, the court of sessions, the theatre, the steam-frigate, the forts on Long Island, the hospital, the museum, are all described for the benefit of his countrymen; and he had leisure also to ascertain that 'good dinners are in high esteem among the upper commercial circles,' to have occasion to 'bear witness to the skill of the cooks and the hospitality of the entertainers,' to find 'some good works of native growth,' to discover

\* This anecdote is extracted from Dr. Rush's Eulogium. It is in the same style of benevolence with the last words of the excellent Wistar.—'I feel love for all mankind.'

the merits of *Wilson's Ornithology* and *Knickerbocker's History*, and to learn that there is 'no American Review or Magazine which even American booksellers would recommend;' besides becoming acquainted with 'Dr. Mitchell, the great philosopher,' and amassing a fund of information upon the subject of the 'character of the Americans,' which he spreads into an essay under that head inserted in an early part of the Journal.

After this laudable assiduity in the pursuit of knowledge, he embarked in the steam-boat for Albany.

'The winter had been less severe than usual, which induced the captain to attempt making his way up the Hudson earlier than is customary. These steam boats are capable of accommodating from 2 to 300 passengers; they are about 120 feet in length, and as elegant in their construction as the awkward-looking machinery in the centre will permit. There are two cabins, one for the ladies, into which no gentleman is admitted without the concurrence of the whole company. The interior arrangements on the whole, resemble those of our best packets. I was not without apprehension, that a dinner in such a situation, for above 150 persons, would very much resemble the scramble of a mob; I was however agreeably surprised by a dinner handsomely served, very good attendance, and a general attention to quiet and decorum: "Truly, thought I, these republicans are not so very barbarous." Indeed when the cabin was lighted up for tea and sandwiches in the evening, it more resembled a ball-room supper, than, as might have been expected, a stage-coach meal. The charge, including board, from New York to Albany, 160 miles, is seven dollars.

'We started under the auspices of a bright frosty morning. The first few minutes were naturally spent by me in examining the machinery, by means of which our huge leviathan with such evident ease, won her way against the opposing current: but more interesting objects are breaking fast on the view; on our right are the sloping sides of New York Island, studded with villas, over a soil from which the hand of cultivation has long since rooted its woodland glories, substituting the more varied decorations of park and shrubbery, intersected with brown stubbles and meadows; while on our left, the bold features of nature rise, as in days of yore, unimpaired, unchangeable; gray cliffs, like aged battlements, tower perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of several hundred feet.\* Hickory, dwarf oak, and stunted cedars, twist fantastically within their crevices, and deepen the shadows of each glen into which they occasionally recede; huge masses of disjointed rocks are scattered at intervals below; here the sand has collected sufficiently to afford space for the woodman's hut, but the narrow waterfall, which in summer turns his saw-mill, is now a mighty icicle glittering to the morning sun; here and there a scarcely perceptible track conducts to the rude wharf, from which the weather-worn lugger receives her load of timber for the consumption of the city. A low white monument near one of these narrow strands marks the spot on which the good and gallant Hamilton offered the sacrifice of his life to those prejudices, which noble minds have so seldom dared to despise. He crossed from the state of New York to evade the laws of his country;

\* The whole of this ridge closely resembles Undercliff in the Isle of Wight.

and bow to those of false shame and mistaken honour. His less fortunate adversary still survives in New York, as obscure and unnoticed as he was once conspicuous.'

The navigation being impeded by floating ice, he was obliged to leave the boat at Fishkill, and prosecute his journey by land; this mishap however does not appear to have excited his spleen as it would that of most of his countrymen; at least he certainly did not view Poughkeepsie with a jaundiced eye, when he drew the following picture:

' Poughkeepsie was the first country town, or rather village, I had seen; and as the features of all are much alike, it shall be described for a specimen. Houses of wood, roofed with shingles, neatly painted, with generally from four to six sash windows on each floor, two stories high, and a broad viranda, resting on neat wooden pillars, along the whole of the front: Such is the common style of house-building through the whole state. It unites to cleanly neatness a degree of elegance, confined in England to the cottage *ornée*; but here common to all houses; very few sink to a meaner fashion: this seems strange to the eye accustomed to a hundred wretched hovels for one habitation of graceful comfort; but poverty has not yet wandered beyond the limits of great towns in America; in the country every man is a land owner, and has competence within his grasp; "*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.*"'

Making a stay of a few days only at Albany, our author proceeded northwardly into Canada, making his way through deep snows and in intensely cold weather, over the frozen surface of Lake Champlain, with a resolute endurance of hardship in an *amateur* tourist, equally admirable and unaccountable.

' The snow,' he says, ' which had hitherto been partial, now began to impede the progress of our wagon, which had been moving at the rate of three and a half miles per hour. We were frequently obliged to alight, and walk down steep hills, thickly encrusted with ice and snow. A fine bear had preceded us, as we discovered by his large round foot prints, but he was not complaisant enough to show himself from some craggy knoll, and welcome us to his solitude. A small ground squirrel was the only specimen of bird or beast we encountered.'

And when upon the lake over which the road lay,

' The keen blasts of the north, sweeping over its frozen expanse, pierced us with needles of ice; the thermometer was 22° below zero; buffalo hides, bear skins, caps, shawls and handkerchiefs were vainly employed against a degree of cold so much beyond our habits. Our guide, alone of the party, his chin and eye-lashes gemmed and powdered with the drifting snow, boldly set his face and horses in the teeth of the storm. Sometimes a crack in the ice would compel us to wait, while he went forward to explore it with his axe, (without which, the American sleigh-drivers seldom travel,) when, having ascertained its breadth, and the foothold on either side, he would drive his horses at speed, and clear the fissure, with its snow ridge, at a flying leap; a sensation we found agreeable enough, but not so agreeable as a good inn and dinner at Burlington.



But 'winter barricades the realms of frost' in vain; our adventurous traveller pierces the icy barrier and penetrates as far as Montreal and Quebec; and as we cannot but consider the Canadians as our future fellow-citizens, and their country destined sooner or later to become a member of our national family, and therefore presenting objects of lively curiosity and interest, we shall extract fully and freely for the amusement of our readers from that part of the book before us, which is descriptive of Canadian scenery and Canadian character.

'Nothing could be more Siberian than the aspect of the Canadian frontier: a narrow road, choked with snow, led through a wood, in which, patches were occasionally cleared, on either side, to admit the construction of a few log-huts, round which a brood of ragged children, a starved pig, and a few half-broken rustic implements, formed an accompaniment more suited to an Irish landscape than to the thriving scenes we had just quitted. The Canadian peasant is still the same unsophisticated animal whom we may suppose to have been imported by Jacques Cartier. The sharp, unchangeable lineaments of the French countenance, set off with a blue or red night-cap, over which is drawn the hood of a gray capote, fashioned like a monk's cowl, a red worsted girdle, hair tied in a greasy leathern queue, brown mocassins of undressed hide, and a short pipe in his mouth, gave undeniable testimony of the presence of Jean Baptiste. His horse seems to have been equally solicitous to shame neither his progenitors nor his owner, by any mixture with a foreign race, but exhibits the same relationship to the horses, as his rider to the subjects of Louis XIII. Now, too, the frequent cross by the road side, thick-studded with all the implements of crucifixional torture, begins to indicate a catholic country: distorted virgins and ghastly saints decorate each inn room, while the light spires of the parish church, covered with plates of tin, glitter across the snowy plain.

'At La Prairie we crossed the ice to Montreal, whose isolated mountain forms a conspicuous object at the distance of some leagues. From thence to Quebec, the road follows the course of the St. Lawrence, whose banks present a succession of villages, many of them delightfully situated; but all form and feature were absorbed in the snowy deluge, which now deepened every league; add to which, the sleigh-track, by frequently running on the bed of the river, placed us below prospect of every kind. We found the inns neat, and the people attentive; French politesse began to be contrasted with American bluntness. It is curious to observe that this characteristic of the Americans, which so frequently offends the polished feelings of English travellers, is exactly what was formerly objected by the French to ourselves. The "rudesse" of the English character was long a standing jest with our refined neighbours; but we have now, it seems, so far shaken off this odious remnant of uncourtly habits, as to regard it with true French horror in our trans-atlantic cousins.

'It was Sunday when we arrived at St. Anne's, mass was just finished, and above an hundred sleighs were rapidly dispersing themselves up the neighbouring heights, and across the bed of the river, to the adjacent villages. The common country sleigh is a clumsy, box-shaped machine, raised at both ends; perhaps not greatly unlike the old



heroic car. It holds two persons, with the driver, who stands before them. One horse is commonly sufficient, but two are used in posting, when the leader is attached by cords, tandem-wise, and left to use his own discretion, without the restraint of rein, or impulse of whip. Should, however, the latter stimulus become indispensable, the driver jumps from the sleigh, runs forward, applies his pack-thread lash, and regains his seat without any hazard from extraordinary increase of impetus. The runners of these sleighs are formed of two slips of wood, so low that the shafts collect the snow into a succession of wavy hillocks, properly christened "*cahots*," for they almost dislocate your limbs five thousand times in a day's journey. An attempt was once made to correct this evil, by prohibiting all *low runners*, as they are called, from coming within a certain distance of Quebec; meaning, thereby, to force the country people into the use of high runners, in the American fashion. Jean Baptiste, however, sturdily and effectually resisted this heretical innovation, by halting with his produce without the limits, and thus compelling the towns-people to come to him to make their purchases. The markets both of Montreal and Quebec exhibit several hundred market sleighs daily. They differ from the pleasure, or travelling sleigh, in having no sides; that is, they consist merely of a plank bottom, with a kind of railing. Hay and wood seem the staple commodities at this season, both of which are immoderately dear, especially at Quebec; even through the States, the common charge for one horse's hay for a night, was a dollar. Provisions are brought to market frozen, in which state they are preserved during winter; cod fish is brought from Boston, a land carriage of 500 miles, and then sells at a reasonable rate, the American commonly speculating on a cargo of smuggled goods back, to make up his profit; a kind of trade extremely brisk betwixt the frontier and Montreal.

'As we approached Quebec, snow lay to the depth of six feet; from the heights of Abram, the eye rested upon what seemed an immense lake of milk; all smaller irregularities of ground, fences, boundaries, and copse woods, had disappeared; the tops of villages and scattered farm houses, with here and there dark lines of pine-wood, and occasionally the mast of some ice-locked schooner, marking the bed of the Charles river, were the only objects peering above it. A range of mountains, sweeping round from west to north, until it meets the St. Lawrence, bounds the horizon; no herald of Spring had yet approached this dreary outpost of civilization; we had observed a few blue thrushes in the neighbourhood of Albany, but none had yet reached Canada; two only of the feathered tribe, brave the winter of this inclement region; the cosmopolite crow, and the snow bird,\* a small white bird, reported to feed upon snow, because it is not very clear what else it can find.

'It would be acting unfairly to Quebec, to describe it as I found it on my arrival, choked with ice and snow, which one day flooded the streets with a profusion of dirty kennels, and the next, cased them with a sheet of glass. Cloth or carpet boots; galashes, with spikes to their heels; iron pointed walking-sticks, are the defensive weapons perpetually in employ on these occasions. The direction of the streets too, which are most of them built up a precipice, greatly facilitates any inclination one may entertain for tumbling, or neck-breaking.'

\* *Emberiza hyemalis*.

‘ The falls of Montmorenci are formed by a little river of that name, near its junction with the St. Lawrence, about five miles north of Quebec. They have a peculiar interest in winter, from the immense cone of ice, formed at their foot, which was unimpaired when I visited them, in the second week of April. After winding up a short but steep ascent, the road crosses a wooden bridge, beneath which the Montmorenci rushes betwixt its dark gray rocks, and precipitates itself in a broken torrent down a wooded glen on the right; it is not until you have wound round the edge of this glen, which is done by quitting the road at the bridge-foot, that you obtain a view of the falls; nor was their effect lessened by this approach; a partial thaw, succeeded by a frost, had spread a silvery brightness over the waste of snow. Every twig and branch of the surrounding pine-trees, every waving shrub and briar was encased in chrysalis, and glittering to the sun beams, like the diamond forest of some northern elf-land. You are now on the edge of a precipice, to which the fall itself, a perpendicular of 220 feet seems diminutive; it is not until you descend and approach its foot, that the whole majesty of the scene becomes apparent; the breadth of the torrent is about fifty feet. The waters, from their prodigious descent, seem snowy-white with foam, and enveloped in a light drapery of gauzy mist. The cone appears about 100 feet in height; mathematically regular in shape, with its base extending nearly all across the stream: its sides are not so steep but that ladies have ascended to the top of it; the interior is hollow. I regret to add, that a mill is constructing on this river, which will, by diverting the stream, destroy this imperial sport of nature; or at least reduce it to the degradation of submitting to be played off at the miller's discretion, like a Versailles fountain.’

‘ The town, or rather city, of Quebec, is built on the northern extremity of a narrow strip of high land, which follows the course of the St. Lawrence for several miles, to its confluence with the Charles. The basis of this height is a dark slate-rock, of which most of the buildings in the town are constructed. Cape Diamond terminates the promontory, with a bold precipice towards the St. Lawrence, to which, it is nearly perpendicular, at the height of 320 feet. It derives its name from the crystals of quartz found in it, which are so abundant, that after a shower the ground glitters with them. The lower town is built round the foot of these heights, without the fortifications, which, with the upper town, occupy their crest, in bleak pre-eminence; the former, snug and dirty, is the abode of thriving commerce, and of most of the lower classes employed about the navy. The latter, cold and lofty, is the seat of government, and principal residence of the military; and claims, in consequence, that kind of superiority which some heads have been said to assert over the inglorious belly: to speak the truth, neither has much to boast on the score, either of beauty, or convenience.’

‘ The Huron village of Loretto stands on the left bank of the Charles about four miles below the lake, (eight from Quebec.) The river, immediately on passing the bridge, below the village, rushes down its broken bed of granite, with a descent of about seventy feet, and buries itself in the windings of the deeply-shadowed glen below. A part of the fall is diverted to turn a mill, which seems fearfully suspended above the foaming torrent. The village covers a plot of ground very much in the manner of an English barrack, and altogether the reverse

of the straggling Canadian method; it is, in fact, the method of their ancestors. I found the children amusing themselves with little bows and arrows. The houses had generally an air of poverty and slovenliness: that, however, of their principal chief, whom I visited, was neat and comfortable. One of their old men gave me a long account of the manner in which the Jesuits had contrived to trick them out of their seignoral rights, and possession of the grant of land made them by the king of France, which consisted, originally, of four leagues, by one in breadth, from Sillori, north. Two leagues of this, which were taken from them by the French government, upon promise of an equivalent, they give up, he said, as lost; but as the property of the Jesuits is at present in the hands of commissioners appointed by our government, they were in hopes of recovering the remainder, which it never could be proved that their ancestors either gave, sold, lent, or in any way alienated. Although the oldest among them retains no remembrance of the wandering life of their ancestors, it is still the life they covet; "for," said a young Huron, "*on s'ennuie dans le village, et on ne s'ennuie jamais dans les bois.*"

' From Quebec to Montreal may be called one long village. On either shore a stripe of land, seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, (except near the streams which fall into the St. Lawrence,) bounded by aboriginal forests, and thickly studded with low-browed farm houses, white-washed from top to bottom, to which a log-barn and stable are attached, and commonly a neat plot of garden ground, represents all that is inhabited of Lower Canada. A cluster of these houses becomes a village, generally honoured with the name of some saint, whose church glitters afar with tin spires and belfry. Upon the shoulders of this patron saint, the Canadian rests the chief part of his cares, both temporal and eternal—having committed his seed to the same ground, and in the same manner with his forefathers, he trusts that the "*bon Dieu*" will, through the intercession of the said saint, do the rest. Should an inclement season, as was the case last year, disappoint his hopes, he is prepared patiently to confess himself, and die of hunger, fully persuaded that the blessed St. Anne, or St. Anthony, will not fail him in both worlds.'

' After quitting the neighbourhood of Montreal, we see little of the French Canadian; he is succeeded by settlers of a character very different; and with whom he is generally placed in humiliating contrast. He gains little by travellers; few enter his cottage, or inquisitively scan the character of an ignorant and superstitious race, who aspire to little more than to walk in the steps of their priests and forefathers. Certainly if intellectual power be the sole measure of human merit, their's lies in little compass.—Ignorant they unquestionably are, though I doubt whether they have a right to such extreme pre-eminence in this respect, as Englishmen are usually liberal enough to assign them: Schools are common through the province, and the number of colleges seems proportioned to the population: the gentry and tradesmen appear not much inferior in information, to the country gentlemen and tradesmen of wiser nations; and if the share of the peasant's intellect exceeds not much that of the ox he drives, he may claim fellowship in this respect, with the peasant of almost every country on the globe, except the United States. He is certainly superstitious, that is, he believes all his priest tells him—no great peculiarity. Let not, however, those quali-

ties he overlooked, which give a grace to his poverty, sweeten the cup of his privations, and almost convert his ignorance into bliss.—Essentially a Frenchman, he is gay, courteous and contented: If the rigours of a Canadian climate have somewhat chilled the overflowing vivacity derived from his parent stock, he has still a sufficient portion of good spirits, and loquacity, to make his rulers, and neighbours, seem cold and silent: To strangers and travellers, he is invariably civil, seeming to value their good-word beyond their money: He is reckoned parsimonious, because all his gains arise from his savings: He is satisfied with the humblest fare, and his utmost debauch never exceeds a “coup” of rum, and pipe of tobacco, taken with a dish of gossip, the only luxury in which he can be accounted extravagant.’

‘At present, great crimes are almost unknown, and petty offences are rare; I have indeed heard the lower classes accused of a propensity to pilfer, but I am inclined to think, few instances of this kind occur, except from the pressure of extreme want. The late war, by calling out a considerable proportion of the population to serve in the militia; has produced an evident change in the manners of the young men: I always found two invariable symptoms of a man’s having *served*; a little more intelligence, and a great deal more knavery. But if the war did not mend their morals, it certainly raised their character: They exhibited a high degree of courage in the field, and an affectionate zeal towards their governor, whom they believed their friend: a striking instance of this occurred early in the war. While Sir George Prevost was at Montreal, a body of several hundred peasants, from the remotest settlements of the province, came to wait on him; each man was armed with whatever weapon he could procure on the spur of the occasion, and all were clothed and provisioned for immediate service: An old man, who had been a soldier in the revolutionary war, was at their head, who thus addressed Sir George: “My general, we heard you were in difficulty, and have marched to your assistance; I have served myself, and though an old man, do not think I am quite incapable of duty.”—Sir George, strongly affected with this instance of attachment, accepted their services, and they acted as a separate body during the whole of the campaign.

‘The Canadians bear a considerable antipathy to the Americans, whom they denominate, “*Sacres Bastonnais*.”\* I believe it to arise principally from religious prejudices; in proof of which, there is a striking anecdote related in the life of Franklin, who made an attempt to bring them over to the revolutionary cause. At this day, even the better informed among them are fully persuaded that the American government is constantly plotting their ruin, and the destruction of the mighty city of Quebec. I was witness to a curious exemplification of this feeling: A young Canadian, by no means illiterate, informed me one morning, with a very grave face, that a tremendous plot had been discovered—to destroy the whole city by blowing up the powder magazine; that a train had been found ready laid, and no doubt existed of an American’s being at the end of it. I took the trouble to trace the source of this report, and found it to originate in an order to mend a broken door belonging to the magazine. A fire never happens in the

\* Not ‘*sacres Bastonnais*,’ but ‘*sacrés Bostoniens*.’ B.

town, (and they happen very often,) but the "*Bastonnais*" are the incendiaries.—Petty quarrels betwixt the natives and the Vermontese keep this feeling alive; and the English may well say of it, in the words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "'Tis a pretty quarrel as it is, and explanation would spoil it.'"

The lieutenant next bent his course towards Upper Canada, ascending the St. Lawrence as far as Cornwall in a batteau, a mode of travelling which he calls 'a sad waste of life,' because of its monotony; the change which he made however for the stage-wagon to Prescott, could scarcely have been advantageous, if the vehicle deserved his condemnation as 'one of the roughest conveyances on either side of the Atlantic.' Every one recollects how much we heard and read of Kingston and Sackett's Harbour during the late war; they have now sunk into comparative obscurity, but on account of what they have been, the following sketch of each is interesting.

'It (Kingston) contains some good houses, and stores; a small theatre, built by the military for private theatricals; a large wooden government-house, and all the appendages of an extensive military, and naval establishment, with as much society as can reasonably be expected, in a town so lately created from the "howling desert." The adjacent country is flat, stony, and barren; a circumstance which perhaps increases the kind of interest peculiar to the place: do you approach it by land, the road lies through a tract of forest, in the midst of which the first rude traces of population are scarcely visible: do you come by water, uncultivated islands, and an uninterrupted line of wooded shore, seem conducting you to the heart of a wilderness, known only to the hunter, and his prey: you emerge from a wood, double a headland, and a fleet of ships lies before you, several of which are as large as any on the ocean: others, of equal dimensions, are building on the spot, where, a few months since, their frame-timbers were growing. Two sources of astonishment here rise in the mind: first, the magnitude of the resources called into action; secondly, the object which called them forth. Of the first, some idea may be formed, by considering that the St. Lawrence alone cost 300,000*l*. The *Psyche* frigate, sent from England in frame, cost 12,000*l*. in transporting from Quebec. The Commissariat disbursements at Kingston, during the war, were estimated at 1000*l*. per diem. The present expense of the naval establishment is about 25,000*l*. per annum: the navy-yard employs 1200 labourers.\* For the object, on one side, there is America, with "millions on millions" of acres beyond what her population can fill up; on the other, England, contending for, and expending her best blood and treasure in defence of a country, one half of which is little better than a barren waste of snows, and the other, a wild forest, scarcely intersected by a thread of population. This is the "*gros jeu*" of society.'

'Sackett's harbour has a mean appearance after Kingston; its situation is low, the harbour small, and fortifications of very indifferent construction, both as to form and materials. The navy-yard consists merely of a narrow tongue of land, the point of which affords just space suf-

\* Considerable reductions have lately taken place in the whole establishment.



ficient for the construction of one first-rate vessel, with barely room for workshops, and stores, on the remaining part of it. One of the largest vessels in the world is now on the stocks here; her dimensions are 196 feet keel, by 57 beam; she is built over, to preserve her, and may literally be said to be housed: there is an observatory on the top of the building, commanding an extensive view of the lake, and flat wooded country. About a mile up the river, there is another vessel of equal dimensions, built, and housed, literally in the woods. The town consists of a long street, in the direction of the river, with a few smaller ones, crossing it at right angles: it covers less ground than Kingston, and has fewer good houses; it has however, the advantage of a broad flagged footway, while the good people of Kingston, notwithstanding the thousands expended in their town, and the quarries beneath their feet, submit to walk ankle deep in mud, after every shower. Whence this difference? The people of Kingston are not poor, ignorant, French Canadians, but substantial, active, Scotch or English traders. Probably it lies in this, that the Americans are at home, while the English Canadian considers himself as a temporary resident, for the purpose of making a fortune to spend in his native country.

‘The fortifications at Sackett’s are so inconsiderable, that one is equally surprised that the American government should have left their naval depôt so inadequately protected, and that our army should have failed to take it.’

‘The government of the United States not only preaches, but practises economy. The establishments at Sackett’s are on the most moderate scale. Two regiments of the line, with a proportion of artillery, for garrison duty, 80 men in the navy-yard, and one boat, the *Lady of the Lake*, in commission: what dreadful havoc would this parsimonious government make at Kingston!’

The following anecdote as illustrative of the *fortune of war*, and one among a million of a similar character that might be collected to show ‘on what foundation stands the warrior’s pride,’ we have had from another source and believe to be authentic, but we do not consider it in the slightest degree derogatory to the justly earned reputation of a gallant officer.

‘An American naval officer, who obligingly showed us through the navy-yard, related by what singular accident the place was saved from Sir George Prevost’s attack; an anecdote I have since heard confirmed, from a variety of sources. The garrison consisted almost entirely of militia, under general Brown, and ran away on the first cannonade, leaving a few artillery-men in the fort, who were preparing to abandon it; the buildings of the navy-yard were already on fire. The general having in vain attempted to stop his panic-struck soldiers, crossed their flight, at the end of the street leading towards Brownville, declaring, that if they would run, they should not run towards home, and so turned them off to the Oswego road, which runs obliquely in the direction of the right flank of the British forces, as they had landed from Horse island. The latter perceiving a considerable force moving rapidly in this direction, concluded they had been falsely informed of the strength of the American force, and actually gave up the attack, through fear of



being cut off by the runaways. On such contingences depend the laurels of war.'

Near Ancaster in Upper Canada, he met with an incident the recollection of which, probably, had a soothing effect upon his temper whenever its placidity was subsequently endangered, as must often have happened, by that want of attention on the part of our innkeepers and their servants, so often complained of by foreigners.

'Having mounted the height, and entered the village; I was agreeably surprised to find a tavern, superior both in size and appearance to any thing I had expected in a village so remote from any great line of travelling. On calling for the ostler, I was quietly answered, "he would come as soon he had taken his tea;" so I managed for myself; not caring, after a fatiguing day's journey, that my horse should wait his independent leisure, and the uncertain close of a tea-table conversation.

'The landlady, a very obliging woman, apologized afterwards for this inattention, on the ground of the impossibility of procuring good servants; and I mention this incident, one of many similar, to show that this free and easy behaviour of the lower classes, which English travellers so frequently complain of in the States, and attribute to their republican principles, is common enough under our own government, whenever the supply of labour is disproportionate to the demand for it.'

After viewing the falls of Niagara, he proceeded by a route rather unusual through Batavia, Bath, Wilkesbarre and Bethlehem to Philadelphia. This city does not appear to have pleased him; he reflects slightly on its want of hospitality, a virtue which he thinks does not belong to the American character generally, and we are induced by the nature of his strictures upon the manners of the ladies, to suppose that he was not fortunate in the society to which (if any) he was introduced. He evidently knows little of Philadelphia; and there must have been a lamentable *hiatus* in his notebook, to make it necessary to fill up his pages, as he has done, with the history and regulations of the jail.

Baltimore and Washington, particularly the latter, won much more of his approbation, and for a very natural reason. In Baltimore 'though very slightly introduced,' he 'received more civilities in the week he spent there than in the whole course of his travels besides.' And the easy, social, boarding-house habits of the metropolis afforded an opportunity of introduction to better society than he had yet seen, excepting perhaps the 'upper commercial circles' of New York, whose dinners he had found so well cooked.

'I fell into very pleasant society at Washington. Strangers who intend staying some days in a town, usually take lodgings at a boarding-house, in preference to a tavern: in this way, they obtain the best society the place affords; for there are always gentlemen, and frequently ladies, either visitors or temporary residents, who live in this manner to avoid the trouble of housekeeping.'

‘ I found the little circle into which I had happily fallen, full of good sense and good humour, and never quitted it without feeling myself a gainer on the score, either of useful information or of social enjoyment.’

Accordingly his observations are in the very spirit of generosity and good will.

‘ There is little doubt that Washington will attain as great an extent as can be expected for a city possess of no commercial advantages, and created, not by the natural course of events, but by a political speculation. The plan, indeed, supposes an immense growth, but even if this were attainable, it seems doubtful how far an overgrown luxurious capital would be the fittest seat for learning, or even legislation. Perhaps the true interest of the union would rather hold Washington sacred to science, philosophy, and the arts: a spot in some degree kept holy from commercial avarice, to which the members of different states may repair to breathe an atmosphere untainted by local prejudices, and find golden leisure for pursuits and speculations of public utility. Such fancies would be day dreams elsewhere, and are so perhaps here, but America is young in the career of political life; she has the light of former ages, and the sufferings of the present to guide her; she has not crushed the spirits of the many, to build up the tyranny of the few, and, therefore, the prophetic eye of imagination may dwell upon her smilingly.’

‘ The president, or rather his lady, holds a drawing-room weekly, during the sitting of Congress. He takes by the hand those who are presented to him, shaking hands being discovered in America to be more rational and manly than kissing them. For the rest, it is much as such things are every where; chatting, and tea, compliments, and ices, a little music, (some scandal, I suppose, among the ladies,) and to bed. Nothing in these assemblies more attracted my notice, than the extraordinary stature of most of the western members; the room seemed filled with giants, among whom, moderately sized men crept like pigmies. I know not well, to what the difference may be attributed, but the surprising growth of the inhabitants of the Western states is matter of astonishment to those of the Eastern, and of the coast line generally. This phenomenon, which is certainly a considerable stumbling-block to the Abbé Raynal’s theory, may probably be resolved into the operation of three positive causes, and one negative, namely, plentiful but simple food, a healthy climate, constant exercise in the open air, and the absence of mental irritation. In a more advanced stage of society, luxurious and sedentary habits produce in the rich that enfeeblement of vitality, which scanty food, and laborious or unwholesome occupations bring upon the poor. The only persons to be compared with these Goliaths of the West, were six Indian chiefs from Georgia, Chactaws or Chickasaws, who having come to Washington on public business, were presented at Mrs. Madison’s drawing-room. They had a still greater appearance of muscular power than the Americans; and while looking on them, I comprehended the prowess of those ancient knights, whose single might held an army in check, “ and made all Troy retire.”

‘ The sittings of Congress are held in a temporary building, during the repair of the Capitol: I attended them frequently, and was fortunate enough to be present at one interesting debate on a change in the mode of presidential elections: most of the principal speakers took a part in

it: Messrs. Gaston, Calhoun, and Western in support of it; Randolph and Grosvenor against it. The merits of the question were not immediately to be comprehended by a stranger, but their style of speaking was, in the highest degree, correct and logical, particularly that of Mr. Western (*Webster*) of New Hampshire, whose argumentative acuteness extorted a compliment from Mr. Randolph himself, "albeit unused to the complimenting mood." Mr. Grosvenor, both in action and language, might be considered a finished orator, as far as our present notions of practical oratory extend.'

Continuing his course to the south, he explored the famous cave in Virginia, called Madison's cave, and though it has been often described, we are tempted to extract his account of it.

'The entrance afforded mere crawling room, but as we receded from the light of day, the vaulting rose, and after descending some rude steps and crags, we began to perambulate a magnificent subterranean palace. Its length is reckoned at 800 yards, and taking the curvatures of the numerous apartments it may be as much: there are about 14 of them, of various dimensions; some low-browed and studded with pointed and glittering stalactites, like fairy grottoes; others long and spacious, with roofs so lofty, that the summits of the massive congelations, which, pillar-like, descend from them to the ground, are shrouded in obscurity. The largest of these apartments, called Washington's hall, is 93 yards in length, of a proportionate breadth, and probably 50 feet high.

'It is impossible to describe the solemn grandeur of this natural cathedral: clusters of stalactitic columns, many of them ten or twelve feet in circumference, rise in magnificent order, along the sides; their colour is of a glistening brown, with frequently a shaft, a pedestal, or an intercolumniation of snowy whiteness. On approaching the upper end, our lights gleamed upon a gigantic stalactite, which, in the dimness, bore some resemblance to a throned statue of alabaster; it is called Washington's statue; but this appellation, like many other misnomers and conceits, such as Solomon's throne, David's sceptre, Adam and Eve in Paradise, which the guide forces on your notice as you proceed, serves only to create a tiresome distraction of the attention, by introducing ideas peculiarly ill-suited to a scene, in which nature is working alone in power and beauty, regardless of the existence of man and his passions. There is scarcely a turn in the cavern which does not present some curious specimen of her sportive creation; at one time imitating, the folds of gorgeous drapery; at another, representing a water-fall, which seems to have been suddenly converted into marble; here she has chiselled out the model of a Gothic oratory; there adorns a large sitting-room, with flowers and rural implements. The larger columns, being hollow, give out, when forcibly struck, a deep and melodious sound, which heard in the remoter caverns, has the effect of fine music. What a Pythian dwelling for old superstition!'

We trust that Mr. Jefferson's name is now sufficiently disconnected from party politics, to allow us, without infringing the rule by which we endeavour to be guided, of never touching that dangerous subject, to present to our readers the following interesting and disinterested eulogium on his character.

‘ Having an introduction to Mr. Jefferson, I ascended his little mountain on a fine morning, which gave the situation its due effect. The whole of the sides and base are covered with forest, through which roads have been cut circularly, so that the winding may be shortened or prolonged at pleasure: the summit is an open lawn, near to the south side of which, the house is built, with its garden just descending the brow: the saloon, or central hall, is ornamented with several pieces of antique sculpture, Indian arms, Mammoth bones, and other curiosities collected from various parts of the Union. I found Mr. Jefferson tall in person, but stooping and lean with old age, thus exhibiting that fortunate mode of bodily decay, which strips the frame of its most cumbersome parts, leaving it still strength of muscle and activity of limb. His deportment was exactly such as the Marquis de Chastellux describes it, above thirty years ago: “ At first serious, nay even cold,” but in a very short time relaxing into a most agreeable amenity; with an unabated flow of conversation on the most interesting topics, discussed in the most gentlemanly, and philosophical manner. I walked with him round his grounds, to visit his pet trees, and improvements of various kinds: during the walk, he pointed out to my observation a conical mountain, rising singly at the edge of the southern horizon of the landscape: its distance he said, was 40 miles, and its dimensions those of the greater Egyptian pyramid; so that it accurately represents the appearance of the pyramid at the same distance; there is a small cleft visible on its summit, through which, the true meridian of Monticello exactly passes: its most singular property, however, is, that on different occasions it looms, or alters its appearance, becoming sometimes cylindrical, sometimes square, and sometimes assuming the form of an inverted cone.’

‘ Mr. Jefferson has not the reputation of being very friendly to England: we should, however, be aware, that a partiality in this respect, is not absolutely the duty of an American citizen; neither is it to be expected that the policy of our government should be regarded in foreign countries, with the same complacency with which it is looked upon by ourselves: but whatever may be his sentiments in this respect, politeness naturally repressed any offensive expression of them: he talked of our affairs with candour, and apparent good-will, though leaning, perhaps, to the gloomier side of the picture. He did not perceive by what means we could be extricated from our present financial embarrassments, without some kind of revolution in our government: on my replying, that our habits were remarkably steady, and that great sacrifices would be made to prevent a violent catastrophe, he acceded to the observation, but demanded, if those who made the sacrifices, would not require some political reformation in return. His repugnance was strongly marked to the despotic principles of Bonaparte, and he seemed to consider France under Louis XVI. as scarcely capable of a republican form of government; but added, that the present generation of Frenchmen had grown up with sounder notions, which would probably lead to their emancipation.’

‘ The conversation turning on American history, Mr. Jefferson related an anecdote of the Abbé Raynal, which serves to show how history, even when it calls itself philosophical, is written. The Abbé was in company with Dr. Franklin, and several Americans at Paris, when men-

tion chanced to be made of his anecdote of Polly Baker, related in his sixth volume, upon which one of the company observed, that no such law as that alluded to in the story, existed in New England: the Abbé stoutly maintained the authenticity of his tale, when Dr. Franklin, who had hitherto remained silent, said, "I can account for all this; you took the anecdote from a newspaper, of which I was at that time editor, and, happening to be very short of news, I composed and inserted the whole story." "Ah! Doctor," said the Abbé, making a true French retreat, "I had rather have your stories, than other men's truths."

'I slept a night at Monticello, and left it in the morning, with such a feeling as the traveller quits the mouldering remains of a Grecian temple, or the pilgrim a fountain in the desert. It would indeed argue great torpor, both of understanding and heart, to have looked without veneration and interest, on the man who drew up the declaration of American independence; who shared in the councils by which her freedom was established; whom the unbought voice of his fellow-citizens called to the exercise of a dignity, from which his own moderation impelled him, when such example was most salutary, to withdraw; and who, while he dedicates the evening of his glorious days to the pursuits of science and literature, shuns none of the humbler duties of private life; but, having filled a seat higher than that of kings, succeeds with graceful dignity to that of the good neighbour, and becomes the friendly adviser, lawyer, physician, and even gardener of his vicinity.'

Our author went as far south as Charleston, where he embarked for England, having passed nearly a year in America, and journeyed chiefly by land, upwards of three thousand miles. We take leave of him with sentiments of respect for his candour and his descriptive talent, and of gratitude for his partiality towards this country: Republican, we may even say democratic, in his political principles, he sees nothing but objects of admiration in our national institutions and public policy; and although in attempting to delineate the character and manners of our people, he has fallen into a looseness and confusion of ideas that show the subject was beyond his power, yet the failure is so natural and indeed inevitable to one possessed of his slight opportunities of observation, that we cannot censure him further than for the rashness of undertaking a task, to the performance of which he should have known he could not be competent.

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ART. III.—*Voyages dans l'Amérique Méridionale, &c.; i. e. Travels in South America, by Don Felix de Azara, Commissioner and Superintendant of the Lines of the Spanish Frontiers in Paraguay, from 1781 to 1801; containing a geographical, political, and civil Description of Paraguay, and the River Plata; an Account of the Discovery and Conquest of those Countries; various Details relative to their Natural History, and the Savage Tribes which inhabit them; a Statement of the Methods employed by the Jesuits to subject and civilize the Natives, &c.; published from the Author's Manuscripts, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings, by C. A. Walckenaer; and enriched with*

VOL. XII.



Notes by *G. Cuvier*, Perpetual Secretary to the Class of Physical Sciences in the Institute, &c. To which is added the Natural History of the Birds of Paraguay and La Plata, by the same Author, translated from the original Spanish, and augmented by a great number of Notes, by *M. Sonnini*. Accompanied with an Atlas, containing Twenty-five Plates. 4 Vols. 8vo. and 4to. Atlas. Paris.

**WE** have been for some time desirous of attracting the notice of the American public to the Travels of Azara, as to one of the best sources of information concerning Paraguay and the countries of La Plata. We had hoped to meet with an English translation of the work, but have not been so fortunate as even to ascertain whether or not such a translation exists. If there be not one, we trust that it will not be long before the interest which the regions treated of in the work, now excite, will give birth at least to a judicious abstract of it in our language. Meanwhile we offer an account of it drawn in part from English journals, and to render our article more useful and entertaining, we have introduced translations of our own from the French, of some of the most remarkable of the details of the first and second volumes.

The favourable notice which Don Felix de Azara's communications have obtained on the other side of the water, and the signal opportunities which he enjoyed for directing his extended observation to tracts of country which have been very imperfectly explored, and which are destined to undergo new and important political revolutions, induced us to open these volumes with no ordinary degree of eagerness and expectation. The work, bespeaks a vigorous, independent, and active mind, comprizes a rich diversity of materials, and has powerful claims on our deliberate attention. The whole of volume I, and nearly two thirds of the second, are occupied by the travels; the remaining part of the second is allotted to an introductory view of the natural history of Cochabamba, and a description of its productions, by Don Tadeo Haenke, member of the Academies of Sciences at Vienna and Prague; and the third and fourth contain the ornithology of Paraguay and La Plata.

His editor informs us that Don Felix was born at Barbunales, near Balbastro, in Arragon, on the 18th of May, 1746. A few days previously to this event, his parents, who lived in happy retirement on their estate, had sent their eldest son, Don Nicholas, to the university of Salamanca. Don Felix commenced his literary career in that of Huesca; and when he had completed his course in philosophy, he entered the military academy of Barcelona. In the latter city, these two brothers, who had never seen each other, enjoyed an affectionate but transient interview; and they did not meet again till the expiration of thirty-five years. In 1764, Don Felix was appointed a cadet in the Galician regiment of infantry; in 1767, ensign in the corps of engineers; and in 1775, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In this capacity he signalized



his courage in an expedition against Algiers, and received a dangerous wound from a large copper ball, which shattered one of his ribs, and to all appearance, deprived him of life. Owing, however, to the kind attention of a friend, and the boldness of a sailor who cut out the ball with a knife, he gradually recovered, after having endured the most excruciating pain, as it was necessary to extract a considerable portion of the rib. The wound did not close till five years afterward: at the same distance of time it broke out afresh, and thus naturally made way for the remaining fragment of the injured bone. He was then in America, and secluded from all the assistance of art: but the wound healed spontaneously. When roaming in the wilds of the same country, he broke his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, and again recovered without having recourse to any external application. With these accidental exceptions, and another which we shall presently mention, he seems to have enjoyed the most uninterrupted good health.

‘ I was accustomed to eat bread, (says he, in a letter to his editor,) till I had reached my twenty-fifth year, without any particular inclination for that species of food: but having experienced at that period of my life great difficulty of digestion, attended with symptoms of general indisposition, especially after dinner, I consulted a skilful physician at Madrid, who surmised that my complaints originated in the use of bread, and advised me to give it up. I did so. My sickness quickly vanished; and from that time I have never been indisposed. The want of bread has given me a higher relish for other kinds of aliment, than I felt when I blended them with that general article of human food. I am not in the habit of using any substitute for bread: but I am sensible that I am somewhat more partial to vegetables and fish than to butcher’s meat. For the rest, it is not extraordinary that I should abstain from bread, since the inhabitants of the countries which I have traversed are alike strangers to it, though they live as long as we do, and even longer.’

From this, and various instances which have come within our own knowledge, we have reason to believe that esculent roots are generally more light and nourishing than the most elaborate preparations of farinaceous plants.

By the treaty of Idelfonso, the courts of Spain and Portugal had mutually stipulated to name commissioners for the final definition and adjustment of their respective lines of demarkation in South America. Don Felix de Azara, with the rank of lieutenant colonel of engineers, was one of those who were deputed by the Spanish government to direct the execution of these arrangements, and he set sail accordingly in 1781. By the chicanery of the Portuguese commissioners, however, the business was studiously protracted; till Don Felix, perceiving that his official services were unavailing, boldly projected a geographical survey of that vast country, of which he had been instructed to ascertain only the boundaries. Undismayed by the certain expense, trouble, fatigue, and danger, which were attendant on an operation of such magnitude and detail, and regardless of the secret or the avowed oppo-

sition which he might expect to encounter from the Spanish vice-roys, he steadily persevered, during thirteen years, in the prosecution of his scheme; and owing to the resources of his own unshaken mind, and the zeal of the officers who acted under him, he finally triumphed over every obstacle.

‘ He provided himself with brandy, glass-beads, ribands, knives, and other trinkets, in order to gain the good will of the savages. The whole of his personal baggage consisted of a few clothes, a little coffee and salt, with tobacco, and the Paraguay herb for his attendants. The latter carried with them only the clothes which they wore: but they took with them a great many horses, regulating the number by the length of the journey, and fixing the proportion sometimes at twelve for each individual. These were by no means requisite for conveying the baggage, which was very trifling: but horses, it should be observed, are extremely common in these countries; occasion no trouble, because they receive only such food as they pick up themselves during the night, and are very easily fatigued. The travellers were also accompanied by large dogs.

‘ They rose an hour before day-break to prepare breakfast. After this repast, individuals were detached from the troop to collect the horses which were dispersed in the neighbourhood, and sometimes even at a league’s distance, because, except those which each person retained close by him, during the night, they roamed and fed quite at large. As soon as the horses were re-assembled, each person let loose the animal which had served him for twenty-four hours; when the whole troop formed a circle round the relay-horses, to prevent their escape, while a man advanced into the circle, and by means of a noose, laid hold of such as were necessary for the journey. Finally, all put themselves in motion two hours after sun-rise. As there are no open roads in these deserts, a guide, well acquainted with the country, marched three hundred paces a-head, and quite alone, that his attention might not be diverted by conversation of any kind. After him came the relay-horses, which, in turn, were followed by the main body of the travellers; and thus the party continued its progress, without stopping, till two hours before sun-set.

‘ They then selected for a halting station the neighbourhood of some marsh or rivulet; and men were dispatched, in different directions, to procure wood for fuel, and to catch cows for food, either from among the wild cattle in the plains, or from those which belonged to some habitation, if any such occurred within the distance of two or three leagues. In case these wild cows should fail, others followed in the rear of the troop. In some districts, a sufficient number of armadillos were procured for the subsistence of the whole company. To provide against the eventual failure of all these resources in a projected line of route, they previously laid in a stock of cows’ flesh, which they cut into very long shreds, of the thickness of a man’s finger, dried them in the sun, and conveyed them in packages on their horses, being the only sort of food which they carried along with them. They ate it when roasted on wooden skewers, the only mode of preparing meat in these countries, which forms the sole food of the inhabitants.

‘ Previously to encamping on any spot, they were obliged to take precautions against the vipers, which are often very numerous. With

this view, they led out all the horses on the space which they intended to occupy, so as either to crush these reptiles, or to induce such of them as lurked under the grass to come out; an expedient to which the lives of a few horses were occasionally sacrificed. On retiring to rest, every individual spread a piece of cows' skin on the ground. M. De Azara was the only person who had a hammock suspended to stakes or trees. During the night, every body kept his horse near to his person, that in case of need, he might effect his escape from wild beasts. The approach of the latter was always announced by the dogs, which scented them at a great distance, because they exhale a very strong odour. In spite of every attention, it often happened that several vipers glided into the camp, but they usually lay concealed and quiet under the cows' hides on which the people slept. They sometimes passed near to or even over the men, without doing them the smallest harm: for they never bite but when disturbed.

'This order of march was observed only in those tracts in which no apprehensions were entertained from the savage Indians. Where he had reason to dread their encounter, M. De Azara had recourse to other precautions: he moved only in the night-time; he dispatched scouts in every direction to explore the proper line of march; two patrols preceded on each side of the troop; and each kept his rank, and had his arms in readiness. In spite of all this prudence and discretion, he was frequently attacked, and had the misfortune to lose some of his men.'

In the midst of these laborious and perilous wanderings, geometrical calculations, and the details that were inseparable from the pursuit of his primary object, the intrepid Spaniard contrived to bestow a considerable portion of his attention on the quadrupeds and birds which were peculiar to these regions.

This editor remarks that there is but one opinion in Europe, among naturalists, of the magnitude and utility of Azara's additions to natural history. The first class of the French Institute, made a very favourable report concerning his *History of the Quadrupeds and Birds of South America*. Of four hundred and forty-eight species of birds which he describes, about two hundred were never before mentioned by any naturalist or traveller. His descriptions of the external forms both of birds and quadrupeds evince the most patient observation, while his account of their dispositions and habits cannot fail at once to excite and fix the attention of the curious.

It would be equally foreign to our purpose and disgusting to our readers, to recite the base and unworthy artifices by which the Spanish viceroys endeavoured to sully and obscure the fair reputation of the traveller. The injustice and ingratitude of his 'superiors' (were they intitled to that appellation?) diminished not the zeal with which he executed their commands. When especially charged with the survey of the dreary waste on the southern coast, he shrunk not from the task, though he was aware that the performance of it would expose him to the daily attacks of ferocious savages, called *Pampas*. He was also intrusted with the command of the Brazilian frontier, which he was directed to explore; and

to free from the Portuguese settlers. He was moreover enjoined to visit the harbours of the Plata, and to draw up a plan of defence, in the event of an attack on the part of the English. At the request of the viceroys, he composed various representations and memoirs relative to the administration of public affairs; and among other schemes of salutary reform, he recommended the emancipation of the civilized Indians. Towards the close of his residence in America, he provided settlements for many families who had migrated from old Spain, under the auspices of government, with the view of colonizing the shores of Patagonia, but whom the supineness or the incapacity of the viceroy of Buenos Ayres allowed to languish without occupation, and to subsist on the public treasury.

The long oblivion of the complicated and meritorious services of the subject of these notices, at length drew to a period; for in 1789, he was promoted to the rank of captain in the navy;\* and in 1801, he obtained, what he had often solicited in vain, permission to revisit his native country.

In the course of his introduction, the author takes occasion to state that his investigations were not limited to geographical surveys.

He informs us, moreover, that he not only directed his attention to the ancient traditions of the country, but perused a large portion of the civil archives of Assumption, several of the documents contained in those of Buenos Ayres, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and all the early memoirs relative to the colonies and parishes; by which means he has been enabled to correct the many errors of De Vaca, Herrera, Schimidels, Centenera, Guzman, Lozano, and Guevera. To his short *catalogue raisonné* of these writers, the editor has subjoined a few supplementary notices in the margin.

The first of the present volumes contains nine chapters, which treat of the climate and winds; the disposition and qualities of the soil; salts and minerals; the principal rivers and harbours; fishes; wild and cultivated vegetables; insects, reptiles, quadrupeds, and birds.

The following are his leading remarks on climate and winds. 'Let us take for southern limits, the straits of Magellan, or the parallel of 52, or 53 degrees; for northern, the parallel of 16 degrees; on the west, the most easterly irregular ridge of the Cordilleras, or chain of the Andes, which is contained within the same boundaries. On the east, the Patagonian coast to the river Plata, following the line of demarkation between the Spanish possessions and Brazil, to the parallel of twenty degrees.—Let us then continue proceeding directly to the north, and stopping at the point of 16 degrees mentioned above. These limits embrace a surface of more than 720 leagues in length. Its width varies, but 200 leagues may be taken as a mean term. I have not, indeed, traversed the whole of this surface; but I have obtained such in-

\* This appointment, of a *colonel of engineers* to be a *captain in the navy*, will appear singular to the English reader.

formation as enables me to give an idea of it, except the province of Chiquitos, of which I shall not speak. In a country of so vast an extent, there is, as may be imagined, a diversity of climate; but as this diversity follows a gradation in strict correspondence with that of the latitude, to convey a notion of the climate and prevailing winds, it will suffice for me to report what I observed in two cities very far removed from each other.

‘At Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, situated at  $25^{\circ} 16' 40''$  of latitude, taking the meridian of Paris, I observed that the mercury of Fahrenheit's thermometer rose, in my apartment, to 85, in summer, on common days; and as high as 100 on the warmest; and, that, in the winters which were called cold, it fell to 45. It is commonly said in the country, and truly, that it is always cold when the wind is to the south or southeast, and warm when it is to the north. The heat and cold seem, in fact, to depend as much or more upon the winds, than upon the situation or declination of the sun. The most usual winds are the easterly and the north. The south does not prevail for more than a month in the year; and if it draws to southeast, it renders the weather calm and serene. The west wind is scarcely known; or if it be sometimes felt, it does not last two hours.

‘The heat is less at Buenos Ayres: and the cold is greater there than at Assumption. In common winters, there are not more than three or four days on which water freezes, and that but slightly. The winds are in a three-fold degree stronger than at Assumption; they blow oftener from the west; the south wind always brings rain in winter and never in summer; this wind is more regular and violent in the spring and summer, than in the autumn; it raises clouds of dust at these seasons, from which much inconvenience is felt. The strongest winds are from southeast to southwest. Hurricanes are rare; but they occur at times, and have proved exceedingly disastrous. The atmosphere is every where moist and injurious to furniture, particularly at Buenos Ayres; at which place, the floors of chambers, with a south exposure, are always wet; the walls are covered with moss, &c. But nothing of all this is unhealthy. Fogs are rare; the sky is usually clear and serene, and snow may be said to be unknown. It hails but very seldom. Rain is announced by sure indications. The annual quantity of it appears to me to be greater, in these countries, than in Spain. At all seasons, and particularly in summer, there are frequent falls of rain accompanied by heavy storms of thunder and lightning. The lightning strikes ten times oftener than in Spain, particularly when the storm is from the northeast. During the gust of the 21<sup>st</sup> of January, 1793, it fell thirty-seven times within the city of Buenos Ayres, and killed nineteen persons.

‘As for what regards health, it may be confidently affirmed, that there is not in the whole world a more salubrious region than the one I am describing. Even the immediate neighbourhood of the waters and of the inundated grounds, is not found unwholesome.



‘The whole vast surface of this country is an even plain; the only exceptions are formed by some eminences or hills which do not rise more than 90 toises from their base. My observations with the barometer led me to conclude that the river Paraguay, in its course from north to south, has not a foot of descent by marine mile of latitude between the parallels of  $16^{\circ} 24'$  and  $22^{\circ} 57'$ .’

Owing to the general and extensive flatness of these countries, the smaller rivers are arrested and evaporated before they reach the sea; and the lakes, which are very numerous, and occasionally also very extensive, are remarkably shallow. Though that of Xarayes, for example, is presumed to measure 110 leagues in length, and 40 in breadth, it is no where navigable, and is evaporated to complete dryness during the greater part of the year. ‘Some of the old writers believed that it was the source of the river Paraguay, whereas the fact is precisely the reverse: others, who took a pleasure in forging tales, have asserted that in the centre of this lake existed the empire of the Xarayes, or of el Dorado, or of Paytili; and they have embellished this falsehood by other fables still more unaccountable.’ The quantity of soil that is flooded by these vast pieces of water, the impracticability of drainage and irrigation in boundless tracts of dead level, and the sand-stone rock, which stretches over all the flats on the east of the Paraguay and Parana, present insuperable obstacles to extensive vegetation and culture.

The following particulars it will be proper to mention, as nearly as we can, in the author’s own language:—

‘On the north of the river Plata, or in the plains of Montevideo and Maldonado, I have observed that the herds search for, and eat with avidity, dried bones; that in proportion as they advance northward, they eat a species of earth called *Barrero*, which is a salt clay found in the ditches; and that, when this fails, (which happens in the eastern districts of Paraguay and the Missions of Uruguay,) cattle of all kinds infallibly perish at the expiration of four months. We can scarcely conceive the eagerness which the herds manifest in seeking for and devouring this salt argillaceous earth: if they discover it after a month’s privation, they are not to be driven from it by blows; and by indulging in it to excess, they sometimes die of indigestion. I have been assured that the birds and quadrupeds of this country, which feed on vegetables, manifest the same propensity; and I can, at least, personally vouch for a great quantity of salt in the stomach of the Tapir. From these facts, I conclude that the pastures of the countries in question are incapable of supporting any species of cattle, without the addition of salt, or salted clay: but that the freshness of the herbage diminishes from the Missions to the river Plata. In Brazil, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the pasture, it is found impossible to rear cattle without salt; and since none is found in the country, and it is all imported from Europe, it forms a very expensive article, being sold on account of government.’

The state of things is quite reversed in the whole of Chaco, or in the region situated to the west of the Paraguay and Parana, and from the Plata southwards; every rivulet, lake, and well, being



brackish in summer. Even the rivers partake of this quality when their waters are low.

This intelligent author's remarks on the principal rivers, which he had occasion to survey, are extremely interesting. The Paraguay, at Assumption, when at its lowest level, is 1332 Parisian feet in breadth, and, at its ordinary height, discharges 196,618 cubic toises of water per hour. Its periodical rise commences about the end of February, and gradually and equally continues till the end of June, when it again begins to fall, and decreases by the same gentle gradations. The Parana, at its junction with the Paraguay, is estimated as equivalent to a hundred of the largest rivers in Europe. Having united with the Uruguay, it forms the Plata, which is reckoned the largest river in the world, and which is probably equal to the aggregate of all those of Europe.

This vast estuary of fresh water, which is without a parallel for width and magnificence, is 150 miles broad at its mouth, from Cape St. Maria, on one side, and Cape St. Anthony, on the other. Between Monte Video and the Punta de Piedras, which some have considered its proper limits, it is 80 miles in breadth; and at Buenos Ayres, which is 200 miles from its mouth, its breadth is about 30 miles; and, the shores being low, it is seldom that they can be seen from opposite sides. This immense inland sea is, however, rendered dangerous for the purposes of navigation, not only by rocks and sand-banks, which are the terror of mariners, and which greatly detract from its utility; but by tempests of wind which, bursting forth from the south-west, sweep over the boundless plains of the *Pampas*, where they meet with no obstacle to oppose them, and rush down the wide opening of the Plata with unequalled fury. A thunder storm is the general prelude to those destructive blasts, which are known by the name of the *Pamperos*; so that the mariner, being warned of the coming tempest, generally seeks shelter in some of the neighbouring ports.

From the short account which is here exhibited of the ports on the Plata, we may infer that Maldonado is at once the most capacious and the most secure, though it is sheltered only to the leeward of the island of Gorriti.

Buenos Ayres was erected into a viceroyalty in 1778, and several districts were added to it from Peru and Chili. From the latter those provinces were principally taken which are situated on the eastern declivity of the Andes.

The viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres was divided into five governments or provinces, namely,

I. Buenos Ayres, or Rio de La Plata, of which the chief towns are Buenos Ayres the capital, Santa Fe, Monte Video, and Maldonado on the opposite shores of the river.

II. Paraguay, of which the chief town is Assumption.

III. Tucuman, of which the chief towns are San Jago del Estero, and Cordova.

IV. Los Charcos, or Potosi, formerly part of Peru, and comprehending the new district of Santa Cruz de la Sierra. The chief towns are La Plata, Potosi, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and La Paz.

V. Chiquito, or Cuzco, formerly part of Chili, of which the chief towns are Mendoza, and San Juan de la Frontera.

The vast plains of which so great a proportion of this viceroyalty consists are many of them fruitful; and, in the vicinity of the Spanish settlements, where they have been cultivated, they yield abundant crops of excellent corn, and other productions, while others afford pasture for numerous flocks of sheep. From the banks of the Paraguay, immense plains extend westward to the limits of the province of Los Charcos, and to the mountains that rise far to the north. These are in general elevated and dry, though traversed by numerous rivers. They are skirted by extensive and ancient forests, which afford shelter to the wild animals of the country, and they are inhabited by scattered tribes of Indians, who roam over their trackless deserts in a state of savage independence. One continued plain, in like manner, extends from the banks of the Plata to Chili, and to the large rivers of Patagonia. These plains are called the *Pampas*, and they present one uniform expanse of waving grass, uninterrupted either by wood or eminence for about 900 miles. The luxuriant herbage of those fertile districts affords pasture to innumerable herds of cattle, which rove about over a great portion of South America, and which are principally sought after by the Spanish hunters for their hides and tallow. The same circumstance has also favoured the multiplication of wild horses, which are so numerous in the plains, that travellers are often surrounded with them for the space of several weeks; and while they are passing them in troops, at full speed, which frequently happens for hours together, the party are in the greatest danger of being run over and trampled down. Here are also found deer, as well as great abundance of ostriches, armadillos, wild geese, ducks, partridges, and other game, and towards the frontiers, guanacoës and vicunnas are met with in considerable numbers. These regions are not well watered; for, though the rivers Saladillo, Hueque-Leuvu, and the first Desaguadero, otherwise called Rio Colorado, run through them, the country is traversed by no smaller streams running into those main rivers; so that they hold their solitary course through the arid plains; and no water is to be found, except what is collected in the pools when the rain falls.

In the whole tract of country which extends from the Plata to the straits of Magellan, scarcely a tree or a shrub exists. Near the Spanish frontier are found *viznages*, a species of large wild carrot, and thistles; which, with the bones and fat of cows and mares, constitute the only fuel. At Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, peach-trees are purposely planted for firing, and used as such with bones and fat. Chaco, on the contrary, contains extensive woods and orange-groves. In the native forests, the species are so diversified, that a person may sometimes traverse a considerable quantity of surface before he meets with twelve individuals belonging to the same kind. Several of the trees, which are indigenous to Paraguay, furnish a more compact, solid, and desirable timber than any that is produced in the forests of Europe.

The leaf called the Paraguay herb is the produce of a tree, or rather large shrub, which grows wild in the woods; and which, according to Molina, is the *Psoralea glandulosa* of Linnæus. To

render it fit for the purposes to which it is destined, the leaves are slightly heated, by drawing the branches through the flame of a common fire. They are then toasted, and afterward bruised, so as to keep, when closely pressed; for they have no very pleasant flavour in the first stage of preparation. In 1726, the quantity prepared was only twelve thousand five hundred quintals, and it now amounts to fifty thousand. A handful of the leaves being put into a cup, or small pipkin, it is filled with very hot water; which is immediately drawn into the mouth by suction, through a small tube, pierced at the lower end with small holes, which retain the leaves, and allow only the liquor to pass. Some persons sweeten the infusion with sugar. The people drink it at all hours; and the daily consumption of each inhabitant is averaged at an ounce. A workman can gather and prepare one and sometimes even three quintals (or hundred-weights) in a day.

With regard to cultivated vegetables, the produce of wheat, wine, and tobacco, which formerly was very considerable in Paraguay, has been nearly annihilated by the natural indolence of the inhabitants, and the injudicious interference of government. The cotton and sugar crops are also of very inconsiderable amount, and they are liable to be injured by the first approaches of cold: the *Jatropha manihot* is successfully cultivated, and yields both farinaceous food and excellent starch: varieties of maize and batatas likewise prosper: almond and plum-trees grow rapidly, and display a great profusion of blossoms, but produce no fruit; the pears are indifferent, and the cherries scarcely eatable: but oranges, figs, pomegranates, bananas, &c. are excellent and abundant.

Mr. Azara was not well versed in entomology, but some of the matters of fact mentioned in the seventh chapter and observed by himself, are well calculated to amuse every reader. Of a small species of ant, for example, we are told that they act in concert, and move in procession, when any of their sentinels announce a discovery of meat, and especially of sugar or comfits, which they prefer to all other food. These articles are sometimes preserved by being put on a table, of which each foot is placed in an earthen vessel, filled with water. Yet, says the writer, 'I have seen these ants, by clinging to one another, form a bridge, of an inch in breadth, and a palm in length, along which the others passed. If you suspend the table, or the board, the ants climb up the wall to the ceiling, till they reach the cord, which enables them to descend to the sugar, &c. I have myself attempted to keep them off by wrapping the feet of the table round with wool or horse-hair, without success. Nothing but soft tar prevents their passing. The sweet-meats must also be placed in a remote apartment; for these ants will not, in that case, soon discover them: but if one ant be inadvertently left in the room, it immediately informs the rest, which follow it in a body.' A still more destructive species is distinguished by its offensive odour, and by suddenly issuing from its retreat during the night, and overrunning the floors, walls, and

cieling of an apartment, two days previously to any remarkable change of weather. Their ordinary food is unknown: but, in these formidable sorties, which take place at the distance of months, and sometimes of years, they indiscriminately devour every spider, cricket, or beetle, that falls in their way. A mouse, on seeing them crawling out, runs off in dismay; or, if it cannot escape, it is assailed by numbers, and eaten up in an instant: even men have been known to make their retreat in their shirts: but the whole band may be dispersed by throwing among them a bit of lighted paper, or by spitting on them.

Chapter IX, which is of considerable length, treats of quadrupeds and birds: but it cannot be very profitably perused without a reference to the author's prior publication.

A brief notice of the animals of this country is all that can be attempted within our present limits.

Asses, mules, European sheep, stags of different species, foxes, rabbits, goats, and hogs, are numerous, and great numbers of wild dogs, are to be met with. These are descended from those of a domestic kind that have left their masters in pursuit of the game, with which the country every where abounds. The other wild animals are the puma or American lion, the jaguar and cougar, two species of American tigers, which are strong and ferocious animals, and commit great devastations among the flocks. The jaguar, when full grown, is a large animal, some of them measuring five feet from the nose to the root of the tail, which is two additional feet long, and so strong that they will drag the carcass of a horse or bull which they have killed to the place where they intend to devour it. They are excellent swimmers, and Azara mentions, that he has seen them swimming across a large river loaded with their prey. The puma is a weak and cowardly animal, and is now become very scarce in the parts inhabited by the Spaniards. The guazara, called the cougar by Buffon, is 47 inches long, without including the tail, which is 26 inches long. It flies from the human species, but kills calves, sheep, pigeons, and all other smaller animals. It does not stop to eat the flesh, but is contented with licking the blood. Of the other animals, the most remarkable are the anta or danta, which is between the elk and buffalo species. It is of the size of a large ass, has no horns, and is of singular strength. It is frequently found in the forests and plains of Paraguay, but has been so much hunted both for its skin and flesh, that it is scarce both in Tucuman and Buenos Ayres. The armadillos are very numerous all over South America, and are of various species, differing in size, and in the nature of the armature with which they are covered. The tamandua, or nurumi, or ant-eater, is 53 1-2 inches long, without reckoning the tail, which is in length 22 1-2 inches, besides a thick bunch of hair at its end, 11 inches long. There are enumerated various other small animals, which are generally carnivorous, preying upon birds, reptiles, or other inferior quadrupeds. The chibi-guazu, which he considers to be the jaguar of New Spain, or the tiger-cat of other countries, is 34 inches, and the tail 13 inches. Wild cats are found of various sorts.

The potent odours, which emanate from some of the weasel tribe in South America, have been commemorated by preceding

travellers; and the present author ascribes the most pestiferous stench to the *Viverra zorrillo*, or *Yaguaré*. Its effects are perceptible at the distance of a league, and powerfully repel men and dogs, if they venture within six feet of the animal. So insupportable, it is added, is the suffocating liquor, that if discharged in the heart of Paris, it would more or less contaminate every house in that large city; and, if a single drop be deposited on any article of wearing apparel, the latter must be consumed or thrown away, since no quantity of soap and water can render it any longer endurable to the olfactory nerves.

The *Vizcacha* is minutely described, and a few traits of its habits and modes of life are incidentally recorded. When the avenues to its burrows are blocked up, it would infallibly perish, did not other individuals of the same species re-open them. It is a nocturnal animal, and betrays such a propensity to hoarding, that it collects in the fields and at the entrances of its retreat heaps of small bones, and miscellaneous articles of every description; so that, when any thing is missing, the inhabitants are accustomed to find it in one of these motley parcels.

The sheep and goats, we are told, have no other shepherds than dogs, called *Ovejeros*. In the morning, these dogs drive out the flock from the court-yard, conduct them to the fields, attend them during the whole day, prevent them from straggling, defend them against every kind of attack, and at sun-set, re-conduct them to the house, where they pass the night.

‘It is not necessary that these dogs should be mastiffs, but only of a strong race. Being taken from their mothers before their eyes are opened, they are suckled by some of the ewes, which are forcibly held in the requisite posture; and they are strictly confined within the court-yard, till the moment of their being capable of following the flock, when they go out along with it. In the morning, the owner of the flock is particularly careful to give the dog-shepherd a plentiful allowance of meat and drink; because, if hunger should seize him in the fields, he would fetch home the sheep at noon. In order to prevent this premature return, it is not uncommon to hang a collar of meat to the dog’s neck, which he devours when his appetite becomes urgent, provided that it be not mutton, which the most violent hunger will not constrain him to eat. These dogs are all castrated males, because if they were not, they would abandon the flock, to run after the females; and if females, they would attract other dogs.’

The mongrel and wild dogs are, in some districts, very numerous, unite in bands, and commit great havoc among the sheep and cattle, but are never affected by hydrophobia.

The tenth chapter is taken up with observations which the author made upon a number of Indian nations, which had never been brought under the Spanish, or any other yoke. If we may implicitly rely on the statements of this chapter, we shall feel ourselves compelled to make large abatements from the accounts of the missionaries, and of some hasty travellers. The numbers of these indigenous



tribes, it should seem, have been much exaggerated; and the individuals of whom they are composed, do not use poisoned arrows, nor entertain any notions of religion. Their language and mode of utterance cannot be acquired by Europeans, without extreme difficulty, and a long residence among them. The idioms and structure of their respective dialects appear to be perfectly distinct, and the vocabulary of each is extremely scanty. About thirty different tribes are characterized under the more pompous title of *nations*. The *Charruas*, *Pampus*, *Guaranys*, &c. are portrayed with considerable minuteness and graphic effect; while the singular facts which are recorded concerning their manners, propensities, and habits, are not easily reconcileable with the ingenious but too refined generalizations of our philosophical historians of human society. The majority of our readers will, perhaps, concur with us in thinking that this chapter forms one of the most interesting portions of the work. We shall proceed to give some few of the leading particulars in abridgment.

There has never been an exact account of these tribes. They have been described by most writers as anthropophagi. This is not true of them. None of them now eat human flesh; nor do they recollect ever to have done so, although they are as free now as on the first arrival of the Spaniards. These tribes have no religion, notwithstanding all the statements to the contrary; they have no idols.—The Indians speak usually much lower than we do; they do not look fixedly; in pronouncing they move their lips but slightly; their accent is alternately deeply guttural or nasal; for the most part it is impossible for us to express with our letters their words or sounds. All who have succeeded in understanding their languages,—a very rare case—agree in stating that those languages are exceedingly poor. It may be calculated that there are among them thirty-five distinct dialects. The *Charruas* are a tribe that inhabited the northern shore of the river Plata, from Maldonado to the Uruguay, and whom it cost the Spaniards much blood and time to drive further north. The remnant of them which now inhabits the east of the river Uruguay, towards latitude 31 or 32, continue to wage the fiercest hostilities against the Spaniards; they are tall, erect, well proportioned, and agile, and of a colour approaching black; their eyes are small and lively; their sight considerably longer than that of the Europeans, and their hearing much quicker; they have no beard, and little hair about the body: they are to the last degree disgusting in their habits, they always sleep on their back like all the Indians whom our author had an opportunity of knowing; they go, for the most part, entirely naked; they live on the flesh of wild cows; they are invariably grave in their aspect; and have no dances, games, nor songs; they practise no forms of civility among themselves; all are equal in condition and rights. The *Charruas* gave more trouble to the Spaniards, and caused more of their blood to flow than the armies of the



Incas and of Montezuma. They were reduced at the end of the 18th century to the number of 400 warriors. They intoxicate themselves as often as they can procure brandy enough for the purpose, and often with a liquor of their own preparation.

Among another tribe, the *Minuanes*, the father and mother take care of their children only as long as they are at the breast; when the latter are weaned, they are committed to the collateral relations, and never received back.

Of the numerous nations of Indians that inhabit the immense plains to the south of Buenos Ayres, called the Pampas—the idioms are all different; they have neither religion, laws, nor games. They have, almost all, horses in great numbers, and live upon the fruits of the chase. They ride, as do most of the other tribes, bare-backed. The *Guatos*, a very small tribe, live upon the Bayou, called the Bayou of the Cross, which communicates towards the west, with the river Paraguay, under the parallel of  $19^{\circ} 12'$ . They never leave their bayou; they navigate it in small canoes, in pairs; and on the approach of strangers, conceal themselves among the rushes; their number seems to have remained stationary for 300 years.

The *Guanas*, the most numerous of the tribes of these regions, except the Guaranys, live in a species of barracks, containing about twelve families each; they are more cleanly in their habits than the rest of the Indians. Our author never saw an instance of personal deformity among them. They are without any indication of passion or feeling in their countenance and demeanour; their tone of voice is always low, and their accent strongly nasal and guttural. When the Spaniards have spoken to them of christianity, and future rewards and punishments, their answer has been that there is a being who recompenses the good and punishes the bad, but that he always favours the *Guanas*, it being impossible for them to do wrong. They live by agriculture principally. The number of women is much less than that of the men; owing to the habit of the mothers destroying their younger female offspring as soon as born, by burying them alive. The reason which they assign for this atrocity is—that the smaller the number of women, the greater their consequence with the men. The men hire themselves to the Spaniards as labourers. Their only physicians are old women, who suck the skin of the patient's stomach. When the male children reach the age of eight, they are made to undergo a severe trial of their fortitude, by having their flesh pierced with sharp bones, and they generally bear the torments inflicted, without shedding a tear, or showing any sensibility.

The *Mbayas* are a tolerably numerous tribe. They are taller and much better proportioned in general than the Europeans. The men shave all the hair from their heads. The women retain a lock of about an inch in width. Their accent is not at all guttural nor nasal, and is easy to be acquired. They use, as it were, two idioms. Both sexes give, before marriage, a different termination to

words, from that which they give to them after, and sometimes even employ a dialect altogether different. The *Mbayas* believe themselves the most noble, valiant, and honourable nation on earth, and consider the European race as much inferior. They are perpetually engaged in military expeditions, for the sake of making prisoners, whom they convert into slaves. The poorest *Mbaya* has from three to four slaves, who do all sorts of drudgery, while the master hunts or goes to war. 'When,' says our author, 'it has happened to me to offer a present to a *Mbaya*, he has generally refused it for himself; but given it to his slaves. The cacique of one of the hordes of this name—which is situated about latitude  $21^{\circ} 5'$ ,—to the west, and in the neighbourhood of the Paraguay, when asked his age, in 1794, answered, "I do not know; but I was already married, and the father of a child, when the cathedral of Assumption was begun." This cathedral was built in 1689, and allowing the cacique to have been then fifteen, his age when questioned, must have been one hundred and twenty. When I saw him, his body was bent, and his sight somewhat weaker than that of most Indians; but he had not lost a tooth, he mounted his horse, managed his lance, and went to war like the rest. I knew, also, one of the tribe of Payaguas, of about the same age, whose teeth were in perfect preservation, and who rowed, fished, got drunk, &c. like the rest.' Most of the Indians who die a natural death, attain to a great age, notwithstanding that they are habitual drunkards. In general too, they seem to enjoy perfect health. The girls among the *Mbayas* never eat meat of any kind, nor large fish. The reason is unknown.—The women raise but one son or one daughter, and kill the rest of their offspring. They procure abortions by the most barbarous processes. When a cacique or man of distinction dies, his ornaments and arms are buried with him, and four or five of his best horses are killed over his grave.

The *Guaicurus* make a great figure in the annals of this country, and were one of the most numerous and warlike of the tribes. They inhabited Chaco, opposite to Assumption. Of this proud and powerful people, there remained in 1794, but one man, of a gigantic stature, who had associated himself to the Tobas. So deplorable an extermination is not merely the effect of the continual war waged with the Spaniards, but also of the barbarous custom of abortion among the women, whose rule it was, as with the *Mbayas*, to preserve only the child supposed to be the last.

The *Lenguas* were once a formidable and ferocious tribe; but were reduced in 1794, to the number of twenty-eight individuals. This reduction was occasioned as much by the practice of abortion as by constant hostilities. These Indians had a singular form of civility: when two of them met after some length of absence, it was considered as quite an outrage, if they did not shed a few tears before speaking to each other.—They gave their sick no remedies but warm water and fruits. If a speedy cure did not follow, they left them to die at a distance from their huts, placing

by their side a vessel of water, and denying them all food. On the death of an individual, all who were connected with him changed their names, in order, as they alleged, that Death might not know them, when he chose to look for more victims.

The succeeding chapter comprises various general reflections on these savage Indians; stated sometimes in the form of grave problems, though generally admitting of an obvious solution. That the plants, which are carelessly propagated by some of the tribes, should not be found growing spontaneously, will not excite the surprise of the physiologist, who is aware of the changes of aspect and character, which modes of culture are entailed on various species. The prevalence of the race of Guaranys, and the diffusion of their tongue, may remount to causes which are concealed in the darkness of antiquity; and the greater facility of their subjugation may be fairly ascribed to their comparative physical weakness, combined with the extinction of many of those habits which are essential to the condition of hunters and warriors, but which decay and are obliterated in the agricultural state of society. Doubts and difficulties, however, thicken in our progress, till at length, these said poor Indians are assimilated to the inferior animals.

‘The Indians, in fact, resemble the inferior animals in the delicacy of their sense of hearing; in the whiteness, cleanness, and regular disposition of their teeth; in their very rare use of the voice; in never uttering an audible laugh; in the absence of ceremony from sexual intercourse; in easy parturition, unattended with indisposition; in the most perfect liberty; in their ignorance of superiority or jurisdiction of any description; in their free and voluntary observance of certain practices, of which they can assign neither the origin nor the cause; in their want of games, dancing, singing, and musical instruments; in their patient endurance of hunger and the inclemency of the seasons; in drinking only before or after their repasts, and never while eating; in using the tongue only to get rid of the bones of the fish which they eat, and putting these bones, when separated, into the corners of their mouth; in their ignorance of washing or cleaning their bodies, and of sewing; in withholding all instruction from their children, and even, according to the custom of some tribes, in killing their offspring; in their complete disregard of the past and the future; in their dying in a state of apathy with respect to the lot of their wives and children, and indifferent about every thing which they leave in the world; and finally, in their ignorance of religion, or of a divinity of any kind. All these qualities seem to approximate them to quadrupeds, while the strength and acuteness of their vision would even suggest some degree of affinity to the feathered tribes.’

M. Azara, treats in his 14th and 15th chapters of the Spanish and mixed population. The following are some of his most interesting details concerning that population.

‘Every one knows that the present population of South America is composed of three races of different origin; to wit: Indians or Americans; whites or Europeans; negroes or Africans. From

the mixture of the one' with the other, have sprung the *Mulattos* or people of colour (*Pardos*). If the person of colour be the issue of an Indian and a white, he is called *Métis*, and the same name is given to all his posterity, provided there be no infusion of negro-blood. But the child of the African and white, or African and Indian, is called *Mulatto*; and this is the case if there be any admixture of African blood, however remote. So that the denominations of *Métis* and *Mulatto* do not, as might be thought, refer to colour, but to the nature of the origin. In some parts of America, different denominations are used, according to the degree of mixture of African blood; such as *Quarterons*, &c. but this is not the case in the countries which I am describing. The appellation of *Mulatto* is given, wherever there is the least tincture of African blood, however white the complexion.

‘ One of the means employed by the European conquerors to secure their dominion, was to intermarry with the Indian women, and declare the issue of this union—Spaniards. These *Métis* intermarried in general, because very few European women went over to America; and it is the descendants of these *Métis* who compose at present, in Paraguay, the greater part of what are called there *Spaniards*. They appear to me to have some superiority to the Spaniards of Europe, in point of stature and proportion, and even of whiteness of skin. I think, also, that these inhabitants of Paraguay have more sagacity and intelligence than the *Creoles*, that is, than the children born in the country, of Spanish father and mother. As many European Spaniards of both sexes have settled in Buenos Ayres, and allied themselves with the primitive *Métis*, the race of the latter has not remained so pure, or acquired the same advantages as in Paraguay: this is, perhaps, the reason why the Spaniards of the latter country surpass those of Buenos Ayres in size, proportion, and sagacity. According to the last census of Paraguay, there are there, five Spaniards to one mulatto; and although a like census has not been taken for the government of Buenos Ayres, it is certain, that the proportion is the same or greater. The mulattos in Paraguay are divided into freemen and slaves; in the proportion of 174 free, to 100 in servitude. The price of day-labour and manufactures in Paraguay and Buenos Ayres is higher than in the other colonies, because it is chiefly freemen who work in this way. The slaves in these countries are treated with unexampled lenity, and their situation is every way eligible in the comparison with that of the same class elsewhere.

‘ The free mulattos and negroes are placed on the same footing, by public opinion; but not so in Paraguay, by the law, which prefers to the former all other descriptions of the population. In the government of Buenos Ayres, the people of colour pay no tax as such, and have the full enjoyment of the fruits of their industry. The only difference between them and the Spaniards is, that they

are not eligible to public employments, because they are of a class reputed inferior.

‘ In the government of Buenos Ayres, the Spanish is principally spoken,—from the greater proportion of European population; but in Paraguay and the neighbouring jurisdiction of the city of Corrientes, the *Guarany* is the common language; none but the well-informed understand the Spanish. The Spaniards of all these regions believe themselves to be of a very superior order to the Indians, negroes, and mulattos; but among the Spaniards themselves, there reigns a perfect equality; there is no distinction of noble or plebeian; nothing of fiefs, entails, &c.—They have such an idea of their equality, that even if the king were to grant letters of nobility to individuals of their number, those individuals would not be regarded as nobles, or be treated with any particular distinction. From the same principle of equality, no white will consent to become the servant of another, and the viceroy himself cannot find a Spanish coachman or *laquais*. Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Maldonado, Assumption, Corrientes, and Santa Fé de la Vera Cruz, are to be considered as the only Spanish cities of the viceroyalty. The inhabitants of the country are almost universally dispersed in single dwellings at a great distance from each other. The cities which I have mentioned, contain, perhaps, as many Spaniards as are to be found without. The Creoles or children of Spaniards, born in America, and belonging to the cities, have a decided aversion for the Europeans, and the Spanish government. This aversion is so strong, that I have known it to be operative between children and father, and between husband and wife, when the one happened to be European, and the other American. But I have not observed it among the rural population.—There are no manufactures in the country; most of the inhabitants are indebted for their subsistence to the low price of meat, and to facilities which supersede the necessity of labour.

‘ In 1793, the whole number of ecclesiastics in the diocese of Paraguay, was one hundred and thirty-four, with moderate revenues; besides one hundred and ten monks. In the same year, in the city of Buenos Ayres alone, the number of ecclesiastics was one hundred and thirty-six, besides four numerous convents. The bishops and their chapters derive the greatest part of their revenues from tythes, which are collected in Buenos Ayres even on bricks, and in Paraguay, on the Paraguay herb, although it is the leaf of a wild tree.

‘ It would be impossible for me to count the number of tribunals and public functionaries in these provinces; they have been multiplied without end. All the public revenue of Paraguay does not suffice to pay the one third of the governmental salaries. A host of supernumeraries and expectants are maintained about the public offices, and much productive labour thus withheld from the community at large. There is a scarcely a public chest in this viceroyalty which has not been bankrupt.



‘The children of the Spaniards are badly educated. They are taught by example to despise mechanical labour; they must be all monks, priests, lawyers, or merchants; or be employed under the government. Those who go to Europe, always return disgusted with the political hierarchy, to which they are called to pay obeisance there, and more enamoured of their liberty, equality, and easy subsistence. Their principal vices are, the passion for women, gambling, and among the lower class, drunkenness.—They have great shrewdness and discernment, and if they were brought to study as we do in Europe, if they had the same facilities for the culture of their minds, I doubt not but that they would surpass us. At Buenos Ayres, and in Paraguay, they are only taught the latin grammar, the peripatetic philosophy, the theology of the Thomists, and perhaps a little of canon law.

‘There are no arts or trades but such as are indispensable, and these are carried on by poor Spaniards from Europe, or the people of colour. The customs and dress of the cities are nearly the same as those of Spain. At Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, luxury prevails in a high degree; furniture is splendid; but architecture has made no progress.

‘Almost all the converted Indians, and about a moiety of the inhabitants of Paraguay employ themselves in the culture of the products spoken of in the sixth chapter, where I have pointed out the imperfection of their method and utensils: but as this calling is laborious, it is followed only by those who cannot do otherwise; the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the river Plate disdain agricultural life, and see no use in agriculture, when they can live as shepherds, and subsist upon meat alone.

‘The cultivators, besides the grounds which they till, have what is necessary for the pasturage of their horses, cows, and the few sheep which they sometimes possess. Their habitations, placed in the middle of their lands, are not by any means so distant from each other as those of the herdsmen, or owners of herds.—In each district of the agricultural country there is a curate and a church, or at least a small chapel, badly built. The dwellings of the Spanish cultivators are but thatched log cabins, low and small. They have but few articles of furniture; but they are yet superior to the herdsmen in dress, civilization, and morality. They differ from them, moreover, in this, that they do not live exclusively on meat, and that they understand the art of seasoning their dishes.

‘There is in all the parishes of Paraguay, a schoolmaster, to whom the children go daily, even from a considerable distance. They take with them as food, some roots of manioc dressed. As there is neither regular physician, surgeon, nor apothecary's shop, every canton of Paraguay has its *curer*. This personage never visits the sick; but on festivals he takes his seat at the door of the parish chapel, where he receives the urine sent to him for inspection, from all quarters (even the distance of 30 leagues as I have seen). He decides,—after examining it, and without being told



any thing of the condition of the patient,—whether the disease comes from *heat or cold*, and dispenses his simples accordingly.—‘The parishes of the government of Buenos Ayres have not, universally, either a schoolmaster or curer. The old women prescribe to the sick, or they manage for themselves.’

The condition of the Spaniards who have embraced the shepherd life is scarcely superior to that of absolute savages. To every thousand head of cattle are attached a principal shepherd and a drudge, whose chief care is to gallop round the pastures once in a week, and to keep the cows and horses of the same proprietor within their allotted range: but most of their time is consumed in idleness.

According to the calculation of our author, the amount of the domestic herds is twelve millions of cattle, three millions of horses, and considerable flocks of sheep. About the sixth part of the whole is within the government of Paraguay; and the rest in that of Buenos Ayres. He does not include in the calculation the wild cattle, which he supposes to be two millions in number; nor the countless herds of wild horses. The domestic herds are divided into as many distinct ones as there are proprietors. A single pasture-ground will commonly include, in Paraguay, four or five square leagues of surface; in Buenos Ayres, this range is thought small. The dwellings of the herdsmen are in the centre, where they live with their few women in a state of promiscuous debauchery. The women commonly go barefoot, and are clothed only with a shift fastened round the body with a girdle. They are excessively dirty, and occupied chiefly in preparing the food of the herdsmen. Most of them are delivered without any assistance. Their children are taught to ride as soon as they are able to sit on the horse; they are subjected to no restraints; are wholly uneducated; have no idea of the division of time, or of any social order. Accustomed from infancy to slaughter cattle,—it appears to them quite as natural to butcher a man, even without any particular motive; the love of country is entirely unknown to them.

‘As these shepherds are removed from one another to the distance of four, ten, or even thirty leagues, chapels are very thinly scattered among them, and consequently they seldom or never go to mass. They often baptize their own children, and occasionally even defer that ceremony till marriage renders it indispensable. I have myself been sometimes intreated to baptize their children, whom they would point out to me, as they galloped over the plain. When they attend at mass, they are generally seated on horseback, without the church, the door being purposely left open. They are all extremely desirous of being buried in consecrated ground; a service which the friends and relatives never fail to pay to the deceased. As some of them, however, are very remote from a church, it is customary to allow the corpse to rot in the fields, after having covered it with stones or branches of trees, without interring it; and when the bones only remain, they convey them to the priest for burial. Others take the dead bodies to pieces, detach all the flesh from the bones with a knife, and carry them to the clergymen,

throwing away or interring the flesh. If the distance does not exceed twenty leagues, they dress the deceased as if he were still alive, place him on horseback, with his feet in the stirrups, and fixing him, in this position, with two sticks, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, with all the appearance of a living rider, they conduct him to the priest.'

In cases of sickness, these shepherds apply to a christianized Indian man or woman, to one of themselves, or to any casual passenger; and they very scrupulously observe the prescription, which is usually either a drug or a plaster, as chance may direct. The furniture of their miserable cabins is generally limited to a water-cask, a drinking-horn, wooden skewers, and a small kettle, in which they may boil water, or infuse the Paraguay herb. Some of them have a pot, one or two chairs, or a bench, and even a rude bed: but most of them sleep on a cow's hide stretched out on the ground; and they sit either on their heels or on the skull of a horse or cow. They subsist entirely on the roasted flesh of cows: but, as they eat only particular portions of the carcass, the rest is allowed to putrefy about their doors, and to generate the most offensive stench, and myriads of noisome insects. They are, nevertheless, a very robust and healthy race of men; independent; phlegmatic; insensible, on many occasions, to pain, and the approach of death; little susceptible of friendship; careless of promises and engagements; and addicted to petty thefts, but very hospitable to strangers.

'They care,' says our author, 'little about life. I have seen them go to execution with the utmost sang-froid; without the least sensibility. I have seen others, who at the instant they had received a mortal stab of the poniard, uttered no complaint, and only remarked, "*that fellow has got the better of me.*" I recollect that, on one occasion, when I was among them, a mulatto, who had heard of some offensive language used against him in his absence, by a *metis*, came in pursuit of the latter, and found him sitting on his haunches at his breakfast. He said to him, without alighting from his horse, 'my friend, I am angry with you, and come to kill you.' The *metis* did not change his position, and asked why; they continued to discuss the point with great coolness, and without raising the voice, until the mulatto alighted and killed the *metis*. There were twelve spectators, inhabitants of the country; but, according to the invariable custom, no one interfered in the dispute. On such occasions, the murderer is never molested; on the contrary, it is a point of honour to give refuge and protection to all criminals.

'These men have the greatest repugnance to domestic service; but they willingly engage in tending flocks for any master, whether Indian or negro. They never consider themselves bound, and when the inclination to depart seizes them, they say to the master, "I am going; I have served you long enough." It is always useless to attempt to stop them; they give but one answer and are off. When they play at cards, of which they are desperately fond,

they usually sit on their heels, holding under their feet the bridle of their horse, lest he should escape: they have often by their side, a poniard or knife stuck in the ground, ready to be plunged into the one with whom they play, if they perceive any cheating, in which they are not a little expert. They play for every thing they possess; after their money, their shirt; and if that of the winner be worse, he gives it to the loser, because no one keeps two. When they are about to marry, the parties borrow some linen, and return it, after leaving the chapel, when they consummate their nuptials on a cow's hide, spread on the ground.

‘Some of the proprietors, or master herdsmen, sell trifles at their hovels, particularly brandy; their dwellings are, in this case, called *pulperias*, and serve as rendezvous for the inhabitants, who set no value upon money, but as it enables them to gamble and drink. They treat each other with brandy to the last farthing. There is generally at these meetings a musician with a guitar, who is well doted, and exempted from paying any part of the reckoning. His songs are the most monotonous and lugubrious imaginable—never sprightly. These herdsmen have a natural propensity for stealing horses; they love, also, to slaughter the wild cattle without necessity. They dislike exceedingly all occupations which do not allow them to be on horseback, and at full gallop. It is laborious and irksome for them to be on foot, even to cross a street. When they assemble at the *pulperias*, they remain mounted, although the conversation and carousing generally last several hours. When they go to catch fish, they throw and draw the nets on horseback, in the water. They raise water from the wells by tying the rope to the bridle of their horse; and if they want mortar, however small the quantity, they work it up by turning their horses upon it. They are not to be matched in skill as equestrians; although they would not in Europe be thought to ride gracefully. With their *lazo* (or noosed thong) fastened to the girth of the horse, they stop and catch at the distance of twelve or fifteen toises, any animal, even a bull, by throwing the noose about the neck or legs. When at full gallop, the horse chances to fall, the rider is usually found unhurt, standing by his side, with the bridle in his hand. It is incredible how they distinguish horses, and animals in general. I had but to say to one of these men—“Look; yonder are two hundred horses belonging to me; take them under your charge.”—He would look at them fixedly for a few moments, at a considerable distance, and that was enough to assure me that not a single one would be lost, or confounded with others. As guides, they are admirable for reaching at all hours, any given place by the straightest line, in immense plains, without roads, trees, or any usual means of direction.

‘Besides the shepherds, there is in these plains, a multitude of roaming freebooters who will not submit to labour or service of any kind, for any reward whatever. I have met numbers of them naked, and when I have asked them if they would enter into my

service to take care of my horses, or do other things, they have replied with the utmost *sangfroid*—"I am also looking for some one to serve me; will you do it?" "Have you any thing to pay me with?" was my answer. "Not a farthing," would be the rejoinder, "but I wished to see whether you might not be disposed to serve me *gratis*."—These men are almost all thieves, and even carry off women. They drag them into the recesses of the deserts, where they construct for them a small hut like those of the Charruas Indians, and feed them with the flesh of the wild cattle in the neighbourhood. When nothing remains in the household to serve as covering, or when they feel any other pressing want, the man issues forth by himself, steals horses from the Spanish pastures, sells them in Brazil, and brings back what is wanted. I discovered and seized several of these marauders, and found the women whom they had stolen. One of these, a Spanish woman, still young and handsome, had passed ten years in such society, and manifested great reluctance to return to the parental roof. She related to me that she had been carried off by one of the name of Cuenca, who was killed by another, to whom she devolved, and thus in succession to four. She never pronounced the name of Cuenca without weeping, and remarked to me that he was the first man in the world.'

A considerable proportion of the population of the countries watered by the Parana and the Uruguay, consists of reduced and converted Indians, who formed what were called the *commanderies* and the celebrated *Jesuit-missions*. Of these separate, and in part civilized communities, the jesuits established twenty-six on the banks of the two rivers just mentioned, and several in the province of Chiquitos. They had thirty villages or colonies of Guaranys, which comprised, in 1774, a population of eighty-two thousand sixty-six individuals. Nothing can be more curious or edifying than the histories of the formation and establishment of the missions. Our author when speaking of them and the commanderies, takes occasion to make the following remarks. 'The writers and philosophers of all nations seem to have conspired to say all the evil possible of the conduct of the first Spaniards towards the Indians. Very few persons know that Spain has had at all times, and has still, a voluminous code of laws of which every phrase breathes tenderness and protection to the Indians. There would be some hardihood in objecting that our laws were good, but not at all executed, when it is a matter of notoriety, that there still remain in our colonies, millions of Indians civilized or savage. We Spaniards could point out to the foreign writers, the innumerable communities and nations of aborigines which still exist in the very centre of our possessions, and we could ask the accusers,—show us those which survive in your colonies, and if there be any, let them be compared in numbers and condition with ours?' &c.

The Indians of the establishments above mentioned, were baptized, and received some ideas of religion; they were subjected to

a strict police; they were made to cultivate the earth, and taught a few mechanical arts. But in the *commanderies* they were still in partial domestic servitude, and their condition in the missions was one of lethargic pupilage. In the last, great pains were taken to prevent the Indians from holding any communication with the Spaniards. Azara speaks thus of the Indians of the *commanderies*. 'If we compare their civilization with that of the nations of Europe, it is certainly much behind hand; but if a parallel be drawn between them and the Spaniards of the viceroyalty, of the lowest class; that is, the herdsmen, the degree of civilization will be found about equal. The instruction which these Indians received from their governors, as to agricultural labours, and their more frequent communication with the Spaniards, with whom they always carry on privately, some small traffic, have civilized them more than the Jesuits have been able to civilize their Indians. Though their dwellings and churches are not so solid, or apparently so large, each Indian has his hut supplied more or less with articles of furniture, with a kitchen, and with other conveniences which were not to be seen in the *missions*. Another difference in their favour is, that they wear the Spanish dress, and that, for the most part, each Indian has a couple of oxen, some milch-cows, some horses or asses, a pig, and a few poultry. Some of the most skilful carpenters of the country are of their number. As their curates have always been selected from among the natives of Paraguay, whose maternal language was the Indian, there has been more facility in initiating them into christianity, than the Jesuits possessed in their colonies, when none but Spanish curates were employed.'

Our author gives the following account of the missions.

'The Jesuits placed in each community two of their order, the curate and vice-curate. The first occupied himself exclusively with the temporal administration of the property of the establishment, of which he was the absolute master. The spiritual direction was confided to the vice-curate, who was subordinate to the other. There was a superior general of all the missions, who had the power of confirming and ordaining.—The will of the Jesuits was the only law in these establishments. The fruits of the labour of the Indians were in common; were deposited in store-houses, and apportioned by the director. Thus the individual Indian had no inducement to particular exertion, and scarcely any scope or motive for the exercise of his reason. He was always treated as a child, and since more than a century and a half has elapsed without producing any material improvement in his character or faculties, we are to conclude that either the administration of the Jesuits was adverse to his civilization, or that he is by nature incapable of it, and fit only for the state of pupilage. The Jesuits caused deep ditches to be dug, and strong palisades to be formed about their establishments, maintained guards and centinels, &c. in order to prevent all communication with the external population.—They fed their Indians well; amused them with balls and feasts; they compelled them to labour only about one half of the day. The women spun cotton; coarse cloth was manufactured, and the surplus beyond the portion allotted for



the covering of the Indians, transported to the Spanish cities and there sold. The catholic worship was celebrated in the missions with great pomp; the Spanish was not at all spoken nor understood; those only of the Indians who were wanted to keep accounts, could read and write; all knew their prayers and the commandments; but there was no real idea of religion or duty, at the bottom. In the chapels the Indians conducted themselves with admirable decorum and gravity, consistently with their general character. The dress of the women was but a tunic without sleeves, tied round the middle, and that of the men a complete covering, though very slight.

‘The Jesuits watched over their establishments with a sort of paternal tenderness, as their own work and property. The administrators who succeeded the Jesuits, after their expulsion in 1768, have not the same feelings, and have reduced the Indians of the missions to a condition of hardship and comparative barbarism. These establishments are also greatly diminished in population. I will relate here some observations which I made when I visited them, to give an idea of the character of the *Guaranys* and the actual degree of their civilization.—Although these Indians are not reluctant to be invested with an office, or some show of authority, they lay it down with perfect indifference, and readily undertake the meanest functions. They have no idea of the value of honorary distinctions. Their women prostitute themselves indiscriminately. They regard thieving as a mark of spirit and intelligence, and overlook no opportunity of practising it; they never employ violence; however, nor steal objects of magnitude. They are easily moved either to good or evil; they instil no principle or maxim of any kind into the minds of their children. When an administrator wishes to have a woman or boy soundly whipped, the father or husband is selected to perform the operation, and never fails to do it well. They obey any command without reply, and generally without having any distinct idea of the matter. They love to intoxicate themselves, and seem to sustain no injury by the practice. When they are asked if they can do a thing, they always answer—no, for fear of being ordered to do it, but never hesitate when commanded. When they accompany a traveller, they never request him to stop for the purpose of eating. If you go before them and are about to lose your way, they never apprise you of your mistake. You must always keep them before and alone. They endure with astonishing patience any severity of personal hardship, rain, hunger, bites of insects, &c. When you stop to eat, they make up amply, for time lost. They love games, festivals, racing, and running at full speed on horse-back. But they take no care of their horses, and abuse them cruelly. They raise poultry and hogs, and cats and dogs without number, and leave them to find food as they can in the fields. They are slow and dirty. They are admirably patient in pain or sickness: they never complain; they have an invincible repugnance for every kind of remedy, particularly for clysters, to which they prefer death. When they feel themselves very sick, they cause a fire to be made under the hammock in which they are generally swung, and will neither speak, listen, nor take any thing; they die without the least disquietude as to what they leave behind, or apprehension for the future; they see another die, or killed, without manifesting the least sympathy, and I have observed them go to the gallows as they would go to a feast.’



A very extensive trade is carried on between the lower and upper provinces of this viceroyalty, and also with Peru and Chili. The herb of Paraguay, and the cattle and mules of the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Tucuman, form the staples of this commerce. The herb of Paraguay is in such demand, that the crop on the ground is generally sold before it is gathered. The quantity exported to Peru is estimated at 2,500,000 lbs., and about 1,000,000 of lbs. are annually sent to Chili. The remainder is consumed in Paraguay, Tucuman, and the other provinces. There is a continual demand for mules in Peru and Potosi, to carry on the work of the mines; and it is calculated that about 60,000 of these animals are annually purchased for Peru and Potosi, at the price of between three and four piastres a-head. These are driven into the interior by easy journeys to Salta, where they are taken great care of during the winter, and when in good condition, they are conducted to Potosi, where they sell for eight, nine, or ten piastres a-head; and such as are carried to Peru, sell for higher prices, some for 40 and even 50 piastres. Peru and Potosi, and the mountainous districts where the mines are situated, are also supplied with large droves of cattle from the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Tucuman. A great trade is also carried on, more especially when the usual intercourse with Europe is interrupted by war, between Peru and Potosi, and the other provinces which were annexed to Buenos Ayres in the year 1778. These provinces being the principal mining countries, are on this account populous, while, owing to their elevated situation, the climate is bleak, and the soil barren. Supplies therefore, both of subsistence and of manufactures, must be drawn from more fertile regions; and the trade in question consists accordingly in exchanging the produce of the adjoining provinces for the precious metals which form the great staple of the mining districts. Peru, Chili, and the provinces to the east, receive from the mining countries supplies of gold and silver, in exchange for which they send maize, wheat-flour, cotton, oil, pimento, sugar, hides, wax, soap, tallow, &c. baize, woollen manufactures, and articles for the use of the mines, &c.

Estalla, the compiler of a voluminous collection, which contains much valuable information on South America, called *Viagero Universal*, estimates the population of this viceroyalty at 1,000,000 of Spaniards and Creoles, besides Indians. He estimates the population of the city of Buenos Ayres at about 40,000, of whom one half are whites and Spaniards. Though reckoned the capital of the viceroyalty, it is not so populous as Potosi, which, according to Helms, contains a population of 100,000; an amount which so greatly exceeds all preceding accounts, as to render the accuracy of his information extremely doubtful. Mr. Humboldt, in his general table of the population of South America, which, however, he does not give as pretending to accuracy, estimates the Spanish and Creole population of this viceroyalty at 1,100,000; which exceeds Estalla's estimate by 100,000. Azara states the population of the province of Paraguay at 97,500, and that of the province of Buenos Ayres at 170,900. Malte le Brun, the author of the 'Universal Geography,' now printing at Paris, rates the population of the whole viceroyalty at two millions and an half.

Don *Haenke*, who seems to have explored some tracts of this immense territory with the eye of an intelligent chemist and naturalist, adverts to several articles of native produce, which may eventually contribute to the promotion of manufactures and trade. Such are, in the mineral department, three different modifications of alum, the sulfates of iron, magnesia, and soda, pure nitre, soda, verdegris, and orpiment, all of which he has observed to occur in great abundance. The neighbourhood of the Andes appears to be peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of white glass, since it furnishes at once inexhaustible supplies of timber for fuel, and all the requisite ingredients of the composition in the greatest abundance and perfection. This gentleman next indicates three sources of wealth that are derivable from the animal kingdom; namely, the dung of the glama, guanaco, &c. from which excellent sal ammoniac may be prepared; the wool-bearing quadrupeds, as the sheep, vicugna, alpaca, &c.; and cochineal; on each of which topics he descants with zeal, duly tempered by judgment. In the course of his observations, he thus celebrates the medical virtues of the muriate of ammonia:

‘All the preparations of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia) are in very general use, but especially the famous *Eau de Luce*, as the genuine specific against the bites of vipers and rattle-snakes. The different plants which are vaunted in America, as powerful antidotes to these bites, such as the *aristolocia*, *anguicida*, *bejuco*, *guaco*, &c. probably owe their virtue to their greater or less quantity of ammonia, which is indicated by their disagreeable odour. A circumstance has lately occurred among the Yungas of the town of la Paz, which proves, in a convincing manner, the power and efficacy of this remedy. An Indian, who was bitten by a rattle-snake, was perfectly cured in a few days, by the external and internal use of volatile alkali alone, although he lay at the point of death, and betrayed the most dreadful symptoms. In no country in the world are people more exposed to the bite of these venomous animals than in the hottest part of America: but, at the same time, I believe no place more abounds in the materials for proper remedies. Here thousands of quintals of the substances best suited to the manufacture of sal ammoniac, and its numerous preparations, may be easily collected.

‘On this occasion I should invite the attention of physicians to the cure of hydrophobia; a disease which is very common in Europe, but hitherto unknown in South America. It is notorious that, when once the unequivocal symptoms of this dreadful malady have manifested themselves, all the famous medicines which have been recommended for its cure, as *atropa belladonna*, *meloe proscarabæus*, mercury, &c. have been found deceptive and useless. If, as is supposed to be the case in viperine poison, that of the mad dog, which is communicated to the blood by the bite, be of an acid nature, no remedy can be more efficacious nor exert a more direct action in the destruction of this poison, than ammonia, which would neutralize the animal acid: but, hitherto, I believe, the experiment has not been made.’

The case of the Indian here reported perfectly accords with some of those which were stated by Mr. Williams, in the second

volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, and in which the exhibition of the caustic volatile alkali is mentioned to have cured the bite of the *cobra di capello*. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that the ammoniacal principle is hostile to serpentine poison: but that the latter is an acid is by no means proved. *Fontana*, on the contrary, was led to conclude that it is neither an acid nor an alkali. In following up the suggestions, however, which we have just quoted, it might be of some consequence to institute an accurate comparative analysis between the serpentine virus, and the saliva of dogs that are affected by hydrophobia.

M. *Haenke* lends his favourable testimony to the medical virtues of *agave vivipara* and *begonia anemoides*, and thus corroborates the result of the trials which were sometime ago made in the public hospital of Madrid, with regard to the efficacy of these plants, or of some of their congeners, in the removal of venereal complaints. He has also found the quinquina in many districts in which it was not formerly known to exist; and he particularizes various vegetable dyes, some of which might be made the objects of culture in the warmer countries of Europe.

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ART. IV.—*A System of Chemistry*, by Thomas Thomson, with Notes, by Thomas Cooper. Esq. M.D. 4 vols. 8vo.

**WE** are glad that an edition of Dr. Thomson's valuable system of chemistry has just issued from the Philadelphia press. Of this work it is perhaps sufficient commendation that it has passed through four editions in Great Britain, while other excellent systems of chemistry were before the public, and at a time when no superficial publication could possibly preserve so respectable a standing.

The chief value of the original is not, however, in the arrangement of its matter, nor in the fulness of its instructions for correctly performing the processes of chemistry; but in the copious collection of chemical facts, and the historical reference of discoveries to their true dates and proper authors. Dr. Thomson's work is absolutely necessary to every chemist's library, notwithstanding many blemishes with which it is justly chargeable: some of these are exposed or corrected in the present American edition, and owing to this cause it is of more value than the English copy.

Dr. Cooper, the learned editor, has interspersed several notes concerning the doctrines and controversies that mark the present state of chemical science. They evince the comprehensible learning and acute mind of their author, and will much redound to the satisfaction and instruction of the chemical student.

Dr. Cooper sums up the leading features of the modern improvements under four heads.

1. A more full development and illustration of the atomic theory, and the doctrine of definite proportions.
2. The placing of chlorine, fluorine, and iodine, in the same rank with oxygen as supporters of combustion.

3. The introduction of the earths into the class of metals.

4. The introduction of silex as an acid, and of hydrogen as an acidifying principle.

Upon each of those he makes the following just observations:—

‘1. *Of the Atomic Theory*.—There can be no reasonable doubt about the propriety of adopting practically the opinion, that substances extraneous to us, are the causes and sources of our sensations; that these substances are made up principally of particles apparently homogeneous; but which in fact are composed of particles different in properties, and more simple; that all compound bodies are composed ultimately of particles which admit of no further division or analysis; and which are not only with respect to our knowledge, but which are in themselves, and absolutely, indivisible, and indecomposable. If we do not admit this, we must take for granted that the particles of matter are divisible and decomposable actually, and not merely *ex hypothesi*, ad infinitum: a proposition which seems too absurd to be practically admitted. We must therefore admit the existence of simple undecomposable particles, atoms, monads, or molecules, (by whatever name they may be designated) whereof, in different proportions, all the other particles and masses of matter, of whatever kind, are formed and composed. Here then, the foundations of the atomic theory are laid; and I presume it will thus far be generally admitted.

‘Suppose the size, the weight, or any other property of these particles, or these particles themselves, to be designated for the purpose of illustration by numbers; as,  $\frac{a}{1} \frac{b}{2} \frac{c}{3} \frac{d}{4}$ , and so forth: then it is manifest, that the doctrine of definite proportions must take place in chemical combination; for as by the datum, the particle *d* for instance, is indivisible, then its exponent the number 4, must be indivisible also; and two particles *dd* must be represented, not by 5, 6, or 7, but by the number 8 only; and *d c c* by 10, and so forth.

‘Admitting this—and admitting also, that too many cases of coincidence of fact with the doctrine, occur, to induce us to believe that coincidence accidental—I think we have admitted almost as much as the present state of chemical knowledge will authorise us to admit. And although I do not pretend to deny that the attempt to illustrate the theory of indivisible atoms and definite proportions by an appeal to experiment, is very desirable in distinct treatises or memoirs, until the truth shall be settled upon an immovable basis, yet I think that it occupies far more than its due share in the present *elementary* work—that in many instances undue pressure is used by Dr. Thomson, to bring his facts in contact with his theory—that the whole of the illustrations are propounded so abstrusely, as to deter ordinary readers from the study—and to leave an impression of difficulty, and uncertainty, likely to do much harm to the progress of the science—that undue stress is laid upon its present importance, whether considered as facilitating the study of the science, or its application to the objects of common life—and although I have endeavoured from Dr. Prout's papers to furnish some steps of the ladder on which Dr. Thomson has mounted, there still remains an appearance, of esoteric mystery in his illustrations and calculations, that may well induce the reader to suppose they are meant only for the initiated. I have endeavoured to make some of them more readily intelligible; but

I cannot help thinking that they might in great part have been dispensed with, in an elementary publication.

‘ 2. *With respect to Chlorine, Iodine, and Fluorine.*—The whole of sir Humphrey Davy's doctrine respecting the simple nature of chlorine, so well calculated to throw confusion among all our most established notions of chemical theory, has been implicitly adopted by Dr. Thomson, without one intimation of the disputable character of this theory, or any account or even notice of the experiments of Drs. Bostock, Trail, and Murray. This is, I apprehend, a culpable neglect on the part of Dr. Thomson; who ought to have informed us, that men of science in his own country were far from adopting implicitly the doctrines he has taken for granted as settled; and to have informed us briefly, of the facts upon which that doctrine was disputed. I think in this omission, he has done injustice to men of great eminence among his cotemporaries; as indeed he did to Dr. Higgins, by omitting that gentleman as the first proposer of the atomic theory: an omission which does no credit to Dr. Thomson, or to his friend Mr. Dalton, who certainly ought to have noticed the prior claims of Dr. Higgins, to be found in his “Comparative View” of the phlogistic and anti-phlogistic theories of chemistry, that occasioned so much discussion a few years ago.

‘ Since Dr. Thomson published this edition, the experiments of Dr. Murray, and Dr. Ure of Glasgow, seem to me to have completely overthrown the whole system of sir Humphrey Davy on the subject of chlorine; and to have restored the old fashioned explanation of Berthollet; which is likely to prove itself, as true, as it is plain and intelligible.

‘ For the same reason that chlorine seems to combine with oxygen during the process of procuring it, so may iodine and fluorine: and we are likely to be brought back to the elegant simplicity of the Lavoisierian doctrine, that the only supporter of combustion is oxygen; a change by which, if it can be supported, little will be lost.

‘ I have endeavoured to state the argument on both sides, in a way intelligible to the students for whose perusal this edition is designed: and it is manifest, that Dr. Thomson's view of the subject would not be perfectly correct, though sir Humphrey Davy's notions thereon should be considered as true; for even in that case, the modern doctrine ought not to have been stated and propounded in such a way as to induce the reader to suppose, that it had been adopted without opposition.

‘ 3. *As to the introduction of the Earths among the Metals.*—I have seen and made potassium too often, not to be aware of the metallic appearance of that substance—of its apparent amalgamation with mercury—of its attraction for oxygen, and the probability that caustic potash is the oxide of potassium. But these characters are not peculiar to these metalloids: the lustre of pyrites and of the Chinese yellow orpiment is as metallic and as brilliant as potassium; but for accuracy's sake, let us settle what we mean by a *metal*, before we call these substances metals. Hitherto, the leading feature of a metal has been its weight; but the alkaline metalloids are the lightest of all solids—hitherto, the oxide of a metal has been deemed without a contradictory instance, lighter than the metal itself; here it is heavier—hitherto we have found every metal apt to combine and form an alloy with almost every other metal; in the present instance we can hardly yet say it has alloyed with any thing but mercury. I am not prepared to deny any of the *facts* stated, but in an elementary work we should alter our definitions at least to suit the case.



‘ 4. *The acid character of silex, and the acidifying character of hydrogen.*—I have the same observaton to make on this head. Let us alter our definitions, and I agree that silex is an acid. But while people will persuade themselves that acids are sour to the taste, they will not understand the mystery of calling a piece of flint an acid. I hold the talents and industry of Berzelius and sir H. Davy in high respect: they are men eminent for their ingenuity in devising, their skill in conducting, their patience in pursuing, and their acuteness in deducing conclusions from experiments; but each of them has contrived to acquire a reputation, in which a love of novelty and paradox seems somewhat to intermingle. But I would speak with great deference, of men who have done so much, so well.

‘ With respect to the acidifying character of hydrogen, I am not yet prepared to regard it as irrevocably settled: even though Dr. Murray, in his late paper on the theory of chlorine (Edinb. 5th Jan. 1818), seems willing to suppose that the *elements* of water, and not water itself, enters into the chemical constitution of muriatic acid; and that the water obtained is formed during the process of obtaining it. The theory is ingenious: but I see nothing that is gained by substituting ternary for binary combinations. The facts are as well explained on the latter, as on the former theory; and till new facts inexplicable on the old doctrine be discovered, I see no good reason for embracing a new one.

‘ With respect to sulphurated hydrogen, (the hydrothionic acid), and cyanogen, their acid characters are so dubious, that Dr. Murray certainly talks in too strong language when he says in his late memoir that sulphur forms with hydrogen a substance *unequivocally* acid. It takes away the colour of paper blued by litmus, but without turning it red. That it combines with alkalies, is no more than sulphur does without the aid of hydrogen; unless indeed water be decomposed during the combination. But a part of the sulphur in obtaining sulphurated hydrogen, may well be oxygenated by the atmospheric air contained in the water employed during the process of making this gas—or even a part of the water itself may be decomposed and furnish its oxygen. These are difficulties in the way of the modern theory, which must be surmounted before Dr. Murray's opinions find full credit. No investigation of them has yet taken place to my knowledge. The same may be said of cyanogen and the other hydrogen acids. Are we sure that the water employed has not furnished oxygen in one or other of the ways just suggested? The perusal of Dr. Murray's very important *Experiments on muriatic acid gas, and his Observations on muriatic acid and on some subjects of chemical theory*, which arrived while this preface was at the press, has led me to make these observations, which otherwise might better have appeared perhaps in the form of notes.

‘ On some or all of these points, Dr. Thomson's work required notes of explanation, notes of doubt, and notes of contradiction. Notes also of addition, where new facts worth registering have occurred since its publication. I have endeavoured to supply these to the best of my ability, though sparingly.\* After all, this System of Chemistry is not only the work of one of our most skilful chemists, and ablest compi-

\* In classing the new minerals, not having had the opportunity of seeing them, I have been compelled to take their chemical analysis as furnishing the only analogy I could venture to follow. T. C.



lers, but it is also the only compilation which gives us the present views—the modern facts and doctrines of the science: nor are we likely soon to receive another unless from the same hand, when the additions of some future years of investigation shall require a new summary of the facts. Among the improvements devoutly to be wished, is some regular system of nomenclature, less abstruse than the present one; for if every student of chemistry and mineralogy hereafter is required to be a profound Greek scholar, I fear the votaries of this most engaging science will be often deterred from the pursuit: and we shall be inundated elsewhere as we are threatened to be in this country, with theories fabricated not in the Laboratory but the Lexicon.

‘I make no apology for differing in opinion from my author. His well earned reputation will not be shaken by these remarks, even in my own opinion. The most able men are liable to error, and acknowledge it generally with a promptitude in direct proportion to their real merit.’

We have taken this copious extract from the editor’s preface not only because it gives a judicious view of the merits and defects of the original work, but also of what he has done to amend the latter. To which we must add, as quite necessary to have been performed, the condensed representation of the atomic theory, placed at the end of the first volume. It is satisfactory and well executed as far it goes, and we wish it had been more ample; for we think highly of this point of chemical doctrine, and wish to see it taken up by some person competent to the arduous task, who would embrace the whole in one perspicuous essay.

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ART. V.—*The Physiognomist: a Novel; by the Author of the Bachelor, and the Married Man.* In 3 volumes, f2mo.

**W**HATEVER may be the merit of the execution, there is certainly merit in the conception of this novel. The *Physiognomist* is an hitherto unhackneyed character, and capable of being portrayed, greatly to the amusement, and not a little to the instruction of the reader. Such a portraiture might easily be confined to the abuse of physiognomy, without touching the real foundations of the science; which although in its infancy as yet, from the want of observations, and a due classification of facts, satisfactorily ascertained, is by no means so groundless as superficial reasoners are apt to imagine. Physiognomy is daily gaining new votaries among men of science, and promises fair to exhibit at some future day a series of coincidences which will no longer be considered as fanciful or accidental.

The author of the present novel, seems fully aware of this, as we may judge from his preface.

‘On presenting this work to the public, the author feels anxious to make some observations on its intention:—

‘They who infer from its title, that it contains a *general* ridicule of physiognomy, will be deceived. Those profound researches, which can alone lead to conviction on such a subject, are not within the province of the author, and he disclaims any wish—any attempt to ridicule a subject, the evidences of which he is unable to examine or appreciate.

‘It will, unhesitatingly, be admitted, that every one is, in a degree, subject to the influence of physiognomy. *Rules* have been laid down for the study of it; and though its principles formerly appeared too vague, and its conclusions too uncertain, to furnish matter for more than amusement, yet later authors, by connecting it with anatomy and physiology, have given it an elevated rank in the scale of science. The form it now assumes, is indeed, grand and imposing:—it is clad in a magnificent garb, splendid to the eye of fancy, attractive to the eye of reason. If the enthusiasm of its professors has made some of its inferences appear visionary, it must, at the same time, be remembered, that many of its discoveries are supported by the soundest principles of reason—demonstrable to those whose minds, by a previous course of study, are prepared to investigate them. To address these evidences to those not so qualified to decide, would be as absurd as if Apollo had addressed lectures on pharmacy to the herds of Admetus!

‘A superficial acquaintance with this subject is easy of attainment: it inflates its possessor with preposterous ideas of his superior powers of perception and discernment; and he persuades himself that from a slight observation of the external structure he possesses ability to deduce a correct analysis of the faculties! Such is the prevalence of this opinion, that almost every society has some sagacious charlatan who, on the first glance at the head of his neighbour, pronounces, with the easy impudence of self-complacency, that he is incapable of any thing great or elevated: his penetrating eye can see the destiny of the man written in his countenance, and can prescribe bounds to the achievements of his life by the magnitude of his forehead! Is not such an one meet food for ridicule?’

It must be acknowledged that this is a legitimate use of satire.

Physiognomy as a science, very early attracted the notice of thinking men. *Pythagoras* and his disciples professed and practised it. (Aul. Gell. l. 1. c. 9. Proclus in Alcib. prim. Plat. Jambl. in vit. Pythag. sub initio.) *Socrates* defended the physiognomist, Zopyrus, who gave a bad character of his propensities from the lines of his countenance, (Cic. de Fat. V. Tusc. quest. XX. 4.) and *Plato* mentions it with approbation (in Timæo). Indeed it is hardly possible that the coincidence between features and temper, and features and intellect, should not have been remarked in a very early age; because, in fact, it is founded in nature. *Aristotle*, beyond all doubt, the ablest man that science has hitherto known, or history recorded, wrote a treatise on physiognomy, which is probably genuine, as Diogenes Laertius cites it in his life of *Aristotle*. The other Greek authors on the subject, whose remains have come down to us, have been collected and published at Altenberg, in Germany, in 1780, under the title of *Physiognomiae veteres scriptores Græci*, in one pretty large volume, 8vo.

Among the Romans, physiognomy had its professors, who disgraced it by prognostications of future events, just as the astrologers of the day disgraced astronomy. Thus, Pliny the elder, relates at second hand, from Apion, a story of Apelles to this purpose: *Imaginem adeo similitudinis indiscretæ pinxit, ut, mirabile dictu, Apion grammaticus scriptum reliquerit, quemdam ex facie hominum*

*addivinantem; quos metaposcopos vocant, ex iis dixisse aut futura mortis annos, aut præterita. Pl. l. 35 § 35.*

Cicero likewise seems to have been somewhat addicted to the science of physiognomy, so far as character could be reasonably conjectured from features and manners. Physiognomy, says he, is the art of discovering the manners and dispositions of men, from observing their bodily characters, the characters of the face, the eyes, and the forehead: *hominum naturas, moresque, ex corpore, oculis, vultu, fronte, pernoscere. De Fato, V.* In his oration against Piso, he gives us a specimen of physiognomonical abuse, that would hardly be borne at the present day. *Famne vides bellua quæ sit hominum querela frontis tuæ? Nemo queritur Syrum nescio quem de grege novitiorum, factum esse consulem. Non enim nos color iste servilis, non pilosæ genæ, non dentes putridi deceperunt. Oculi, supercilia, frons, vultus denique totus, qui sermo quidem tacitus mentis est, hic in errorem homines impulit; hic, eos quibus eras ignotus decepi fefellit, in fraudem induxit. Pauci ista tua lutulenta vitia noveramus \* \* \* obrepsisti ad honores errore hominum, commendatione fumosarum imaginum, quarum simile nihil habes præter colorem.* In the same strain he appeals to his auditors against the physiognomy of C. F. Chærea, in his oration in favour of Roscius the comedian. *Caium Fannium Chæream, Roscius fraudavit!! Oro atque obsecro vos qui nostis, vitam inter se utriusque conferte—qui non nostis, faciem utriusque considerate—nonne ipsum caput, et supercilia penitus abrasa, olere malitiam, et clamitare calliditatem videtur? nonne ab imis unguibus usque ad verticem summam (siquam conjecturam affert hominibus tacita corporis figura) ex fraude, fallaciis, mendaciis, constare totus videtur? Qui idcirco capite et superciliis semper est rasis, ne ullum pilum viri boni habere.* These are curious instances of ancient oratorical abuse worth perserving; and other similar passages may be found collected by the author,\* from whose essay we have borrowed the preceding. The remark of Julius Cæsar on the physiognomy of Antony and Cassius is well known, and the physiognomonical description of the emperor Tiberius, by Suetonius, is very strongly marked. Indeed the Romans had several physiognomic expressions in common use: as *homo. crassa cervice, acutis naribus—adunci naris—risum suspendere naso.* The Hebrews (as Gilbert Wakefield somewhere remarks) expressed patience, by a *long nose*. So in English, we have, thick head, thick skull, paper skull, supercilious, white-livered, sanguine, &c.

About the time of what are called the dark or middle ages, when all knowledge† is supposed to have been quiescent by those

\* Essay on Physiognomy, by Thomas Cooper, Esq. 3 Manch. Trans. 408.

† To the dark ages as they are called, we owe the first notions of chemistry and chemical experiment—the first notions of materia medica—the truly original and sublime style of Gothic architecture; for although the pointed arch be Saracenic, and Hindoo, the architecture called Gothic, belongs exclusively to the European builders of the middle ages; and if it be inferior to the Greek in

who read superficially, physiognomy became connected with astrology, magic, and the doctrine of Signatures: of course, it experienced a common fate with its companions; and when increased knowledge rejected the latter, the former was received also with very suspicious and equivocal civility. Nor did the dogmatical precepts of Baptista Porta, Cardan, Fludd, Alsted, Le Chambre, and other votaries of the science, preserve it from the contempt of after ages. In England, little attention was paid to it, unless indeed by Evelyn, Gwither, and Parsons; nor did the discussions of Pernetty, Le Cat, and Formey, in the Berlin transactions, bring it into vogue.

At length appeared the magnificent, and interesting, but fanciful work of Lavater, which having been translated into all the languages of Europe, is too well known to be dwelt on here. It is a very desultory, but very animated work, which leaves an impression on the reader, that there is too much truth in physiognomy, to warrant us in rejecting it altogether. *Lavater* adopts the facial line of *Camper*, as designative of intellect: but there is no reason that we can find, why the occipital line of *Daubenton* should be excluded from osseal physiognomy; for the back part of the head is of equal importance in this point of view, to say the least, with the anterior portion of the human cranium. *White*, of Manchester, also, in his treatise on the Gradations of man, adopted the facial line; and his plate of cranial comparison between the European, the Asiatic, the Negro, the Ouran-outang, the Baboon, the Ape, the Dog, and the Bird, if it be not conclusive, is at least very plausible and very curious. His book was written to show the anatomical differences between the negro and European in particular; and to prove them belonging to two distinct races of men: but considering that the offspring of each may intermix, and that the offspring of the intermixture propagate, there is no sufficient authority from physiological reasoning, to suppose them other than varieties of the same species; following in the reasoning upon this subject, botanical analogy. Indeed, the question is of little importance, even in a theological point of view; for those who are most desirous of acceding with implicit reverence to the accounts presented to us in the sacred text, may well doubt, whether other persons, men and women, were not contemporaneous on the surface of our earth, with Adam and Eve: for Cain's exclamation, that 'every one that findeth me shall slay me,' and his emigration to the land of Nod, on the east of Eden, where he took a wife, and had children—furnish reasons for believing that other parts of the globe might have been peopled contemporaneously with those who are considered as *our* first parents. We state this merely as a doubt, suggested by the inspired writer himself.

taste, it is far superior in architectural skill, and harmonious appropriation to theological purposes. To the middle ages we owe, after Aristotle, the most acute and numerous examples of syllogistic argument, and philosophical distinction—and forms of government, though inferior perhaps to the Greek republics, superior, certainly, to Roman despotism.

*Camper's* facial line, is a line drawn from the forehead to the upper lip: and he supposes that the degree of intellect increases, as this line approaches a perpendicular; and decreases vice versa. *Lavater*, *White*, *Cuvier*, and *Richerand*, agree with him. *Gall* and *Spurzheim*, who consider the occiput of so much importance, deny his conclusions.

The occipital angle of *Daubenton*, is formed by a horizontal line drawn from the inferior edge of the orbit, to the posterior edge of the occipital foramen, and by a vertical line that cuts the first, and passes between both condyles over the surface of the occiput. The plates on this subject, published by *Camper*, *Blumenbach* and *White*, are curious and instructive.

*Sommering* and *Cuvier*, instituted another mode of comparison of intellect, viz. by the size of the brain compared with the size of the face: *Bichat* and *Richerand*, have also thrown out the idea, that there is a proportion between the intellectual faculties and the length of the neck; on the supposition that the activity of the cerebral energy is decreased by being further removed from the action of the heart: but this is manifestly fanciful and unfounded, either in physiological reasoning or experience: and it seems directly opposed to the old opinion of hebetude being connected with a thick neck, *crassâ cervice*. Nor is there any proof whatever, that acuteness and apoplexy have the slightest connexion.

The subject seemed to rest for many years,\* when *Dr. Gall* and his coadjutor *Dr. Spurzheim*, proposed their opinions, founded as they asserted, not merely on physiological considerations, but on innumerable facts and coincidences, carefully observed: inducing them to conclude, that human propensities depend in great measure on the form of the skull, which is enlarged according to the enlargement of those portions of the cerebrum and cerebellum, that in the order of nature are essentially connected with these propensities. Whatever may be thought of their craniographical system, certain it is, that they are not exceeded by any anatomists whatever, in their minute and accurate knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the cranium and its contents: nor do we know that any anatomist in Europe or America, has arrived at, or pretended to equal skill in the mode of developing the texture of the brain, and particularly of the medullary substance of it, with these professors; by whom it has been exhibited (as we understand, from information only), with unexampled dexterity in one continuous cellular tissue: but by what process we are unable to describe. These gentlemen give their method of determining the functions of the brain, thus:—(Physiognomical system of Doctors *Gall* and *Spurzheim*, p. 214).

‘In every function we may distinguish its energy or quantity, and its modification or quality. It is very difficult to examine the modifications, but more easy to distinguish the different energy of

\* Stat. Geo 2, c. 5, anno 1741, denounces all persons who pretend to have skill in physiognomy, palmistry, and like crafty sciences, as rogues and vagabonds.



the functions. Let us then examine on what conditions the energy of the functions of the brain consist. There is a general law, that the energy of the functions of any organic part, depends on its size, and on its organic construction; that is, on its extensivity, and intensity. It is also certain, that in order to judge of the degree of activity of the faculties, it is necessary to consider, besides the extensivity and intensity of the organ, the exercise of every faculty, and their mutual influence on each other. Now, among these conditions, the most easy to be observed is the size of the organs. As, then, the energy of functions, depends on the size of their organs, and as the size of the organs is most easily distinguished, it results, that these means are the most proper for discovering the functions of the brain.

‘There is, indeed, throughout all nature a general law, that the properties of bodies act with an energy proportionate to their size. Thus a large loadstone attracts a greater mass of iron than a small one of a similar kind; the fermentation of a fluid, is more energetic, as its quantity is more considerable; a great muscle of the same kind is stronger than a smaller one. If the nerves of the five external senses, be larger on one side of the body, the functions are stronger on that side. Why should it not be the same with respect to the brain?’

To this reasoning of Dr. Spurzheim, we may add, that all physiognomy of external feature is owing to the same law. Thus, each muscle of the face, is acted on by the appropriate passion or propensity for which nature has designed it. The muscles of the eyebrows are swelled and drawn downward by intense thought: so are the muscles at the corners of the mouth: so are the muscles of the forehead: but in proportion as these muscles are more frequently used and brought into play by mental energies and propensities, they will swell, and to a certain point, will permanently increase in size: just as is the case with any muscle more exercised than others, as the arms of a blacksmith or waterman, the legs and shoulders of a porter, &c. but this permanent swelling, is a permanent increase of comparative size; that is, it is a prominent visible feature, originating from mental energy and habit, exerted upon their appropriated set of muscular fibres.

Let our readers imagine to themselves the following face: a man middle aged; forehead expanded; muscles of the forehead marked; eyebrows projecting; muscles of the eyebrows thick; large indentations on each side the nose; muscles of the eyebrows contracted in conversation; lips compressed; line of indentation on each side of the mouth directed downward. Is there no mark of energy of character and intellect in such a face?

Another:—forehead low; smooth; arched eyebrows; muscles of the eyebrows thin, smooth; large space between the eyebrow and the eye; eyes prominent; face round; smooth; lips open, gaping, showing the teeth; line about the corner of the mouth directed rather upward. Is there no mark of comparative imbecility? Draw upon paper, a gaping, staring, country clown.



It has often occurred to us, that the lines of Darley's well known song, is descriptive of Idiocy.

Her mouth with a smile  
Devoid of all guile  
*Half open to view,*  
Is the blush of the rose  
In the morning that grows  
*Impearl'd with the dew.*

If these remarks be true, then there is truth in physiognomy as a science. Indeed, if it be not so, what painter can delineate character? or who has not seen an actor on the stage harmonize his features to the expression of habitual, natural folly, and rustic ignorance? or who is there, who is not in fact to himself, a physiognomist by habit? who does not pass a mental verdict on the appearance of a stranger? we are all such:—nature has dictated the practice, and it is the business of art to scrutinize, observe, and methodize, the traces that nature presents to us. Is it not evidently so, that character is expressed by countenance, figure, motion and manners, not merely in the human species, but as we know from familiar practice and observation, in horses and dogs? In fact, how can mind show itself, but by means of body?

Since the publication of Dr. *Spurzheim*, I know of none but a small treatise in octavo, entitled an attempt to establish physiognomy upon scientific principles, by Dr. *John Cross, of Glasgow*. He gives us a discourse on the vital functions and on pathology preliminarily: he then treats physiognomically of the neck, the mouth and nose, the ears and eyes. There is much good sense in the book, but the language is careless; and it cannot boast of profound research.

Having now presented our readers with a slight sketch of the history of physiognomy, and the most reasonable of its pretensions, we proceed to the work before us. But we have little to say, in praise, either of the ingenuity of the plot, the novelty of the characters, the interest of the situations, the amusement, or instruction of the dialogue, or the elegance of the language. The person who gives name to the novel, is outré; the distinguishing trait is described beyond the probabilities of common life; and all the other characters, are without any character at all, but what we find in almost every similar production that issues from the press. That our readers may in some degree judge for themselves, we offer for their perusal the following scene, wherein the physiognomist Mr. Ossaman, is introduced to a quaker family of the name of Bertie.

“Thou hast a kind heart, Grace,” said Cyrus Bertie, affectionately, patting her head, and thanking her in his heart for thus defending what he himself felt to be INDEFENSIBLE.

“But a weak head, I fear,” added Mr. Ossaman, approaching the smiling Grace, and drawing out his paper of angles, cones, sections, pentagons, hexagons, heptagons, &c. &c., to be more fully convinced that his opinion was correct. The next cap which Grace wore obstructed his view, and without hesitation he pulled it off.

“What art thou doing, friend?” said she indignantly.

"Why uncoverest thou my daughter's head?" demanded Mrs. Bertie; "verry, the damsel must not be insulted, neighbour; and, *besides*, thou hast thrust thy fingers through the muslin."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Ossaman; "I wish to be convinced if the young lady were likely to do honour to me if I patronized her."

"Wey, surely, friend," rejoined Grace, "thou couldst not ascertain that point by the colour of my hair; and surely for that reason thou didst pull off my cap."

"Miss Bertie—I say, miss Bertie—you have mistaken my design *in toto*. I wish to compare the linear compartments of the *os cerebrale*:—I intend to measure the extent of the occipital line. I will minutely examine the region of propensities, and observe whether the organ of *love of approbation*, or of *self-esteem* is the more developed:—the upper and lateral part of the head, posteriorly, is the situation of the former; consequently, the line A. B. drawn in this direction, extending to the point C. on the posterior exterior angle formed by the points C. D. E., and the line F. G. crossing the line D. E., transversely, forming a second angle of the points E. F. G. the point B. being the central point; and — and — designating the point B. as the — the — Mr. Cyrus Bertie, you have embarrassed my ideas by incessantly shaking the table. I must begin my analysis again, or miss Bertie will not understand the demonstration."

"Thou needest not to trouble thyself again, friend," said Grace; "for verily, thy words are incomprehensible."

"So I feared, so I feared. You perceive, Mr. Cyrus Bertie, how your *fidgitting* motions disturb us."

"Thy geometrical proofs advanced in support of an obscure question, would, perhaps, tend to convince. But, where no position is advanced, and where, consequently, no contradiction can be made, thy geometry is of no use; except, indeed, thou wishest to show thy skill," said Grace, archly.

"Ah! my estimate was correct," said Mr. Ossaman decisively; "your *os frontis* is sufficiently contracted to render further investigation unnecessary. Yes, you are destined to move in the ordinary tract. The attempt to rescue you from such contemptible security would be vain. Mr. Bertie, marry your daughter when you please, and to whom you please. I resign all hopes of her reflecting credit on me; therefore I cannot patronize her."

In our opinion, if the character of a physiognomist is to be successfully delineated, he must not be painted as a silly dupe, or an offensive madman. The situations to be interesting, must be drawn from the mistakes and eccentricities of a fine mind, warped, but not deranged by intense application to an object of science, whose doubts have vanished before ardour of pursuit; and where plain sense has given up the reins to the extravagancies of a warm imagination. Mr. Ossaman offends us too much, by his constitutional folly, and his disgusting ignorance. We feel no interest in a blockhead born to be a dupe. We cherish no pity for him, and no indignation at the bungling knavery by which he is plundered and deceived. A novel cannot be a good one, where the principal character is without interest, and his conduct beyond the limits of common probability. Such is the physiognomist portrayed before us.

T. C.

ART. VI.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

The following remarkable *epitaph on the Spanish Constitution*, was composed not long since in Madrid by a Spaniard, and lately reached this country enclosed in a private letter.

Aqui yacen,  
sin esperanzas de la resurreccion,  
los restos  
de la Constitucion Politica de la monarquia Espanola,  
Nacida entre los movimientos convulsivos de una Revolucion  
Que por la uniformidad de sentimientos y de impulso  
Rompio las cadenas del Despotismo, y dio Libertad a  
un encarcelado  
Rey,  
Prometio seguridad, ciencia, y prosperidad  
à un pueblo  
que nunca estuvo ilustrado por el raciocinio,  
elevado por la tolerancia, ni exaltado por la libertad:  
El primer esfuerzo  
Del restaurado Monarca fué aniquilar el  
Instrumento  
Que derramó el esplendor de gloria sobre la  
nacion.  
Y el pueblo falso à sus juramentos  
al mundo y la posteridad,  
Fué el co-operador voluntario de su destruccion,  
Y abandonando vilmente esta legitima  
prole de la libertad  
à las manos de su verdugo  
Manifestó al genero humano  
Que ninguna Nacion puede ser libre  
que no sea merecedora de la  
Libertad.  
Esta Constitucion  
fué precoz y indigesta,  
Pero à pesar de sus faltas  
era la piedra angular, sobre que  
Un majestuoso edificio  
podria haber sido elevado.  
Si el pueblo huviese sido conseqente consigo mismo,  
su pays huviera llegado à ser formidable  
y sus derechos respetados;  
Las ciencias havrian sido cultivados  
las artes protegidas  
y la Nacion  
Libre.  
Ahora  
Sumergida en tinieblas, supersticion y fanatismo  
Presenta al mundo el humillante  
Quadro  
de una Nacion  
Abrazando voluntariamente el Despotismo  
y poniendose à si misma  
los grillos de la  
Tiranía.

Lector  
Aprended en este exemplo

**La inestabilidad de todas las instituciones mundanas,  
 y estad seguros  
 Que los fundamentos de la grandeza nacional  
 son  
 Virtud, Libertad, y Independencia.**

—  
**Here lie  
 with no hopes of resurrection,  
 The Remains  
 of the political Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy.  
 Born amid the convulsive throes of a Revolution,  
 which by an unity of sentiment and action  
 Broke the chains of despotism, and gave liberty to  
 an enslaved  
 King,  
 It promised security, knowledge, and happiness  
 to a people,  
 Who had never been enlightened by reason,  
 elevated by toleration, or vivified by freedom,  
 The first effort  
 of the restored monarch, was to crush the  
 Instrument,  
 which shed the only ray of glory on the  
 Nation;  
 and the People, false to their oaths,  
 to the world and posterity,  
 were the willing instruments of its destruction:  
 And basely surrendering this legitimate  
 Offspring of liberty  
 into the hands of its executioner,  
 have satisfied mankind,  
 That no Nation can be free,  
 who are undeserving of  
 Liberty.**

**This Constitution  
 was crude and undigested;  
 Yet, with all its faults,  
 It was the foundation upon which  
 a noble structure  
 Could have been raised.  
 Had the people been true to themselves,  
 their Country would have been formidable,  
 and their rights respected;  
 Science would have been advanced,  
 the Arts patronized,  
 and the Nation  
 Free.**

**Now  
 Enshrouded in darkness, superstition and  
 Bigotry,  
 They present the humiliating picture to  
 the world,  
 of a Nation,  
 voluntarily embracing Despotism,  
 And fixing on themselves  
 the shackles of  
 Tyranny.**

## Notoria.

Reader  
Learn from this  
The insecurity of all earthly institutions,  
and be assured  
That the foundations of National Grandeur  
are  
Virtue, Liberty, and Independence.

The following letter on Spanish affairs is translated from one of the numbers for July last, of the *Minerve Française*, a periodical work of high authority published at Paris.

Madrid, June 1818.

I write to you without having any news to give you: the most apathetic men of a country, where you find the very sublime in the way of apathy, begin to be sensible of the sterility of our single and *unique* Gazette. The situation of Spain would furnish rather a chapter for history, than an article for the *Minerva*. The *ensemble* of things may be very well worthy of attention; but the details do not deserve to be noticed.

All Europe is at peace, Spain alone excepted. She is condemned, by the usual fatality of her fortunes, to wage war without any real object and almost without hope of success. We are fighting in the provinces of New Grenada and in Peru;—the insurgents of the river Plate persist in proclaiming their independence, and publish ponderous and vehement manifestoes against the mother country, who is idly boasting of the good she has done them;—Spanish blood, after having flowed in torrents in the peninsula, daily drenches the vast plains of the two Americas;—the United States seem to ask war from us as the only favour we have to bestow on them;—the court of Brazil even, with which we had just contracted close family ties, has taken possession of one of our most important posts, and, as it would appear, covets the neighbouring territories within her reach;—our European coasts are infested and insulted by buccaniers, in whom we can distinguish rebellious children of our own family, by their language and their habits;—we are reduced to the wretched necessity of carrying the most desolating hostilities into the countries to which we gave the civilization which they enjoy;—we have been obliged to receive from the navy-yards of Cronstadt some few fir-ships to trans-

port our forces to the ungrateful colonies; the magnificent fleets of cedar, which, towards the end of the last century, rode so majestically in the harbours of Cadiz and Carthagena, and promised us destinies so splendid, no longer exist.

Our late unhappy divisions have left behind many bitter recollections. Exile has deprived us of a multitude of distinguished citizens, who might still serve their country. Others who had given way to an excessive enthusiasm, which it is difficult to condemn, when the epoch and the motives are considered, are equally cut off from society. Our finances have experienced no amelioration, and the grave personages charged with sounding the depths of their wounds, maintain an ominous silence. Is it, in fact, possible to recall the royal decrees which, in 1814, restored to the religious orders all the property and estates which they had lost?—We are abridging our military establishments; what remains is scarcely sufficient for garrisoning our strong places in time of peace.

Nevertheless, the old peninsula opposes a compact mass, an impenetrable surface to all these strokes of fate. She resists; she does not succumb. The idea of a new and general contribution has not alarmed us. The nobility, clergy, people, manifest the same resignation. We are so much accustomed to the depreciation, the nullity of the public debt, that no measure of whatever kind with respect to it, would excite complaint or surprise. Is this the effect of a consciousness of real wealth and strength, in Spaniards? or does it spring from a general torpor? It is very difficult to know public opinion, if, indeed, there be any such thing in a country like this. — *Impounded* from village to village, from province to province, isolated in body and mind, we can hold no communication with an inhabitant of Arragon as a stranger to the inhabitant of Andalusia, than a quaker of

sylvania is to the mufti of Constantinople.

Two periodical publications, with the titles of *Minerva* and *Chronicle*, appear here at short intervals, and give us meagre extracts from theatrical pieces, and from works of science and literature published abroad: these wretched compilations have about twelve or fifteen hundred subscribers at the most. Our official gazette is issued three times a week; you know what it is: it contains official news of our own court; summary accounts of the official news of other courts, and private advertisements. The *Mercury* recapitulates weekly the ordinances and circulars of government, and reproduces obsolete political articles selected with all due, and truly admirable discretion.

These slight matters are sufficient for our wants; for, of all the nations of the continent, the Spanish, such as authority would have it, concerns itself the least with its own affairs, or with those of others. Our imagination is fed by recollections. We discourse much of what our ancestors have done. In respect to literature, our authors appear to us incomparable; our theatres suit us; our national histories are truth itself in our estimation. You understand that I speak of the mass;—in general. But here the exceptions are fewer than any where else, and hardly to be counted. We are pitied abroad: this is an error of charity. We do not suffer; we are satisfied with ourselves, and with the condition in which we are. With still less, we should think nothing wanting. Before our last war and according to the last general tables of statistics published officially in 1803, now under my eyes, we were ten millions three hundred and thirty one thousand one hundred and twenty natives; and our territory is as large as that of France; our capital was valued at three hundred and ten millions six hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and four hard dollars, and two rials. We gathered annually thirty three millions of *fanegas*, (100 wt.) of grain of every kind, wheat, barley, oats, and corn. Galicia alone produced six millions of *arrobas* of turnips (the *aroba* is 25lbs. of 16oz.) The other provinces gave forty nine millions *arobas* of wine and six millions of oil. We had a million head of cattle, twelve millions of sheep, me-

rine included, one hundred and forty thousand horses; two hundred and fourteen thousand mules, and two hundred and thirty six thousand asses. In the vegetable kingdom, twelve hundred thousand *arobas* of hemp or flax; two thousand six hundred *arobas* of saffron; four thousand of cotton; more than a million *arobas* of *Barilla*, which nature offers us spontaneously. The animal kingdom was not less abundant: more than two millions *arobas* of wool; a million and a half pounds of silk; the mineral kingdom yielded us two hundred and seventy thousand *arobas* of iron, thirty thousand quintals of coal, and twelve thousand of mineral salt. The products of our industry were valued at fifty-six millions three hundred and twenty-three thousand ninety-seven hard dollars.—Something of all this remains; and this is enough for us.—We are content.

As for our political constitution, it is still the same. The king is the living law; he governs us paternally. Our ministry is neither *one* nor divisible. The ministers are in fact no more than secretaries, for they do, or ought to do, nothing of themselves. It is always the king who prescribes, and regulates. It would be perhaps dangerous for our secretaries of state to act in concert, or to undertake to pursue a system. Thus, the one is entirely alien to the other. The councils are sometimes consulted, particularly that of Castille, which is administrative and judicial at the same time. But after all, the opinions given are only materials for the supreme judgment of the monarch.—Whether M. de Pizarro continues, or M. de San Carlos returns, as the *London Times* will positively have it, is in the main, of perfect indifference; it touches not the question.—The king is ever active; it is he who bears, interrogates, approves, and condemns in the last resort. In this way, brought back after six years of tempest, to our old habits of three centuries of growth, we jog on quietly, and without noise. This course may appear to you very monotonous; you will say that movement is life: be it is so; our movement is very gentle; it is almost sleep. God grant that the march of events may not disturb our repose! M. de Garay promised us a budget each year. He has forgotten his promise and we also.



When the public stocks depreciate four-fifths, without exciting the least sensation, it is idle to attach importance to the matter of this or that individual being placed over the finances. The king promised us also to give us a constitution, when tranquillity should be established, and more auspicious circumstances permitted: his majesty told us that he would adapt his system to the progress of knowledge, and the actual state of civilization!—All the circulars of M. de Cevallos respecting the construction of canals and great roads are in full force, since they have not been repealed by other circulars. There are no enemies without who threaten the peninsula. England is interested in watching over our repose: it is her work; Portugal will be restrained by England, and France by all Europe.

Cease then to look upon us with an eye of curiosity. There is nothing new here; there will be nothing new.—

Your's

T. P. S.

The following Obituary notice of a man who had approached as near to evangelical perfection as it is given to our feeble nature to do, is copied from a Boston Gazette. It is entitled, on account both of the extraordinary merit of its subject, and the particular elegance of the composition, to a place in columns somewhat less perishable than those of a daily paper.

Died, on Saturday last, the 19th inst. the Rev. FRANCIS ANTHONY MATIGNON, D. D. He was born in Paris, Nov. 10, 1753. Devoted to letters and religion from his earliest youth, his progress was rapid and his piety conspicuous. He attracted the notice of the learned faculty as he passed through the several grades of classical and theological studies; and having taken the degree of bachelor of divinity, he was ordained a priest, on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1778, the very day of the month and week, which, forty years after, was to be his last. In the year 1782, he was admitted a licentiate, and received the degree of doctor of divinity from the college of the Sorbonne in 1785. At this time he was appointed regius professor of divinity in the college of Navarre, in which seminary he

performed his duties for several years, although his state of health was not good.

His talents and piety had recommended him to the notice of a prelate in great credit, (the cardinal de Brienne,) who obtained for him the grant of an annuity from the king, Louis XVI. which was sufficient for all his wants, established him in independence, and took away all anxiety for the future. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to the wisest and best of the children of men. The revolution, which dethroned his beloved monarch, and stained the altar of his God with the blood of holy men, drove Dr. Matignon an exile from his native shores. He fled to England, where he remained several months, and then returned to France to prepare for a voyage to the United States. He landed in Baltimore, and was appointed by bishop Carroll, pastor of the Catholic church in Boston, at which place he arrived, August 20, 1792.

The talents of doctor Matignon were of the highest order. In him were united a sound understanding, a rich and vigorous imagination, and a logical precision of thought. His learning was extensive, critical and profound, and all his productions were deeply cast, symmetrically formed, and beautifully coloured. The fathers of the church and the great divines of every age were his familiar friends.—His divinity was not merely speculative, nor merely practical; it was the blended influence of thought, feeling, and action. He had learned divinity as a scholar, taught it as a professor, felt it as a worshipper, and diffused it as a faithful pastor. His genius and his virtues were understood; for the wise bowed to his superior knowledge, and the humble caught the spirit of his devotions. With the unbelieving and doubtful he reasoned with the mental strength of the apostle Paul; and he charmed back the penitential wanderer with the kindness and affection of John the evangelist. His love for mankind flowed in the purest current, and his piety caught a glow from the intensity of his feeling. Rigid and scrupulous to himself, he was charitable and indulgent to others. To youth, in a particular manner, he was forgiving and fatherly. With him the tear of

penitence washed away the stains of error; for he had gone up to the fountains of human nature, and knew all its weakness. Many retrieved from folly and vice can bear witness how deeply he was skilled in the science of parental government; that science so little understood, and for want of which, so many evils arise. It is a proof of a great mind not to be soured by misfortunes, nor narrowed by any particular pursuit. Dr. Matignon, if possible, grew milder and more indulgent as he advanced in years. The storms of life had broken the heart of the man, but out of its wounds gushed the tide of sympathy and universal christian charity. The woes of life crush the feeble, make more stupid the dull, and more vindictive the proud; but the great mind and contrite soul are expanded with purer benevolence, and warmed with brighter hopes, by suffering—knowing that through tribulation and anguish the diadem of the saint is won.

In manners, doctor Matignon was an accomplished gentleman, possessing that kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling, which made him study the wants and anticipate the wishes of all he knew. He was well acquainted with the politest courtesies of society, for it must not, in accounting for his accomplishments, be forgotten, that he was born and educated in the bosom of refinement; that he was associated with chevaliers, and nobles, and was patronized by cardinals and premiers. In his earlier life, it was not uncommon to see ecclesiastics mingling in society with philosophers and courtiers, and still preserving the most perfect apostolic purity in their lives and conversation. The scrutinizing eye of infidel philosophy was upon them, and these unbelievers would have hailed it as a triumph to have caught them in the slightest deviation from their professions. But no greater proof of the soundness of their faith or the ardour of their piety could be asked, than the fact, that, from all the bishops in France at the commencement of the revolution, amounting to one hundred and thirty eight, but four only were found wanting in integrity and good faith, when they were put to the test; and it was such a test, too, that it could have been supported by religion only. In passing such an ordeal, pride, forti-

tude, philosophy, and even insensibility, would have failed. The whole strength of human nature was shrunk and blasted when opposed to the bosom of the revolution. Then the bravest bowed in terror, or fled in affliction; but then these disciples of the lowly Jesus, taught mankind how they could suffer for his sake.

Doctor Matignon loved his native country, and always expressed the deepest interests in her fortunes and fate; yet his patriotism never infringed on his philanthropy.—He spoke of England as a great nation, which contained much to admire and imitate, and his gratitude kindled at the remembrance of British munificence and generosity, to the exiled priests of a hostile nation of different religious creeds.

When doctor Matignon came to Boston, new trials awaited him. His predecessors in this place, wanted either talents, character, or perseverance; and nothing of consequence had been done towards gathering and directing a flock. The good people of New-England were something more than suspicious on the subject of his success; they were suspicious of the catholic doctrines.—Their ancestors, from the settlement of the country, had been preaching against the church of Rome, and their descendants, even the most enlightened, felt a strong impression of undelined and undefinable dislike, if not hatred, towards every papal relation. Absurd and foolish legends of the pope and his religion were in common circulation, and the prejudice was too deeply rooted to be suddenly eradicated or even opposed. It required a thorough acquaintance with the world to know precisely how to meet these sentiments of a whole people. Violence and indiscretion would have destroyed all hopes of success. Ignorance would have exposed the cause to sarcasm and contempt; and enthusiasm, too manifest, would have produced reaction, that would have plunged the infant establishment in absolute ruin. Doctor Matignon was exactly fitted to encounter all these difficulties. And he saw them, and knew his task, with the discernment of a shrewd politician. With meekness and humility he disarmed the proud; with prudence, learning, and wisdom, he met the captious and slanderous; and so gentle and so just was

his course, that even the censorious forgot to watch him, and the malicious were too cunning to attack one armed so strong in honesty. For four years he sustained the weight of this charge alone, until Providence sent him a co-adjutor in the person of the present excellent bishop Cheverus, who seemed made by nature and fitted by education and grace to sooth his griefs by sympathy, (for he too had suffered,) to cheer him by the blandishments of taste and letters and all congenial pursuits and habits; and in fact, they were as far identified as two embodied minds could be. These holy seers pursued their religious pilgrimage together, blessing and being blessed, for more than twenty years; and the young Elisha had received a double portion of the spirit and worn the mantle of his friend and guide, long before the sons of the prophets heard the cry of *my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof*. May the survivor find consolation in the religion he teaches, and long be kept on his journey to bless the cruise of oil in the dwellings of poverty and widowhood, and to cleanse by the power of God, the leprosy of the sinful soul.

Far from the sepulchre of his fathers, repose the ashes of the good and great doctor Matignon; but his grave is not as among strangers, for it was watered by the tears of an affectionate flock, and his memory is cherished by all who value learning, honour, genius, or love devotion.

The writer of this brief notice offers it as a faint and rude memorial only of the virtues of the man, whose character he venerated. Time must assuage the wounds of grief before he, who loved him most, and knew him best, can attempt his epitaph.

#### *Account of the Measures adopted for settling the Boundaries of the United States.*

The treaty of Ghent, which restored peace to Great Britain and the United States, provided an international tribunal for the perfect settlement of this disputed title, and for the actual delineation of the other treaty boundaries of the country.

Three independent boards of commissioners were established by that treaty. To the first was assigned the

duty of ascertaining to whom the several islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, and Grand Menan in the bay of Fundy, belonged by virtue of the treaty of 1783. This board consisted of two commissioners, one appointed by each of the contracting parties. No umpire, as in the former case, was to be called to their assistance. If the commissioners so appointed agreed in opinion, their decision was to be binding and conclusive on both nations. If they disagreed in part or in whole, separate reports were to be made to the two governments, and 'some friendly sovereign or state to be then named for that purpose,' was to determine the controversy.

In pursuance of the provisions of the treaty in this respect, his Britannic majesty appointed his former commissioner, the honourable Thomas Barclay, to be a commissioner under this article, and the president of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, appointed the honourable John Holmes, of Alfred, in the district of Maine, and then a member of the senate of Massachusetts.

The claims of the British government were confided to the management of the honourable Ward Chipman, judge of the supreme court of New Brunswick, and those of the United States to James Trecothick Austin, esquire, a counsellor at the bar of Massachusetts.

The commission was opened at St. Andrew's, on the 24th of September, 1816, immediately after colonel Barclay's appointment was communicated to the American government. Each of the agents claimed, for their respective governments, all the islands in dispute.

The claim of the British nation was founded on the assertion, that at the peace of 1783 these islands were an integral part of the province of Nova Scotia, and, as such, specially excepted from the limits assigned to the United States.

The Nova Scotia intended in the treaty of 1783 was said to be that province erected and described in certain letters patent, granted by king James I., in 1621, to sir William Alexander, master of requests for the crown of Scotland; which charter, it was contended, actually included all the islands in question.

The American agent denied that

any title could be deduced from the letters patent above mentioned, which, he contended, were void *ab origine*, and had been obsolete, derelict, and neglected by all nations, but especially by the predecessors of his present Britannic majesty—that, in point of fact, the letters patent did not include any of the islands—that a remarkable exception was to be found in the description of territory therein set forth, plainly proving an intention not to assign them to Alexander, and that, in fact, from the date of the grand charter of Plymouth, they were a constituent part of the territories now forming the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and had been acknowledged as such by Great Britain on numerous occasions, in grants, charters, cessions, public letters and treaties.

The extensive field thus opened for examination was diligently explored by both the agents, in a very copious analysis and discussion of every public act, and most of the charter transactions, which had the eastern territory for their object; and occupied the attention of the commissioners until the 24th day of November, 1817, on which day the board agreed in a decision on all the questions before them. This decision has terminated all the disputes heretofore existing on the subject. The opinion and judgment of the commissioners has been communicated to the respective governments of Great Britain and the United States, and has ascertained and determined that Moose, Dudley and Frederick islands do belong to the United States, and that all the other islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, and Grand Menan in the bay of Fundy, do belong to Great Britain, by virtue of the treaty of peace of 1783.

By those negotiations a permanent right of navigation was secured to the citizens of the United States through the eastern or ship channel, between Deer island and Campo Bello. To do the same in this case was beyond the authority of the present commissioners, whose duty was limited to ascertaining the right to the islands, and did not extend to the decision of any question of water privilege; which must be governed by principles of national law applicable to the case. The eastern

passage is at times the only one, and always is the best passage-way for ships through the bay of Passamaquoddy and into the river St. Croix. Its free navigation, essential to the enjoyment of the use of the river, has always been claimed by the United States. Their ministers have been instructed to provide for their interests in this passage way; and it has been of as much or more importance than the possession of Grand Menan. Since the capture and occupation of Moose island, an English sloop of war has occasionally been stationed there, and American vessels prohibited from passing.

The reason why an exclusive right was assumed by the British government was assigned to be, that this was a passage between two islands, both of which belonged to Great Britain, and therefore was exclusively hers. That it was not the only, although it was the best, passage, and there being another, which was practicable, no inconvenience attending it could give the Americans a right of using this. If the water between Deer island and Campo Bello had been in fact a river, the opposite shores of which belonged to Great Britain, there could be no doubt that her principle was correct, it being an undoubted doctrine of national law, that a river in the territories of a nation, is as much its exclusive property as the land, and it is only a river of boundary, where two nations possess respectively one of the banks, that gives to both a common right of navigation.

But the passage way between Campo Bello and Deer island is not in a river, but in a bay; and it may well be doubted whether the law applicable to the former, can with any propriety be applied to the latter. Not only is this passage-way in a bay, but it is in the grand bay of Fundy, described by the early navigators, and now very commonly known to be 'more properly a part of the sea or ocean.'

It had, indeed, heretofore been considered, that these islands and the passage-way between them were in the bay of Passamaquoddy, which being an interior and smaller bay, distant from the ocean, and connected with the coasts of the continent, had all the

jurisdictional properties of a river; and that a free navigation of it might be attended with evils similar to those which would follow from an admission of foreign vessels as a matter of right, into the rivers of a country.

But the treaty of Ghent has contradicted this supposed geographical fact. It has in express words declared, that the bay of Passamaquoddy is part of the bay of Fundy; and no reason can be assigned for this assumption and declaration, but that it was intended to make the waters, formerly called Passamaquoddy, as free and common, as those of any other part of the bay of Fundy.

Now the passage-way between New Brunswick and Grand Menan in the bay of Fundy, has never been claimed by Great Britain as exclusively hers, because she possessed in full sovereignty the opposite coasts; neither can she claim the passage-way between Deer island and Campo Bello, lying in the same bay. So long as the treaty of Ghent is in force, all the islands and the passage-ways between them heretofore in dispute are in 'the grand bay of Fundy, or more properly a part of the sea or ocean,' and no exclusive right of navigating those waters can be claimed by any particular nation.

On this ground we presume, notwithstanding the decision of the commissioners, assigning Campo Bello and Deer Island to Great Britain,—the vessels of the United States will have a perfect right to navigate by the eastern or ship channel as freely as on any other part of the ocean.

To put the question however beyond dispute, as far as was practicable, the commissioners addressed a joint letter to the two governments of Great Britain and the United States, in which they declared that their decision was founded on the presumption of an existing right in each of the two nations freely to navigate by this channel, notwithstanding the sovereignty of Great Britain over the islands lying contiguous and on each side had been expressly allowed.

The English forces still hold a military possession of Moose Island and its dependencies; but it is understood that arrangements are in train for their removal, and that early in the ensuing spring, the place will be restored to the

jurisdiction of the United States, and be once again under the local authorities of Massachusetts.

Thus has happily terminated a second tribunal, instituted by two great and independent nations, for the settlement of important interests in dispute between them, interests far greater than many which history has recorded as the foundation of long protracted and destructive wars. An example is thus given to the world, which it is hoped may be powerful enough to supersede that rash resort to arms, which has too often wasted, in the progress of desolation, more than all the objects of the contest were worth.

The other commissioners, provided in the treaty of Ghent, are not so much to settle disputes as to prevent them.

The lines of territory recited in the treaty of peace of 1783, were never actually drawn upon the land, but were described from the best maps then existing, but now known to be very inaccurate. To explore the frontiers together, and to fix muniments of boundary by common consent, had become a very necessary duty, in order to prevent conflicting grants and unintentional trespasses. Accordingly, this duty was divided into two parts. The commission established by the fifth article of the treaty of Ghent was to run the boundary line due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, thence along the highlands which divide those rivers, that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, thence down along the middle of that river to the 45° of north latitude, thence by a line due west on said latitude until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraqua—to make a map of said boundary—declare it under their seals to be a true map, and to particularize the latitude and longitude of the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, of the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, and of such other points of the said boundary as they may deem proper.

Under this article the British government appointed the same commissioner as in the former; and appointed the same agent jointly with his son, Ward Chipman, jun. esq. a counsellor at law in New Brunswick. The American government



appointed Cornelius P. Van Ness, Esq. of Vermont, commissioner, and William C. Bradly, late member of congress from the same state, as their agent. This board met at St. Andrew's on the 24th of September, 1816, but the season being then too far advanced to commence the survey, they adjourned to the first of June. At this time the necessary parties were arranged, the instructions given to them, and the summer was occupied by these parties, and the result of their proceedings will be submitted to the commissioners in May next in the city of New York.

The extent of the duty assigned to this board will necessarily consume much time before the objects of their appointment can be attained. A common opinion has prevailed, relative to this line from the head of the St. Croix to the highlands, which has not hitherto given rise to any practical evil, and has generally been represented the same in the modern maps, published both in England and America. Since this subject has been before the commissioners, two maps have been published, which trace a line of boundary essentially different from what has been supposed before to be correct: we allude to colonel Bouchette's map of Canada, and Purdy's map of Cabotia; both of them elegantly executed, and apparently not without the approbation of high authority. The lines, drawn on these maps, curtail the limits of Massachusetts on the eastern frontier, and place the whole of the river St. John's within the British dominion.

It is not understood, that any claim has been made by the English agent in correspondence with the new lines thus described: in fact, the official surveys have not been sufficiently advanced to permit any claim of any kind. What the English possessions may eventually be, will rest on the report of the surveyors; and the point assumed by the commissioners as the dividing line on the highlands.

The eastern boundary-line of the United States has always been drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix, crossing the St. John's at about 47° north latitude; and thence running in the same direction about forty-six miles, until it met the highlands supposed to be intended by the treaty.

There are many inconveniences in

this course. For a considerable part of the line the river St. John's is just on the border, but not within the limits, of the United States; and its waters will of course remain closed to her navigation, —if ever a settlement in that part of the district of Maine should render the use of them desirable.

The communication also between New Brunswick and Quebec is obstructed; and the passage of the English mail is over part of the territories of the United States.

This inconvenience was so great, that, at the first negotiation at Ghent, the English commissioners proposed a revision of the boundary line, so as to secure to Great Britain the desired communication; and intimated that it must be done by a cession to Great Britain of that part of the district of Maine, which intervenes between New Brunswick and Quebec, and prevents a direct communication. The inadmissibility of that proposition at the time, and under the circumstances in which it was urged, is apparent; but in the tranquillity of peace, it is not unlikely that a change of boundary might be made essentially beneficial to both parties.

Thus, if the boundary line, instead of being drawn due north to the highlands, was made to meet the St. John's at the highest point above the actual English settlements; and the river, instead of an arbitrary line, become the division between the two countries to the 47° north latitude, the United States would gain an addition of territory, important in position, though not of any considerable magnitude; while the English possessions on the left bank would still have access to the water, and lose no material advantage. In exchange for this, the new boundary on the north might be drawn from some point in the river, by a straight line, to the province of Lower Canada; and thus a direct communication between her two provinces be opened to Great Britain, without any inconvenience to the United States.

The detail of such a plan would require accuracy and attention. The general principles only are stated above, on which such a negotiation might be pursued.

But, as the territory in this vicinity is of importance to Great Britain, as the means of opening a free communication



between her provinces, another object could be mentioned, for which it may possibly be considered as an equivalent in exchange.

The right of fishing within the marine league on the coast of Nova Scotia, it is maintained by Great Britain, was lost to the United States, when by the late war the treaty of 1783 was annulled.—If so, this territory, or a right of way over it, may present the means of obtaining the renewal of the privilege; and the consent of Massachusetts would probably not be withheld for an equivalent in which her enterprising citizens have so deep an interest.

Some preparations are making, which indicate an attempt by Great Britain to obtain more than would be necessary for the above purposes, under the 5th article of the treaty of Ghent; and Col. Bouchette, in his History of Canada, lately published, has stated his reasons in full for the expectations of annexing the territory in question to New Brunswick, by virtue of the treaty of 1783. But little confidence can be placed on these opinions; at least several years must elapse before the questions under that article can possibly be settled.

The remaining board of commissioners established by the treaty of Ghent, were directed to run the boundary-line from the point where the 45° north latitude strikes the Iroquois or Cataraqua, to lake Superiour, as it was declared by the treaty of peace of 1783, and to decide to whom the islands in the lakes and rivers, through which the line passes, do severally belong.

General Peter B. Porter was appointed commissioner, and Samuel Hawkins, Esq. agent, for the United States; and John Ogilvie, Esq. commissioner on the part of Great Britain. They met at St Regis, and established by accurate astronomical observation the point of the 45° north latitude, and afterwards, by careful admeasurement and surveys, described the boundary towards the lake Ontario. It is understood that no material alteration has been made in the line heretofore considered as the true boundary. The latitude line described in the treaty of 1783, to be run from the Connecticut river to the St. Lawrence, is to be protracted by the commissioners under the fourth article; who have not yet commenced that duty. This

line was supposed to have been settled soon after the peace, and divides the actual settlements of the two countries. It was formerly run with great attention and care, but, as is recently said, without the aid of good instruments; and that, of course, it is incorrect,—being a waving, and not a straight, line. If there be an error, it will now be corrected. Nor ought any party, who may, on the final admeasurement of it, lose any part of its present possessions, to be in the least dissatisfied. The true boundary is described in the treaty of peace. The location of that boundary is a work of science, diligence, and labour; and the governments of both countries will be careful that a common mistake and public misapprehension shall not produce individual injury.

#### UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

##### *On the System of Education pursued at that University.—Literary Classes.*

The sessions of Edinburgh University, like the others in Scotland, commence in October, and terminate in April; during which time every class meets at least once a-day.

At the first Latin class, which meets twice a-day, select portions of Cicero—as his Orations, two or three books of Livy, and one or two books of Virgil's *Æneid*, are read. Translations from English into Latin are made in the class once or twice in the course of the week. The passages, which the present professor selects for that purpose, are from the works of Blair, Johnson, Addison, and Hume.

The books chiefly read in the second or advanced Latin class are of Cicero's philosophical works, his treatises, *De Officiis* and *De Finibus*; selections from his *Quæstiones Tusculanæ de Natura Deorum*; and of his rhetorical works, his *De Oratore*: of Virgil, two books of the *Georgics*; and of Tacitus, his treatise *De Moribus Germanorum*, or *De Vita Agricolæ*.

The first Greek class, which assembles twice in the day, commences with the Grammar (Moor's); and, during the session, reads a few chapters of the New Testament, a portion of the *Collectanea Minora* mentioned above, and a book of Homer.

At the second or advanced Greek class, Neilson's or Dunbar's Exercises,

and part of the *Analecta Majora*,—a work precisely the same in arrangement as the *Minora*, and by the same author, but with more difficult examples,—form the books of study. At the third or highest Greek class, extracts from the second volume of the *Analecta* are read.

At the end of the session, in the advanced Greek and Latin classes, there are subjects in Latin and English for essays, and in Greek and Latin for odes, epigrams, &c. given out by the professor for competition; and, to the successful competitors, prizes (which consist of small sums of money, books, &c.) are awarded.

In these classes, at their meetings, five or six students, at most, are examined on the exercise delivered on the preceding day: and this arrangement is observed until the whole of the class has been examined.

In these advanced classes, once in the week, lectures are delivered by the professor of Latin on Roman antiquities, synonymous words, &c.—and by the professor of Greek on the History and Literature of the Grecians.

The punishments inflicted at the literary classes are, fines of five, ten, and twenty shillings, expulsion from the University, &c.

The number of students that annually attends each Latin and Greek class, varies from one to two hundred.

The fees paid by the student on his admission to each of these classes, is three pound eight shillings, including all expenses; and, it may here be observed, that, after an attendance of two years at any class, the ticket becomes perpetual.

Previous to a student's admission to any of the classes, he must provide himself with a matriculation-ticket, for which he pays ten shillings, and the fund accumulated from such a source, which, from the two thousand students that annually attend the University, amounts to a thousand pounds a-year, is allotted towards defraying the expenses of the library.

At the commencement and termination of the sessions, these classes, like all others of the University, are opened and closed by an introductory and valedictory lecture. The plan of study, the authors to be perused, and the advantages of the subject, form the chief topics

of the introductory lectures; and, in the valedictories, the professor takes the opportunity of commenting on the various states of proficiency which the students have displayed during the season, of congratulating those on their success who have made creditable improvements, of rousing the indolent to a sense of their duty, and of placing before the eyes of all the splendid prospects of fame and immortality as incentives to vigorous application.

*Mathematical Classes.*—At the first mathematical class, the student is initiated in the principles of geometry, of algebra, and of plane trigonometry.

At the second class, the student resumes the subject at the place where on the second year he had left off; which, in algebra, is generally at quadratic equations; in geometry, at some of the books of Euclid succeeding to the sixth; to these he adds spherical trigonometry and conic-sections.

In the third mathematical class, the doctrine of loci, the theory of fluxions, the principles of fortification, gunnery, &c. form the subjects of the student's attention.

The rewards, punishments, and fees, are the same nearly as at the literary classes.

*Logic Class.*—At the commencement of this course, the professor, in the form of lectures, delivers a dissertation on the several systems of philosophy that have existed from the time of Pythagoras until the present day, with copious criticisms on the excellencies and errors of each. He then gives an abstract of human physiology. From that, he passes to what may strictly be called logic. To the student, subjects chiefly of a metaphysical nature are given once in the month for essays; and, at the end of the session, exercises of the same kind are delivered for competition, in which the successful competitors, to the number of three or four, are each rewarded with two or three guineas.

*Metaphysical Class, or Class of Moral Philosophy.*—The course of lectures delivered in this class, embraces that view of the subject which the learning of its professor can accumulate, or his genius suggest.

*Natural Philosophy Class.*—The various applications of the mixed mathematics in dynamics, hydraulics, hydro-

statics, optics, astronomy, &c. form the subjects of the lectures delivered at this class.

The fees for attending the four last classes, are the same as in the literary.

*Medical Classes.*—In the medical division, which comprehends the classes of anatomy, chemistry, practice of physic, botany, clinical surgery, midwifery, the same arrangement in treating these subjects is observed which is common to most of the medical lectures in the different parts of the kingdom. The terms of attendance on each of these classes amount to four pound nine shillings, being one guinea more than what is paid at the literary and philosophical.

*Law Classes.*—There are three classes in which lectures are delivered on the subject of law: that of the Scotch law, that on civil law, and that on the law of nature and nations.

Almost all the students who intend to practise the law, either as advocates or attorneys, attend the first of these: the second is attended only by those who are designed for the bar; and the last, the class of the law of nature and nations, is rather an honourable sinecure for a deserving gentleman, than a laborious and useful situation.

The fees for attending the law classes are the same as those of the Medical.

*Divinity, or Theological, Classes.*—The division of study that remains to be mentioned is the theological; and it comprehends the classes of divinity, ecclesiastical history, and oriental languages.

Every student must attend the first of these at least five years before he can take orders or obtain a license to preach. Previous to his admission into this class, however, he must produce certificates of his having completed his literary and philosophical studies.

In this class, or hall as it is named, the student reads or delivers one or two discourses annually, and on subjects, for the first year, of the professor's, and latterly of his own selection. Of these discourses, one must be in Latin.

The student in divinity, along with this class, having attended that of ecclesiastical history, and that of oriental languages, each for one year, applies to the nearest presbytery for a license.

On a day appointed by this body, and on a text of Scripture of their choosing,

the student delivers a sermon or lecture: after which, he is examined as to his knowledge in philosophy, and his proficiency in the learned languages; and, if it then appear to his examiners that his acquirements are such as qualify him for the office he is about to undertake, he is presented with a warrant to preach.

The fees for attending these classes are but small; and, in consideration of this, the professor of divinity has a salary, which exceeds that of the other professors at least by a third: it amounts to 160*l* a year.

#### DEGREES OBTAINED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

*Master of Arts.*—At this, as at the other Scotch Universities, there is no degree preceding that of Master of Arts; and this academical honor is not, as at some universities, to be claimed by the candidate's proving that his name has been so many terms or sessions upon record. It is certainly a necessary qualification for obtaining it, that the student has attended a philosophical course, and that he can produce, from his several professors, certificates as to his behaviour and proficiency. But, besides this, he must, if he be required, compose a thesis on some question in science or in literature, in Latin, and defend it in presence of the professors. If that body are pleased with the candidate's ability, he is presented with a diploma. The most of this form, however, is generally dispensed with, especially if the talents and acquirements of the candidate are known. And to this it may be added, that, at this university, a student can never obtain any academical honour before he has completed his twenty-first year.

*Doctor in Divinity and in Civil Law.*—The degrees of Doctor in Divinity and in Civil Law are likewise unattainable by any period of attendance at the university. They are conferred by the *Senatus Academicus*, out of respect to their talents, on some popular preacher, or on some eminent literary character.

*Doctor in Medicine.*—The installation into the degree of a Doctor in Medicine is conducted with some ceremony. After a residence at the university for three years, and an attendance on all the medical and surgical classes, the candidate for medical hon-

ours must compose a thesis, in Latin, on some professional subject; and besides defending it at whatever length his examiners please, in that language, he must undergo three examinations on his general knowledge of medical science. If he is successful in these trials, the candidate, on the second of August, is presented with a diploma.

Were the purposes of this course of study and examination answered by corresponding diligence and proficiency on the part of the student, then might the medical degree equal in respectability any other, and the University of Edinburgh deserve that high celebrity for medical science which it generally obtains. But it is a fact, and one most lamentable to be recorded, that the advantage and honour which might accrue from such preparation is generally obviated either by the ignorance or indolence of the young man intended for that profession. Many of my readers may be inclined to doubt my veracity when I make the following assertion, that, out of the eighty who graduate at one period, there are not twenty who have converted their thesis into Latin, or sixty who have composed their thesis at all.

The cause of this opprobrium is easily to be explained. At Edinburgh, there is a body of men, generally sons of Esculapius, who neither have connexion nor capital to obtain medical practice, and who find that, preparing young men for their examinations is the only way by which they can put their medical or classical knowledge to profit. To these every medical student applies, and, for a certain sum, obtains either a translation of his thesis, or a thesis *ex toto*; and is instructed, previous to his examination, nearly in the precise questions he will be asked.

The class, fees, and college expenses, attending on medical graduation, amount to about sixty guineas.

Of the learned professions in Scotland, the law is the most expensive, and leads to the greatest honours.

Previous to his being called to the bar, the advocate, besides the classes that relate immediately to his profession, must have attended a philosophical course, and must compose a Latin dissertation on some point of law, and de-

send it in the same language before a committee of the Faculty of Advocates.

The expenses attending the education of an advocate for class fees, &c. amount nearly to 150*l*, of which 100*l* is paid on his entering the faculty.

#### LYTHOGRAPHY.

*Observations on a series of Lithographical drawings, presented to the Academy of Fine Arts; by M. Englemann, of Muhlhausen, on the Upper Rhine.*

The effects produced by a tracing or drawing on the stone with a greasy or resinous substance, are the simple results of affinities of which there are three causes:—

1. The facility with which this compact calcareous stone imbibes moisture, without its retaining it in too great a degree.

2. The penetrating power or rather the strong adherence of greasy or resinous bodies to these stones.

3. The affinity of resins and grease for all bodies of the same nature, and the antipathy of these substances to water, and all moist bodies.

From these three principles arise the same number of consequences:—

*First*, a stroke made with a pencil or greasy ink on the stone will adhere so strongly thereto, as to require some mechanical means to remove it.

*Second*, all parts of the stone, that are not covered by a coat of grease, will receive, absorb, and retain water.

*Third*, if a layer of colored greasy substance be passed over the stone thus prepared, it will only adhere to those lines formed by the greasy ink, whilst it will be rejected by those parts that are moistened with water only.

In a word, the lithographical process depends on these two points, that the stone saturated with water should resist the ink, and that this same stone, oiled or greased, should resist the water and take up the ink; thus, by applying and pressing a sheet of paper on the stone, the greasy and resinous coloured lines will alone be transmitted on the paper, showing a counter-proof impression of that which is drawn on the stone. For this purpose the stone must first be rendered capable of imbibing water, and at the same time of receiving with facility all greasy or resinous bodies.

The former object can be effected by an acid which will corrode the stone, and take off its fine polish, and make it capable of receiving the water.

Any greasy substance is capable of giving impression upon stone, whether the lines be made with a pencil or with greasy ink; or otherwise the ground of a drawing may be covered with a black greasy mixture, leaving the lines in white.

Hence result two distinct processes:—The engraving by tracing, produced by the line of the pencil or brush dipped in the greasy ink; and the engraving by dots or lines, as is done on wood or copper.

It is easy to get impressions of prints without any reversing, by transposing on the stone a drawing traced on paper with the prepared ink.

From these observations we shall conclude that certain lithographical processes differ entirely from those of engravings; and, as they partly depend on a play of affinities and repulsions, produced by substances of different natures, it is possible by varying them we may at length succeed in producing very unexpected effects.

*Lithographic Process, or Method of Printing with Stone, invented in Germany.*—All kinds of close calcareous stone of an even and fine grain, which are capable of taking a good polish with pumice-stone, and having the quality of absorbing water, may be used for lithography.

These stones are found in many departments of France, and amongst beds of calcareous stones, in the mountains which separate Ruffec from Argoulemè: these are very proper for this kind of work.

*Ink.*—To compose the ink, heat a glazed earthen vessel over the fire: when it is hot, introduce one part by weight of white Marseilles soap, and as much mastic in grains; melt these ingredients and mix them carefully; then incorporate five parts by weight of shell lac, and continue to stir it: to mix the whole, drop in by degrees a solution of one part of caustic alkali in five times its bulk of water. Make this addition with caution; because, if the ley is added all at once, the liquor would froth up and run over the edges of the vessel.

When the mixture of these substances

is accomplished by a moderate heat and frequent stirring, a necessary quantity of lamp-black is to be added; and immediately after put in a sufficient quantity of water to make the ink liquid and proper for writing.

*Drawing.*—This ink is used to draw on the stone in the same manner as on paper, either with a pen or pencil; when the drawing on the stone is quite dry, and an impression is desired, the surface of the stone is wetted with a solution of nitric acid, in the proportion of fifty to one of water; this must be done with a soft sponge, taking care not to make a friction on the drawing.

The wetting must be repeated as soon as the stone appears dry; it makes an effervescence, and when that ceases the stone is to be carefully and gently rinsed with clean water.

*Printing.*—While the stone is still moist, it should be passed over with the printer's ball charged with ink, which will only adhere to those parts which are not wetted. A sheet of paper properly prepared for printing is then spread on the stone, and the whole submitted to the press, or passed through a roller.

To preserve the drawing on the stone from dust, if not in immediate use, a solution of gum arabic is passed over it, which can be removed by a little water when the stone is wanted again.

Instead of ink, they sometimes make use of chalk crayons for drawing upon the stone or upon paper, from which a counter-proof is taken upon the stone. The crayons are made in the following manner:—

Three parts of soap, two parts of tallow, and one part of wax, are all dissolved together in an earthen vessel. When all is well mixed, a sufficient portion of lamp-black, called Frankfort black, will give it an intense colour; the mixture is poured into moulds, where it must remain till quite cold, when it will become consistent, and proper to be used as chalk pencils.

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*Remarks on the tails of Comets.*—A series of papers by M. Flaugergues, has been lately published in the Journal de Physique, on the tails of comets, in which he examines in detail the various hypotheses that have been proposed to account for them, but conceives them



all to be inadequate. After taking a short review of the opinions entertained on this subject by the ancients, and the earlier of the moderns, he examines more particularly those of Kepler and Descartes, and finally comes to that of Newton. This great philosopher conjectured that the tails of comets were composed of an extremely rare vapour, which proceeded from their nucleus, generated by the great heat which these bodies acquire when they approach the sun. He formed a calculation of the degree of heat which the comet of 1680 would experience in its perihelion; and he estimated it at a temperature 2000 times greater than the heat of red-hot iron.

To this hypothesis M. Flaugergues objects, that on account of the rapidity of the motion of comets, it is very doubtful whether they can acquire a degree of heat nearly equal to that assigned to them by Newton. Besides, it is remarked that the tails of comets are by no means in proportion to their proximity to the sun; some comets which have approached very near the sun having had very little of this appearance, while others have had large tails, although they never came very near the sun in any part of their course. Another objection against the hypothesis is, that the centrifugal force which is produced by the motion of the comet in a curve round the sun, being common to the comet and to the vapour which is supposed to form the tail, cannot tend in any degree to detach the comet and the vapour from each other. It is further urged that the greatest part of the matter which composes the tail of a comet ought, after it has passed its perihelion, to follow after the comet in the direction of its motion, and not precede it, as is always the case. Again, the matter which forms the tail of a comet, being surrounded with matter which is more dense, and which, consequently, ought to reflect light more strongly, the tail ought not to be distinguished by its brilliancy from the other parts of space. As, according to the hypothesis of Newton, the vapour which forms the tail of a comet is elevated from the nucleus because it has less specific gravity than the medium with which it is surrounded, the lateral motion of the tail should be entirely destroyed by the resistance of this me-

dium; the matter of the tail, not being able to follow the comet, would be always left behind, and we should not see the tail after the perihelion precede the comet, as is always the case.

#### RIO DI JANEIRO.

##### *From Morier's Second Work on Persia.*

We passed a fortnight at Rio di Janeiro, in the various employments of public visits and public dinners; and in the examination of the more curious objects in the town and its environs. The place is large and well built for a colonial town, possessing several handsome churches and large monasteries. It ought, therefore, to afford a much better residence to the prince regent than the mean palace which he at present inhabits. It is not fortified, but has several detached works to protect its harbour; the most considerable of which is the castle of Santa Cruz, at the entrance, and a smaller castle on an island nearer the anchorage abreast of the town. Over the town on an eminence, is a fortification called the citadel; and another on the Isola das Cabros: however, nothing appeared sufficiently formidable to save the town from the dangers of a bombardment from the sea. A great quantity of fruit is produced in the gardens around the city, and much is also brought from the villages. Its oranges are highly esteemed; some of which, containing within them an incipient orange, were sent as a present from the prince regent to the ambassadors. They have all the tropical fruits here: but the mango and the pine-apple are said to be inferior to those of the East-Indies. Meat and poultry are dear, and we had great difficulty in recruiting our sea stock of the latter. Black pigs were to be seen in great abundance; and we observed a race of disgusting looking dogs,—without hair, with a black skin, long body, long muzzle, short and crooked legs, and a long curling tail,—ranging about through all the filth of the streets, and apparently without masters.

Indeed, after England, we found the filth of St. Sebastian, and its inhabitants, quite disgusting. Even the Persians could exult; for, with great truth, they said that their towns were clean to what they saw here. It must, however, be allowed, that this is greatly owing to the negro community, who are



so much more numerous than the other classes; and who in certain emergencies, have scarcely a restriction beyond that of the brute creation. Of this we could too well judge, because the Campo di Lampedosa, the large square that was situated before our house, was so constantly infested by them, at all hours of the day, that guards were placed to keep them at a distance.

During the time we were at the Brazils the slave trade was in its full vigour; and a visit to the slave market impressed us more with the iniquity of this traffic, than any thing that could be said or written on the subject. On each side of the street where the market was held, were large rooms, in which the negroes were kept; and during the day, they were seen in melancholy groups, waiting to be delivered from the hands of the trader, whose dreadful economy might be traced in their persons, which, at that time, were little better than skeletons. If such were their state on shore, with the advantages of air and space, what must have been their condition on board the ship that brought them hither? It is not unfrequent that slaves escape to the woods; where they are almost as frequently retaken. When this is the case, they have an iron collar put about their necks, with a long hooked arm extending from it, to impede their progress through the woods, in case they should abscond a second time. Yet amidst all this misery, it was pleasing to observe the many negroes who frequented the churches; and to see them, in form and profession at least, making a part of a christian congregation.

We saw few of the aborigines, for they shun, rather than court, their rulers. Those we saw were of a low stature, of a coppery red colour, with jet-black hair, high cheek-bones, turned-up noses, and broad unexpressive faces. The queen of a tribe, said to be cannibals that bordered on the Portuguese possessions, was shown to us: her countenance was terrific. She was a prisoner, and attempts were made to humanize her; but hitherto, we were assured, without much success. The proportion of blacks to pure European whites, at St. Sebastian, is as nine to one: they have, however, so intermarried, that there are complexions to be

found of all tints, from downright black to dirty white brown.

#### NOISES OF A PERSIAN CITY.

The noises that issued from the adjoining houses were quite characteristic of Persian domestic life. In my immediate vicinity lived an old morose Persian, who daily quarrelled with his women; and I could distinguish the voice of one particular female, whose answers made in a taunting and querulous tone, did not fail to throw him into passions so violent, that they generally terminated in blows, the noise of which, accompanied by corresponding lamentation, I could distinctly hear.

Then, bordering on the garden wall, scarce twenty yards from where I usually sat, was a society of women, five or six in number, the wives and slaves of a mussulman, who were either dissolved in tears, sobbing aloud like children, or entranced in the most indecent and outrageous merriment. Sometimes they sang in the loudest tone, accompanied by a tambourine; and then they quarrelled amongst themselves, using every now and then expressions of no ordinary indelicacy. Accident once gave me a view into their yard, where I saw three women surrounded by children, seated on the bare stones, smoking the *kaleen*. They wore a large black silk handkerchief round their heads, a shift which descended as low as the middle, a pair of loose trowsers, and green high-heeled slippers; and this, I believe, may be considered as a sketch of every Persian woman's dress within the harem, in hot weather.

But there are noises peculiar to every city and country; and none are more distinct and characteristic than those in Persia. First at the dawn of day, the *muezzins* are heard in a great variety of tones, calling the people to prayers from the tops of the mosques; these are mixed with the sounds of cow-horns, blown by the keepers of the *humums*, to inform the women, who bathe before the men, that the baths are heated, and ready for their reception. The cow-horns set all the dogs in the city howling in a frightful manner. The asses of the town generally beginning to bray about the same time, are answered by all the asses in the neighbourhood; a thousand cocks then intrude their shrill

voices, which, with the other subsidiary noises of persons calling to each other, knocking at doors, cries of children, complete a din very unusual to the ears of an European. In the summer season, as the operations of domestic life are mostly performed in the open air, every noise is heard. At night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon their terraces, without any other covering over their heads than the vault of heaven. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers; and as we generally rode out on horse-back at a very early hour, we perceived, on the tops of the houses, people either still in bed, or just getting up, and certainly no sight was ever stranger. The women appeared to be always up the first, whilst the men were frequently seen lounging in bed long after the sun was risen. This universal custom of sleeping on the house-top, speaks much in favour of the climate of Persia; and indeed we found that our repose in the open air was much more refreshing than in the confinement of a room.

Morier.

#### MOUNT ARARAT.

As we crossed the plain from Abbasabad to Nakhjuwan, we had a most splendid view of mount Ararat. Nothing can be more beautiful than its shape,—more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared to it. It is perfect in all its parts, no hard rugged feature, no unnatural prominences, every thing is in harmony, and all combines to render it one of the sublimest objects in nature. Spreading originally from an immense base, the slope towards its summit is easy and gradual, until it reaches the region of snows, when it becomes more abrupt. As a foil to this stupendous work, a smaller hill rises from the same base near the original mass, similar to it in shape and proportions, and in any other situation, entitled of itself to rank amongst the high mountains. No one since the flood seems to have been on its summit, for the rapid ascent of its snowy top would appear to render such an attempt impossible. Of this we may be certain, that no man in modern times has ascended it, for when such an adventurous and persevering traveller as Tournesfort failed, it is not

likely that any of the timid, superstitious inhabitants of these countries should have succeeded. We were informed that people have reached the top of the small Ararat (or as it is called here, *Cuchuck Agri dugh*); but as all the account which they brought back was a tale (like that told of Savalan), about a frozen man and a cold fountain, we must be permitted to disbelieve every report on the subject which we have hitherto heard from the natives.

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Id.

#### ENTRY OF THE KING INTO TEHERAN.

As in ancient times, almost the whole of the male population of the city was ordered to meet the king, and very early in the morning of the day of the entry, the environs on the road to Khorassan were covered with people. We were summoned by the prime minister in person, who was so anxious that we should be at our post at the earliest moment, that he came almost unattended to us; and having marshalled our procession, he led the way, and served us as a guide through the streets and bazars. The activity and vivacity of this old man are as amiable as they are extraordinary at his advanced age. We went in our smartest uniforms, and on our most lively horses; the body guard in their handsome Indian dresses, created a great clang; and, together with the numerous servants and attendants attached to the mission, we added greatly to the general bustle. The old vizier at our head, apparently all the time in great trepidation lest he should be too late, put out his horse at the full trot, and at this rate we dashed through the great crowd of horse and foot passengers who had already thronged the road. When we had travelled about two miles from the town, we were placed at our post by some of the officers of Hossein Ali Mirza, one of the princes, governor of Teheran, when we dismounted, smoked, and seated ourselves on the ground, until his majesty should appear. In the mean time, the track of his route was distinguishable over the mountains and along the plain, by a long line of dust, created by his procession. His baggage and equipages were continually passing, until we heard the *Zumburek* or camel-artillery, that at intervals fired volleys in a vance. As they approached, the order of procession became more distinct.

His more immediate arrival was marked by the drums and trumpets of his Nokara, the performers of which were mounted on gaudy-dressed camels; then a long row of shatirs, then the king, totally insulated, a speck in the plain; behind him the princes his sons, with their suites, then the courtiers and the officers of *Defter Khoneh*, (as we might say, the chief of the public officers,) and the whole was filled up by an immense *tip*, or body of cavalry. As the king drew near, Mirza Sheffea marshalled us about 100 yards from the road-side, and when his majesty beckoned to us, we went forwards in hasty strides, which the old vizier was anxious we should increase into a trot, it being the etiquette on these occasions, as we afterwards learnt, to run: our conductor himself was running as fast as he could. The king, having given us his *Khosh Amedee*, ordered us to mount our horses, and then requested me to ride near him; whilst Mirza Sheffea dropt in the rear of the king about twenty paces, where was also Hossein Khan Mervi. He had the condescension to converse very familiarly, and his remarks and manners are ever those of a highly polished man: he seemed also anxious to give us a public mark of his attention; for as we rode along, at two different intervals, he was presented with bowls filled with sugar-candy, of which he first took a piece himself, and then ordered that it should be given to me, and to the gentlemen of the mission and our attendants. This among the Persians is esteemed a very high mark of favour; and whilst we could not refrain from smiling at the strange custom that embarrassed our hands with large pieces of sugar-candy on horseback, there was scarcely a Persian around us that would not willingly have given his beard for a similar distinction.

During all this time I had an opportunity of observing the king, and remarking the different stages of the procession. His majesty was gayly dressed in a white close vest, embroidered with spangles. His sword, his dagger, and other ornaments, were entirely inlaid with precious stones. The bridle, crupper, breast-plate, were all either rubies, diamonds, or emeralds, whilst a long thick tassel of pearls was suspended under the horse's throat by a *cordon*

that went round his neck. At different intervals he called for his *Aulioun*, (the water-pipe,) which was brought to him by his Shatir Bashi, or head of the running footmen, from which he took not more than one whiff, which was afterwards emitted in one long white stream of smoke, which he managed to conduct over his beard as a perfume. He was dignified in all he did, and seemed very attentive to all that was going on. As he approached the town, long rows of well-dressed men at some distance from the road made low bows, and whenever he called one near to him, he came running with great eagerness, and received whatever he had to say with the greatest devotedness. He was then received by a corps of Mollahs, and *Peishnamez* (priests), who chanted forth the *Khotbeh*\* with all their might. Then oxen and sheep in great numbers were sacrificed just as he passed, and their heads thrown under his horse's feet. Many glass vases, filled with sugar, were broken before him, and their contents strewed on his road. Every where dervishes were making loud exclamations for his prosperity; whilst a band of wrestlers and dancers were twirling about their *mils* (clubs), and performing all sorts of antics, to the sound of the copper drums of Lootics. Nothing could be more striking than the variety of the scene that surrounded the king. Amongst the crowd I perceived the whole of the Armenians, headed by their clergy, bearing crosses, painted banners, the Gospel, and long candles. They all began to chant psalms as his majesty drew near; and their zeal was only surpassed by that of the Jews, who also had collected themselves into a body, conducted by their rabbis, who raised on high a carved representation on wood of the tabernacle, and made the most outrageous cries of devotion, accompanied by the most extravagant gestures of humiliation, determined that they at least should not pass unnoticed by the monarch. On coming close to the walls of the city, the crowd of horsemen and

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\* This is an oration delivered every Friday, after the forenoon service, in the principal mosques, in which the Mahomedans praise God, bless Mahomet and his descendants, and pray for the king.

people increased to, an extraordinary degree, and where they were confined in some places by the walls of gardens, became quite stationary. In all the bustle I perceived the king constantly looking at a watch carried by Shatir Bashi, anxious that he should enter the gates exactly at the time prescribed by the astrologers. *Id.*

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*On the means of curing the Dry-Rot.*

—First. Make a strong caustic solution in water of barilla, kelp, or potash, and when boiling hot, wash the parts of the wood affected with the rot. The effect of this caustic ley will be the destruction of the vegetating fibres of the fungus.

Secondly. Dissolve oxide of lead or iron in pyrolignous acid; and twelve hours after the first application of the leys soak the wood well with this solution. A decomposition of the metallic liquor takes place; the acid and alkali unite, and the oxide of the lead or iron is precipitated in the pores of the wood, and prevents the fungus from spreading.

Another way of preventing the rot is, first, to wash the wood with the pyrolignous solution of lead, and ten or twelve hours after to wash it with a strong solution of alum (in the proportion of one pound and a half of alum to one gallon of water).

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*A practical Treatise on the Use and Application of Chemical Tests; with concise Directions for analysing Metallic Ores, Metals, Soils, Manures, and Mineral Waters. Illustrated by Experiments.* By FREDERICK ACCUM, Operative Chemist, Lecturer on Practical Chemistry and on Mineralogy, F. L. S. M. R. A. S. R. S. of Berlin, &c. 3d Edition, 8vo. pp. 606.

We are much gratified to find that the success of this valuable little work has been so great, as already to give us an opportunity of noticing a third edition of it; and to recognise in the many elaborate improvements by which it is successively distinguished, a pleasing proof that the author is not insensible of the due return which he owes for the high share of favour which his labours have received from the public. Mr. Accum has in the present edition greatly enlarged the scale of his experiments, which are not confined to the illustra-

tion of the practical operations in the analysis of such metallic ores, metals, mineral waters, &c. as are commonly to be met with, but extend to minerals which occur but rarely, and the proper mode of analysing which, it is only therefore of so much the greater consequence to know distinctly. Two new plates have also been added, descriptive of the instruments most necessary for the analysis of bodies by means of reagents or tests. The work has upon the whole been much improved, and it is with confirmed satisfaction that we repeat our recommendation of it, as a most useful manual to every student of chemistry.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a third edition of *Chemical Amusements; comprehending a series of instructive and striking Experiments in Chemistry*, which are easily performed, and unattended by danger. With plates by Lowry.

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*Society for the encouragement of industry in France.*

*For the application of the steam engine to printing presses.*—The Society proposes a prize of two thousand francs to the person who shall put in action, by means of the steam-engine, one or more typographic presses, constructed either according to the old method, or according to any other method. The press thus worked must produce in a given time a greater number of impressions than in the ordinary way, and the clear advantage gained by it must be much greater than what is commonly obtained. The competitors to transmit descriptive memoirs accompanied with designs of the presses which they have employed, and certificates from the local authorities of their having been in active use for three consecutive months.

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*Improvement and extension of Iron Rail-Ways.*—The following circular letter has been addressed to the various iron-masters in Scotland and England, viz.

‘Sir,—Although the rail-way that is now in contemplation in the vicinity of Edinburgh be entirely a matter of local concern, the peculiar plan of it is certainly to be viewed in a different light, as an object that well deserves the attention of the various classes of the community throughout the kingdom. Instead of insulated patches of rail-way,

here and there, for particular purposes, and for the conveniency of private individuals, as is now the case, it is here proposed, through the medium of rail-ways, to open extensive communications—to branch them out from the metropolis of Scotland in various directions, and to distant points—and thus to facilitate conveyance in general by an improved system of roads for heavy carriages.

‘The Highland Society of Scotland, have, in a very patriotic manner, offered a premium of fifty guineas for the best essay on the means of attaining so desirable an object as the introduction of rail-ways for the purposes of general carriage.

‘With a view to the establishment of the rail-way in question, for the conveyance of commodities to and from Edinburgh, and thereby to give a commencement to the system generally, a subscription for a *survey* has been opened, and plans by Mr. Stevenson, engineer, are in considerable forwardness.

‘It seems to be desirable, that rail-ways, for alternate carriage and general use, should proceed on a continual level, or upon successive levels: and a simple system of *lockage* (if it may be so called), by which loaded wagons may easily be elevated or depressed, from one level to another, would appear to be a desirable attainment. The edge rail-way is generally used and preferred in Scotland, as causing less friction, and less expense of horse power; and it would tend to facilitate the general use of rail-ways, if, by some simple change, the wheel usually employed for the road or street could be made also to suit the rail-way, or the rail-way wheel be made to suit the road or street, so that the cart or wagon which brings the commodity from the colliery or stone quarry, the farm-yard, or the manufactory, to the rail-way, might travel along it to the termination of the rail-way, and proceed from thence through the streets of the town to the dwelling of the consumer, without unloading, or change of carriage.’

*English and Chinese Dictionary.*—The Rev. R. Morrison, who has for ten years been collecting the materials, is printing, at Macao, an extensive Chinese and English Dictionary, containing forty thousand characters. It will

be printed at the expense of the East India Company, who have liberally authorized Mr. Morrison to vend, for his own recompense, 650 of the 750 copies of which the edition is to consist. The three parts,—1. The Radicals or Keys. 2. The English and Chinese;—and, 3, the Chinese and English, will extend to upwards of 40 half-yearly numbers; but it is proposed that the total cost shall not exceed 20 guineas to subscribers. If, therefore, Mr. Morrison should live long enough, this great desideratum of European literature is, at length, likely to be achieved.

*South America.*—The interest which is so generally felt for the issue of the great cause now pending in South America, will speedily render popular captain BONNYCASTLE'S *History of Spanish America*, which has just appeared. Modern and very recent voyages and travels have afforded much new information respecting all parts of the new world; but the books in which, the discoveries and observations of eminent travellers have been given to the public, are not only so numerous, but in general so costly, that comparatively, only few readers can obtain from such scattered and expensive sources the general results, which are so necessary to the progress of knowledge. Captain Bonnycastle has, therefore, rendered a most essential service to the public by devoting his talents to this compilation, which comprehends every new discovery in geography, geology, and natural history generally, together with a judicious selection of historical matter; without reference, however, to the political questions of the moment. The work is enriched by two well-executed maps of Spanish North and South America, and an engraving representing the comparative altitudes of the mountains in those regions.

*Germany.*—A considerable quantity of bones, of large size, were discovered last year, buried in the earth, in the neighbourhood of the village of Tiede, near Brunswick. They were examined by M. Dahue, who appears to have distinguished parts of the skeletons of five elephants. There were nine tusks among them, one of which was fourteen feet in length, another eleven, and many grinders, in which the enamel was arranged exactly as in the teeth of



the African elephant. A complete head of a rhinoceros, with the horn and teeth, was also found very little altered.

#### THE CARACCAS.

*From the third volume of Humboldt's Personal Travels.*

After having described the scenery and the atmospheric constitution of La Guayra, we shall now leave the coasts of the Carribbean sea. The road that leads from the port to Caraccas, the capital of a government of near 900,000 inhabitants, resembles the passages over the Alps, the road of St. Gothard and the Great St. Bernard. The height of Caraccas is but a third of that of Mexico, Quito, and *Santa Fe de Bogota*; yet among all the capitals of Spanish America, which enjoy a cool and delicious climate in the midst of the torrid zone, Caraccas stands nearest the coast. What a privilege, to possess a sea-port at three leagues distance, and to be situate among mountains, on a table land, which would produce wheat, if the cultivation of the coffee tree were not preferred! The road from La Guayra to the valley of Caraccas, is infinitely finer than that from Quayaquil to Quito, or that from Honda to Santa Fe. With good mules it requires but three hours to go from the port of La Guayra to the Caraccas; and only two hours to return.

When I passed for the first time that table land, on my way to the capital of Venezuela, I found several travellers assembled around the little inn of Guayavo, to rest their mules. They were inhabitants of Caraccas, and were disputing on the efforts towards independence, which had been made a short time before. Joseph Espana had perished on the scaffold; and his wife groaned in prison, because she had given an asylum to her husband when a fugitive, and had not denounced him to the government. I was struck with the agitation which prevailed in every mind, and the bitterness with which questions were debated, on which men of the same country ought not to have differed in opinion. While they desecrated on the hatred of the mulattoes against the free negroes and whites, on the wealth of the monks, and the difficulty of holding slaves in obedience, a cold wind that seemed to descend from the lofty summit of the Silla of Caraccas, enveloped us in a thick fog, and

put an end to this animated conversation.

Caraccas is the capital of a country which is nearly twice as large as Peru is at present, and which yields little in extent to the kingdom of Grenada. This country which the Spanish government designates by the name of the *captain generalship of Caraccas*, or of the (united) *provinces of Venezuela*, has nearly a million of inhabitants, among whom are sixty thousand slaves. It contains along the coast, New Andalusia, or the province of Cumana (with the island of Margaretta), Barcelona, Venezuela or Caraccas, Coro and Mara-Caybo; in the interior, the provinces of Varinas and Guayana, the first along the rivers of Santa Domingo and Apate, the second along the Oroonoko, the Casiquiare, the Atabapo, and the rio Negro. In the general view of the seven united provinces of Terra, we perceive, that they form three distinct zones extending from east to west. We find at first cultivated land along the shore, and near the chain of the mountains on the coast; next savannahs or pasturages, and finally beyond the Oroonoko, a third zone, that of forests, into which we can penetrate only by means of the rivers that traverse them. In the first zone are felt the preponderance of force, and the abuse of power, which is the necessary consequence. The natives carry on a civil war, and sometimes devour one another. The monks endeavour to augment the little villages of their missions, by availing themselves of the dissensions of the natives. The military live in a state of hostility with the monks, whom they were intended to protect. Every thing offers alike the melancholy picture of misery and privations. In the second region, in the plains and the pasture grounds, food is extremely abundant, but has little variety. Although more advanced in civilization, men without the circle of some scattered towns do not remain less isolated from one another. At the view of their dwellings, partly covered with skins and leather, it would seem that far from being fixed, they are scarcely encamped in those vast meadows, which extend to the horizon. Agriculture, which alone lays the basis, and draws closer the ties of society, occupies the third zone, the shore, and especially the hot and temperate vallies in the mountains near the sea.



If we examine the state of the captain-generalship of Caraccas, we perceive that its agricultural industry, its great mass of population, its numerous towns, and whatever is connected with an advanced civilization, are found near the coast. This coast extends farther than two hundred leagues. It is bathed by the Little Carribbean sea, a sort of Mediterranean, on the shores of which almost all the nations of Europe have founded colonies. The coasts of Venezuela, from their extent, their stretching towards the east, the number of their ports, and the safety of their anchorage at different seasons, enjoy all the advantages of the interior Carribbean sea. The communications with the greater islands, and even with those that are to windward, can no where be more frequent than from the ports of Cumana, Barcelona, La Guayra, Porto Cabello, Coro, and Maracaybo. and no where has it been found more difficult to restrain an illicit commerce with strangers. Can we wonder, that this facility of commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of free America, and the agitated nations of Europe, should have augmented in conjunction, in the provinces united under the captain generalship of Venezuela, opulence, knowledge, and that restless desire of local government, which is blended with the love of liberty and republican forms?

The copper-coloured natives, or Indians, constitute a very important mass of the agricultural population only in those places, where the Spaniards found regular governments, a civil community, and ancient and very complicated institutions at the conquest, as in New Spain, south of Durango; and in Peru, from Cusco to Potosi. In the captain-generalship of Caraccas, the Indian population is inconsiderable, at least beyond the missions and in the cultivated zone. At the moments of great political dissensions, the natives excite no fear in the whites, or the mingled casts. Computing in 1809 the total population of the seven united provinces at 900,000 souls, it appeared to me that the Indians made only one ninth; while at Mexico, they form nearly one half of the inhabitants.

Among the casts that compose the population of Venezuela, that of the blacks, is not important from its num-

ber, but it is so from its accumulation on a small space of territory. In all the captain-generalship the slaves do not exceed a fifteenth of the whole population. In the island of Cuba, of all those in the West Indies where the negroes bear the smallest proportion to the whites, they were, in 1811, as one to three. The seven united provinces of Venezuela have sixty thousand slaves; Cuba, the extent of which is eight times less, has two hundred and twelve thousand.

The sixty thousand slaves which the Seven United Provinces contain, are so unequally divided, that in the province of Caraccas alone, there are nearly forty thousand, one fifth of which are mulattoes; in that of Maracaybo, ten or twelve thousand; in those of Cumana and Barcelona, scarcely six thousand. To judge of the influence which the slaves and the men of colour exert in general, on the public tranquillity, it is not enough to know their number; we must consider their accumulation at certain points, and their manner of life, as cultivators or inhabitants of towns. In the province of Venezuela, the slaves are assembled together on a space of no great extent, between the coast and a line that passes (at twelve leagues from the coast) through Panaquire, Yare, Sabana de Ocumare, Villa de Cura, and Nirgua. The Leanos or vast plains of Calaboso, San Carlos, Guanare, and Barquecimoto contain only four or five thousand, who are scattered among the farms, and employed in the care of cattle. The number of freed men is very considerable; the Spanish laws and customs are favourable to enfranchisement.

What is most interesting in the colonies next to the state of the blacks, is to know the number of white creoles, whom I call Hispano-Americans, and that of the whites born in Europe. It is difficult to acquire notions sufficiently exact on so delicate a point. The people in the new, as well as in the old world, abhor numberings, suspecting them to be made in order to augment the weight of taxes. The men in office, on the other hand, sent by the mother-country to the colonies, dislike these statistical enumerations as much as the people, and this from motives of jealous policy.

If we compare the Seven United Pro-

vinces of Venezuela to the kingdom of Mexico, and the island of Cuba, we shall succeed in finding the approximate number of white creoles, and even of Europeans. The first, or Hispano-Americans, form in Mexico nearly one fifth, and in the island of Cuba, according to the very accurate enumeration of 1801, a third of the whole population. When we reflect, that the kingdom of Mexico is inhabited by two millions, and a half of natives of the copper-coloured race; when we consider the state of the coasts that are bathed by the Pacific ocean, and the small number of whites in the intendencies of Puebla and Oaxaca, comparatively with the natives; we cannot doubt, that the province of Venezuela, at least, if not the capitania-general, has a greater proportion than that of one to five. The island of Cuba, in which the whites are even more numerous than in Chili, may furnish us with a limiting number, that is to say, the *maximum* that can be supposed in the capitania-general of Caraccas. I believe we must stop at two hundred, or two hundred and ten thousand Hispano-Americans, in a total population of nine hundred thousand souls. The number of Europeans included in the white race (not comprehending the troops sent from the mother-country) does not exceed twelve or fifteen thousand. It certainly is not greater at Mexico than sixty thousand, and I find by several statements, that if we estimate the Spanish colonies at fourteen or fifteen millions of inhabitants, there are in this number, at most, three millions of creole whites, and two hundred thousand Europeans.

It seems to excite surprise in Europe, that the Spaniards of the mother-country, of whom we have remarked the small number, have made during ages so long and so firm a resistance. Men forget that the European party in all the colonies is necessarily augmented by a great mass of the natives. Family interests, the desire of uninterrupted tranquillity, the fear of engaging in an enterprise that might fail, prevent these latter from embracing the cause of independence, or aspiring to establish a local and representative government, though dependant on the mother-country. Some shrink from violent measures, and flatter themselves, that a gradual reform may render the colonial system less oppressive. They see in

revolutions only the loss of their slaves, the spoliation of the clergy, and the introduction of religious toleration, which they believe to be incompatible with the purity of the established worship. Others belong to the small number of families, which, either from hereditary opulence, or having been long settled in the colonies, exercise a real municipal aristocracy. They would rather be deprived of certain rights, than share them with all; they would prefer even a foreign yoke to the exercise of authority by the Americans of an inferior cast; they abhor every constitution founded on an equality of rights, and above all, they dread the loss of those decorations and titles which they have with so much difficulty acquired, and which, as we have observed above, compose so essential a part of their domestic happiness.

St. Thomas, in Guiana, will be necessarily, at some future day, a place of trade of high importance, especially when the flour of New Grenada, embarked above the confluence of the Rio Negro and the Umadea, and descending by the Meta and Oroonoko, shall be preferred at Caraccas and Guiana to the flour of New England. It is a great advantage to the provinces of Venezuela, that their territorial wealth is not directed to one point, like that of Mexico and New Granada, which flows to Vera Cruz and Carthagena; but that they possess a great number of towns equally well peopled, and forming so many various centres of commerce and civilization.

The climate of Caraccas has often been called a *perpetual spring*. It is found every where, half way up the Cordilleras of Equinoctial America, between four hundred and nine hundred toises of elevation, unless the great breadth of the valley joined to an arid soil causes an extraordinary intensity of radiant caloric. What, indeed, can we imagine more delightful, than a temperature, which in the day keeps between 20° and 26°; and at night between 16° and 18°, which is equally favourable to the plantain (cambury), the orange-tree, the coffee-tree, the apple, the apricot, and corn? A national writer compares the situation of Caraccas to the terrestrial paradise, and recognizes in the Anauco and the neighbouring torrents, the four rivers of the garden of Eden.

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DECEMBER, 1817.

ART. I.—*Part of an Introductory Lecture, read by Charles W. Hare, Esq. Professor of Law, in the University of Pennsylvania, in the month of April, 1817.*

**T**HE Trustees of the University, having resolved to fill the chair of Professor of Law, in this institution, and having done me the honour to appoint me the Professor, it is incumbent on me, before commencing the performance of the duty, to explain the motives which I conceive have actuated the gentlemen, who compose the board of trustees, in at this time filling the office, to justify myself for attempting an undertaking so far above my ability; and to give a general idea of the nature of the effort which I shall make to accomplish it.

The importance of the study of legal literature, must be obvious to every gentleman, in every country, in which regular systems of government are approved, or in which taste, science, or commerce is cultivated. In every age the expansion of the human mind may be traced along with the progress of its legislation. No where has the knowledge of the arts, either as they gratify the imagination, or administer to the uses of society, been extended, manners polished, or pure moral systems adopted, until the law had assumed the shape of a science, and its professors had been honoured and rewarded. The interest of all history commences, indeed, at the precise point at which the law has been methodised and refined.—Who values Athens or Sparta before the time of Solon or Lycurgus? Who perceives in Roman warfare more than rude adventure, until the laws of Greece had been embodied in Roman jurisprudence? And unless that system of jurisprudence, polished as it afterwards was, by experience and philosophy, had been resuscitated at Amalphi, who will pronounce that the long and barbarous darkness which succeeded the extinction of ancient learning, might not have been continued.

The necessity of general rules, in all moral and political theories or systems, is incontrovertible. While any one right is established, or action forbidden, justice requires that all rights of the same kind be sustained, and all similar actions prohibited. Such rules too, it is evident, must be as multistatious and extensive as the wants and passions of man. They must be formed with a view to

general, rather than particular consequences, or they would become either too minute to be followed, or arbitrary in their nature and application; and if thus necessarily extensive and multifarious, or if informing them, all our moral, political, and social relations must be taken into consideration, surely it follows, that until methodised into the form of a science, they cannot be understood, nor until incorporated into the minds of the people by discussion and instruction, either respected or obeyed.

Accordingly, in almost all civilized countries, institutions for the dissemination of legal learning have been patronized by public authority. Under the Roman emperors, the science was taught in most of the distinguished cities of the empire.—The celebrated institutes of Justinian are addressed to the youth ambitious of distinction in the profession. *Cupidæ legum Juventutis*. Nor did the emperor, under whose auspices the work was written, himself disdain to animate their diligence, and promise to reward it by preferment in the state.

*Summa itaque ope et alacri studio has leges nostras accipite, et vosmetipsos sic eruditos ut spes vos pulcherrima foverat toto legitimo opere perfecto, possit etiam nostram rempublicam in partibus ejus vobis credendis gubernari.* Accept, therefore, these our laws, with the greatest zeal and most diligent study, and show yourselves so learned in them, that having regularly completed the work, you may cherish the pleasing hope, that possibly in our state, parts of the authority of government, may be committed to your care, are the concluding words of the proemium.

In nearly all the Universities of modern Europe, the study of the civil law is considered as a necessary preparation for service in the civil departments of government. Besides the Inns of Court in England, which sir Edward Coke styles a juridical university, where lectures are often delivered, professorships in the law are established at Oxford and Cambridge, and it is to the Vinerian chair established in the former institution, that England and this country are indebted in the commentaries of sir William Blackstone, for a more luminous exposition of the principles of law and government, than probably either in ancient or modern times had ever before appeared.

In Pennsylvania, before the revolution, the interests of classical learning were, perhaps, not less attended to, than they have been since that period, but our legal notions were so entirely restrained by British authority, our jurisprudence so far as it was peculiar to ourselves, comparatively so simple, and our young men destined to the profession, so frequently educated abroad, as to furnish obvious reasons why no effort was made to render the teaching of youth in this science, a branch of public instruction. Immediately, however, after the adoption of the present constitution, the chair, from which I have the honour to address you, was established; and the late James Wilson, Esq. not less distinguished as an orator and patriot, than as a lawyer, and then one of the judges of the

supreme court of the United States, was appointed the professor. He composed and delivered two courses of lectures, which have since been published, and which are certainly among the best original law works of which this country boasts. From what cause he relinquished the undertaking is not known, but from the period of his death, the chair has remained vacant.

The propriety of again filling it, may, I think, be shown from various considerations.

The laws peculiar to Pennsylvania and the United States, both as they arise from legislative acts, and judicial decisions, have been so much augmented, as to require frequently to be analysed and digested.

The multitude of constitutional questions, which have arisen and been settled, give a construction to the constitution not always perceivable in its letter, or in the works which were written contemporaneously with its adoption.

Owing to the peculiar mode in which the lands of this state have been disposed of, the courts have been called on to erect a system, which now regulates the title to the greater part of the landed property of the country, and which though founded on the principles of British jurisprudence, it would be in vain for the unpractised student there to attempt to develop, or perhaps for the mature lawyer to understand, without personal experience, or systematising the decisions.

The precise jurisdiction of the different courts, can only now be ascertained by a reference to the constitution and acts of the legislature, which without a knowledge of the practice which has been adopted under them, will not easily gratify the wishes of the inquirer.

Policy and humanity, have been supposed to combine to abolish the greater part of all, that related to punishment in the ancient criminal code, and have, in some important points, changed the definition and character of crimes.

The laws of descent, and for the distribution of intestates estates, have been altered, and entirely new principles, in regard to them, adopted.

The inconvenience of applying the old common law forms, to the novel situation and peculiar modes of business in this country, has led to important alterations in those forms, and in the manner of prosecuting and defending actions.

The system of conveyancing in England, unnecessarily complex, has been simplified, and modes of registering deeds established, unknown to the common law.

The practice of the courts has been very much altered, not only by legislative acts, to which they are obliged to conform; but from the actual abolition, by tacit consent of the practitioners, of the greater part of the system of English special pleading—and the absence of Chancery powers has long compelled the judges to reconcile to common law forms, the means of establishing equitable rights,

which, as they are not recognized at law, could not be enforced in any manner which the common law of England acknowledges.

The jurisprudence of Pennsylvania then, it will readily be perceived, while it has become in a degree national and peculiar, cannot yet have been methodised into a form entirely scientific, or rendered always, without personal experience, intelligible; and of course it would seem that filling an office, which makes it the peculiar duty of the officer, to give it such a shape, may be of great utility.

It is not, however, only with a view to a general performance of this duty, that I have ventured to accept the post which has been assigned me.

It is evident, and admitted, that neither the common law, nor those who administer it, are now as much as formerly, the objects of public regard and attachment.

My predecessor, in his first address, assigned as the principal reason of his high reverence for the American character, that it was eminently distinguished by the love of liberty and the *love of law*; and he rejoiced in his appointment, because 'it gave him the best opportunity to discover, study, develop, and communicate many striking instances on which this distinguished character was founded.'

Still glowing with the warmth excited by the struggle in which he had taken an honourable part, and knowing that the principles on which that struggle was founded, grew out of just notions of the law, it was not wonderful, he should ascribe the successful achievements of his countrymen in support of liberty, to their attachment to the rules which at once restrained and secured it.

'In free countries,' he continues, 'in free countries especially, that boast the blessings of a common law, springing warm and spontaneous from the manners of the people, law should be studied and taught as an historical science.'

It is my purpose, in the humble endeavours I shall here make, to attempt to illustrate the laws and institutions of the country, in the manner which I shall conceive best adapted to support and defend them; to show the causes in which they originated; to mark the improvements which modern refinement has made, and to reconcile them to the principles of sound policy, just liberty, and natural reason.

In making such an effort, it is obvious that it will be proper at once to consult the interest created by novelty, the course of study best adapted to the mind of the student, and subjects sufficiently free from technical difficulty, to excite the attention of the liberal inquirer.

With a view to meet these points, I have determined to treat on the following subjects, each of which will require one course of lectures.

1. Natural jurisprudence, or the science of right and wrong, as discoverable by human reason, compared with, illustrated by, and carried into the law.



2. Inter-national jurisprudence, or the laws which regulate the intercourse of different societies or nations, the parts and prerogatives of sovereignty, the duties of sovereigns, and the rights of government, the different forms of government, and particularly of the theory and practice of the constitution of the United States and state of Pennsylvania.

3. All that is peculiar to, and distinguishable in the jurisprudence of the United States and Pennsylvania, from that system from which our laws and institutions take their origin, and which is recognized by the common parent of these States.

Natural jurisprudence I shall consider under the following heads.

1. The duties of man towards God.
2. His duties towards himself.
3. His duties in the relations of husband and wife.
4. His duties in the relations of parent and child, brother and sister, and member of a family.
5. His duties in the relation of guardian and ward.
6. His duties in the relation of master and servant, and principal and agent.
7. His duties in the relation of heir, executor, and administrator.
8. His duties in the relation of trustee, and cestui que trust.
9. Of professional duties, or the duties of divines, physicians, and lawyers.
10. Of the duties of partners.
11. Of the duties which result from a relation to particular trades and occupations, societies and corporations.
12. Of the duties of magistrates, and all who are in public authority.
13. Of the duties of subjects and citizens of the State.
14. Of their duties towards one another.
15. Of the duties of the military state, and those which arise from a state of war.
16. Of the duties of aliens and captives.
17. Of the rights of property and dominion.
18. Of the several species of contracts, the duties created by contracts, those which relate to the means of acquiring property, and those which result from its possession.
19. Of the different modes of dissolving obligations created by contract, the interpretation of them, and the consideration required for them.
20. Of equity as contradistinguished from law.
21. Of duties in the use of speech, vows, and oaths.
22. Of the rights and duties growing out of necessity.
23. Of the rights of punishment.
24. Of the offences requiring punishment.

The subdivisions of the two following courses will be mentioned in the introductory lecture, which will be delivered at the com-

mencement of each.—The length of time which must elapse before their completion renders it useless to refer to them now.

The source from whence man derives his notions of moral obligation and virtue, has been, both with ancient and modern writers, a subject of much nice and ingenious speculation.

Socrates and Plato, and their followers, in accordance with the metaphysical systems which supposed the knowledge of the human mind to be composed of forms, ideas, and principles, flowing directly from supreme intelligence into the understanding, conceived our notions of virtue to grow out of our perceptions of the forms of beauty, and out of associations derived from our view of the order, harmony, and wise contrivance of the material universe.

But, though such associations may contribute to refine and exalt our sentiments, the rules of morality are too various and intricate in their combinations; and, in the shape of justice and punishment, much too severe and inflexible in their application, to render it probable that their origin is to be sought for in beauty alone.

Aristotle supposed the virtues to be habits, which regulating our appetites, and leading and governing the trains of emotions and opinions, compelled a conformity of our actions to them. But it is obvious, that however powerful the force of virtuous habits may be, this theory leaves unexplained the mode in which they are acquired, and the cause or origin of their authority.

The ancient Epicureans, supported by Hobbes and Mandeville, among the moderns, trace the principles of moral obligation entirely to self-love, and assert that in practising them, we consult only our own ease and convenience. Hobbes asserting a state of nature to be a state of war, in which every individual is inclined and entitled to prey upon his neighbour, considers the virtues and all the institutions of society as restraints which derive their force from fear, and are submitted to from prudence, and views of ease and selfish gratification only. Perhaps this theory is less favourable to vice than has been imagined. It may derogate from the dignity of our species; but it is no slight incentive to a virtuous life, that it tends to our own happiness and preservation. In the extent, however, to which it is carried by Hobbes, it is certainly false. Fear and self-love are not social feelings; they cannot excite, but tend naturally to cool and destroy the warm and generous affections which render society grateful.

Others, among whom the learned Dr. Cudworth and Mr. Wollaston, take the first place, conceive that morality is founded on the fitnesses and relations of things; on our perceptions of truth and falsehood; and on our natural inclination to yield, and assent to truth, and to oppose and dissent from falsehood. The principles of moral obligation are, they say, all immutable truths. To disobey or disregard, is to deny them.—Whether they be denied by word or action, is immaterial.—He who omits to perform a duty, or commits a crime, affirms by his conduct, that the duty

does not exist, or that the act constituting the offence is justifiable. The inference is undoubtedly well drawn, but it seems rather to constitute an additional argument in favour of the practice of virtue, than to trace the origin of virtuous sentiments. The cause of our preference of truth is unexplained; and the means or process by which we perceive the principles of morals to constitute immutable truths, not accounted for. So far as moral truths grow out of the divine commandments, the inclination to adhere to them has a higher authority than the natural aversion of the understanding to assent to falsehood. So far as *they* flow from reason, the hypothesis does not explain the principles by which reason discovers them; and so far as the virtues are founded in kind affections and passions, the theory is entirely irrelative to them.

Another class of writers, imagine moral sentiments to arise from our contemplation of the divine perfections. We acknowledge the power of the Creator, and adore his goodness:—We every where perceive marks of his wisdom and beneficence: And the virtues are humble endeavours to imitate and propitiate him. But the views of this perfection are not universal among men.

The Demonist and the polytheist, have not always ascribed infinite goodness to celestial power. On the contrary, they have most commonly attributed their own vices or passions, to the beings whom they conceive to be invested with divine authority; of course the moral sentiments of man, so far as they are unconnected with revelation, do not flow from contemplating the goodness and perfections of God.

Some modern authors, strongly supported by Dr. Hutchinson, have laid the foundation of these sentiments, in relation to the conduct of ourselves and others, in a peculiar and instinctive faculty which they denominate a moral sense. They urge the suddenness of our determinations on these subjects, as a proof of the absence of deliberation, their disinterestedness as inconsistent with any selfish motive, and their uniformity as opposed to the fluctuations to which the usual operations of the will and understanding are liable. But it is evident that the suddenness of our determinations, may be accounted for from the influence of habitual feelings originally produced by education or reflection; that their generousness may be ascribed to the interest we feel in examples beneficial to the species of which we form a part; and that their uniformity does not exceed the limits, within which the laws of the human mind, compel all men whose reason is unperverted, to agree in their conclusions. Murder is inconsistent with the common safety; and ~~must~~ therefore generally be condemned; yet in some countries, in the horrid forms of parricide and infanticide, it has been held to be justified by circumstances; and in the shape of duelling, is still sanctioned by a large and not ungenerous portion of the most civilized parts of the world. The rights of property, variously modified, have in all countries been recognized and enforced; yet, in Sparta, theft was occasionally rewarded.

Female chastity is frequently entirely disregarded by the Savage, and the sentiment which preserves it, is not always held in the highest esteem by those who enjoy the distinctions of fashion and refinement; and while one class of imaginations perceive only dignity and honour, in a stern, and sometimes cruel resentment, others yield all their sympathy to humanity, and a kindness of heart—which in its excess may be helpless and contemptible.

The ancient Stoics, with Lord Shaftsbury and Mr. Hume among the moderns, in their inquiries on this subject, have mainly rested upon the perception of utility, or upon human reason, ascertaining that the welfare of each member of society cannot be accomplished but by rules favourable to the welfare of the whole, and regulating its conclusions by the discoveries which it makes of the means favourable to human happiness.

Mr. Hume has traced and analysed the tendency of the virtues which most usually excite our approbation, and has, I think, been successful in showing, that our ideas of them vary according to the usefulness of their application. He admits, however, that in our moral examinations, taste and sentiment have a powerful influence; and, perhaps, his theory is chiefly defective in not considering and showing in what this taste and sentiment consist—of what is the true source of the power of conscience in the human bosom. I fear this is a secret into which the mind of man can never penetrate. Human reason, urged by human wants, is easily satisfied that the social state is proper for man; with the aid of a little experience, it perceives the restraints that are required for his passions, and the virtues which promote his well-being; but why is it, that the conclusions of reason furnish not only the obligations of justice, but create the *feelings* of duty, the *sentiment* of self-approbation or censure? Why is it that man, confessedly entering into society with a view to his own preservation, often disinterestedly seeks dangers which may destroy him? Why is it, that he often voluntarily sacrifices his interest in the compact, for the benefit of those with whom he has contracted? What is the cause of the secret tortures which accompany undiscovered guilt, and which drive the victim to rush upon detection and punishment? Is the apprehension of human resentment sufficient to account for this? It sometimes seeks to meet that resentment, by confession unattended with hopes of pardon. Is it pride writhing under its humiliation? The enjoyments of pride have often been the temptation and reward of the criminal. Can it be accounted for, but as the immediate power of God, working within us, and carrying its own sanctions for the violation of his precepts?

But whatever may be the source or origin of our moral sentiments, it is certain, that man is endowed with faculties, making him the author of his own actions; and that, inclined to seek good and avoid evil, he has been in all ages employed in the pursuit of means and principles enabling him to attain the one, and escape the other. In this pursuit, as it has related to the study of the

true rules of moral obligation, he has been impeded by various causes. So far as our opinions of good and evil flow from our passions and affections, we are determined in our judgments, more by our peculiar dispositions than by any fixed standard of right.

The trains of thought and feeling which grow out of custom and habit, are too quick in their operations to be always governed by the understanding.

Superstition, both with the ancients and moderns, has appeared to authorise principles and practices as the will of the Deity, neither reconcileable to his goodness, nor to any just notion of taste and usefulness.

Grotius, the great restorer of the law of nature, was censured by the Inquisition, and the works of Puffendorf, his rival and imitator, were attacked with a rancour, very far removed from the liberal spirit of the rational inquirer.

Political zeal too, has hardly been less unfavourable to these inquiries than theological fervour. Moral systems almost always connected with political systems, have often been coloured by the prejudices and opinions of the governing authority of the day. So far as the former are founded upon the natural rights and equality of man, they have ever been obnoxious to the partizans of power, and so far as they inculcate obedience, they have rarely been fully assented to, by the proud spirits who disdain obedience.

In a free country, where parties may often be supposed to grow out of peculiar classes of passions and interests, rather than questions of permanent policy, and where many of the restraints which moral systems impose may occasion jealousy, the danger of error in these inquiries, from these causes, is very much increased. It must, under such circumstances, be very difficult to establish any theory of natural jurisprudence, without being exposed to animadversion.

To avoid this danger, I shall rarely attempt to establish opinions, which either in England or this country, can by sound lawyers, now be deemed liable to controversy, but looking into, and comparing the principles which have been approved by the master nations of the world, I shall endeavour to embody the experience and reflection of past ages, on all the points of moral and legal obligation which have been stated.

Never governed in my opinions by a peculiar bias or interest, I shall not be deterred in any necessary inquiry, by the apprehension of being suspected of them.

The equality of the original rights of man, I shall assume as the natural basis of all moral and political legislation. The principles of the revolution, and of free representative government, I shall strenuously support, not only as just in themselves, but as peculiarly essential to all the interests of the American people. The rights, sovereignty, and the political and moral power of the States, I shall endeavour to sustain; always, however, teaching that it is no less necessary to the public safety, that the powers

given to the general government be exercised, than it is essential to liberty, that powers not given, should not be permitted to be assumed.

And considering the virtues as deriving their origin from God, and utility as the proper principle and measure of their application, I shall found the theory of natural jurisprudence on considerations relating to the rights and happiness of each individual, taken in reference to the welfare of the whole society.

The advantages of making such a course of study as I have indicated, a branch of academical education, must be admitted by all who reflect either on the nature of our laws and institutions, the various classes of which our people are composed, or the nature of the duties which every citizen of the State may be called on to perform.

The government being popular in its foundation, unless popular means are adopted by some acknowledged authority, for illustrating the maxims on which it should be administered, how can a knowledge of the just principles of freedom be so generally disseminated as to mark the just limits of power, and prevent restraints from either being so loose as to admit licentiousness, or so severe as to extinguish the spirit of liberty.

Our laws, though for the most part according with the customs and habits of the people, and flowing spontaneously from the hearts of our ancestors or ourselves, may yet sometimes be founded upon reasons in a degree artificial, upon a policy not always in its present application, the less sound for being remote in its causes, and often upon a necessity, which it requires long study to perceive of rendering the parts less just and proportionate, in order to fit them to, and increase the symmetry of the whole.

By what means then, can they be rendered generally acceptable to the people, unless by early habits and education, their minds are properly disciplined for an examination of all the rules by which legal architecture is regulated.

The national interests and taste combining to render it the duty of almost every man in society to pursue some useful or profitable vocation, we have not among us, as in some other countries, an order of men, who possessing leisure, can apply themselves at a mature age, to inquiries purely liberal; and of course, except those who are connected with the administration of justice, it may well be supposed, there are few who apply themselves to acquire an accurate knowledge of the law. And divided as we are, into numerous religious and political persuasions, it is hardly possible to imagine, that unless the law, as connected with morals, be publicly taught, there can be, on legal and moral questions, the uniformity of opinion, which constitutes so much of the strength and beauty of society.

In this country too, every citizen may be called on to take a part, or perform a duty which not only demands legal knowledge, but requires for an honest discharge of it, that the person who is



to perform it, should rely on his own knowledge and judgment. The magistrate to whom is entrusted an extensive civil and criminal jurisdiction—which there seems to be an inclination to increase—would with an ill grace allege ignorance of the law as a justification for any violation of the rights of his fellow-citizens.

The juror who, in criminal cases, is authorised to decide both the law and the fact, can hardly deem himself safely discharged of his oath, unless possessed of sufficient legal knowledge to convince him, that he has not been misled by error from the bench, or deceived by the dexterity or artifice of counsel.

The arbitrator, who performs the office both of judge and juror, though he can rarely obtain all the knowledge requisite for an accurate performance of the duty, yet may, by a very little legal study, be convinced of the danger of mixing his notions of particular justice, with those general rules which the welfare of society requires to be adopted.

The legislator will, most uselessly, occupy himself in making new laws, unless instructed in the evils which former laws tolerated, and the rules by which the remedies he proposes, must be expounded and limited.

And the chief magistrate who is responsible for the execution of the laws, will enforce or protect the rights of the people but feebly, unless instructed both to understand and respect the rules, which have been instituted for their liberty and safety.

While such are the advantages, and indeed the necessity of extending our system of public education to legal studies, the considerations which show the propriety of establishing them in this city and University, are weighty and numerous.

It will be admitted, that in every well regulated society, there are certain influences which are essential to freedom, as they serve to support opposition to usurpation; and necessary to government, as they serve as pillars to authority—and that among these, those of commerce and learning are most beneficial in their just exercise, and most harmless in their undue operation.

In this State, however, where property is very equal in its distribution, where the people are scattered over a large surface, and where being mainly agricultural, the independence of their mode of life may be opposed to the higher degrees of polish and refinement, is there not danger that the natural power of these influences may be too much diminished.

To communicate to them the energy, which their beneficial exercise requires, is it not necessary that they should be connected with each other? And can this be effectually accomplished unless seats of learning are not only established, but rendered prosperous and distinguished, in the only commercial town of the commonwealth. If there are those who conceive that the dissipation of a large town may be unfavourable to the morals, or in our climate, its heat prejudicial to the health of boys, it is obvious that these objections are not applicable in the nearer approach to manhood,

and that as their manners may be improved, and their knowledge extended by society, the town, at this season of life, is a proper place for their education. It being presumeable too, that at this period, they have gone through the course of tutor discipline, the lecture system, in all the branches of science, is that which is peculiarly adapted to them. In medical studies this system has accordingly rendered our University signally illustrious. And how great may be the advantages, at some future period, and under abler auspices than mine, of making it equally celebrated for legal inquiries.

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ART. II.—*The Backwoodsman*.—A Poem, by J. K. Paulding, Philadelphia, 1818.

**‘WHEREVER** the freedom of the press exists, (says a celebrated writer\*) I must assert that literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which I am persuaded all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown.’ If this assertion be correct, with regard to the monarchies of Europe, it is entitled to the most serious consideration in a republic like the United States. Public opinion, which exerts an influence even over the most despotic forms of government, is all powerful in this country, and this great agent is operated on in modern times chiefly by means of the press. The sober and rational influence of books has succeeded to the popular orations of the ancient republics, and exercises a sovereignty vastly more powerful, because more extended and more permanent in its effects. It must be evident, therefore, that it is an object of primary concern to keep the springs by which the great stream of public opinion is fed, as pure as possible, and to discourage the circulation of books whose objects are unfavourable to the political or moral interests of society; not on account of their influence upon the men of a republic merely, but from their impressions upon those who are destined to take their places on the political stage. The effects produced upon the mind in early life by a course of reading are not easily effaced, and are often visible in the conduct of an individual in after years. Let the case be supposed of a civilized people, without a national literature of their own, without any great works in history, poetry, or the fine arts, but who are in the daily practice of perusing books in which the constitution, the laws and the history of a foreign nation are the theme of praise and admiration, and it will be conceded, that under such circumstances, they will probably be deficient in national character and national feelings, if not animated by sentiments of attachment to other countries. The love of country may exist, as we know by experience that it has existed, among the most rude and unenlightened nations, but with them it is merely an instinctive preference for their habitual residence and the home of their ancestors. The affection of a civilized people for their coun-

\* The Author of the *Pursuits of Literature*.

try is founded on higher considerations, and differs from the mere animal love of our birth place exactly as the attachment of a sensible man to an educated and accomplished woman, differs from the passion of the Turk for her who occupies his seraglio, or produces his children. It is created by a knowledge of and sensibility to the excellence of its form of government, to the virtues of its citizens, and the exploits of its great men, and is aided by that feeling of good will which all men possess for their native land. But if no pains are taken to foster this love of country, by setting before the eyes of its inhabitants the lovely and respectable features of its institutions, or if their contemplation is habitually directed to the institutions of other nations, their patriotism will be at best a cold and sluggish one, and such as will never excite them to extraordinary exertion in support of the rights or liberties of their own country. In many respects this is, or rather was, the situation of the United States. Possessing scarcely any literature peculiar to themselves or relating to their own concerns, their reading has been confined almost exclusively to books of British production. The nationality of the English has led them to exalt the virtues and glory of their own country, and the excellence of their form of government, at the expense of every other, and their patriotism has been supported by the aid of some of the finest eloquence and most beautiful poetry that any country has produced. The consequence of participating with them in their literature, has been, to lead us insensibly to a kind of fellow feeling with them in their love of England, while our attachments to our own country have lain comparatively dull and torpid. For, we may ask, who is there among us who has not felt warmer feelings towards Great Britain, after reading the beautiful nationalities of Cowper and Scott, or been sensible of a bias towards the English constitution, from the eloquent praises of it with which English books are filled? The superiority of British institutions has been taught us in our schools, is inculcated in our books of jurisprudence and ethics, and is frequently the theme of our most admired sermons, as well as our most popular poetry. From this potent influence of literature, it has so happened that many of the people of this country were actually better acquainted with the history, constitution and geography of Great Britain, than with those of America, and partly from this cause it has happened that we have been for a long time miserably deficient in national feelings. Our heroes have been chiefly English, and it may be questioned whether some part of our attachment to Him who alone has been able to gain the undivided affections of his countrymen, may not have arisen from the eulogies of English orators and poets.

Whatever therefore has a tendency to direct the public attention to the beautiful forms of our own institutions and polity, and thereby to awaken the flame of patriotism which has always burned brightest in the atmosphere of a republic, ought we think sedulously

to be encouraged. Take it for all in all, our country need fear no critical comparison with any other. We have reason to be proud of our constitution, our laws and our history, and to rejoice in the virtues and comforts of our people. To these, as well as to the sublime and delightful features of our landscape, we have long wished to call the attention of our poets. We have characters of moral excellence in our annals, which would bear a scrutiny with and sound as well in 'immortal rhyme' as the

'Regulum et Scauros, animæ que magnæ  
'Prodigum Paulum,'

of Horace, or the Alfreds, Hampdens, or Sidneys of Thomson. Poetry, however trifling its pursuits may appear to the votary of the physical sciences, possesses a great and durable influence over mankind. It is read and remembered by all classes of society, it may refine the taste and exalt the imagination, and when properly employed in celebrating distinguished excellence, it cannot fail to excite in the mind the ambition to imitate great models, without which no great character can be formed.

——— 'Ut cunque ferent ca facta minores  
'Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.'

It is therefore with more than ordinary feelings of pleasure that we have read the work before us. It is a poem on American subjects, written by an American who loves his country, justly appreciates the superiority of her moral and political institutions, and has a heart to feel and a pen to describe the matchless beauty of her scenery. It is written, too, generally, with good taste, as well as good sense, avoiding on the one hand the servile imitation of foreign and fashionable poets, which is the characteristic of too many of our versifiers, and on the other hand, the equally absurd attempts at originality of language, by which the epic of Mr. Barlow was distinguished. Mr. Paulding is already well known to the public as the author of several prose writings, the principal object of which was to exalt the national character, and to vindicate its reputation from the foul slander of European libellers. The success his works have met with, and the popular estimation in which he is held throughout the United States, are a proof as well of his talents and ability, as of the disposition of the community to encourage the productions of their own writers.

The story, which the author informs us in his preface, 'was merely assumed, as affording an easy and natural way of introducing a greater variety of scenery, as well as more diversity of character,' is very brief and simple. Basil, an inhabitant of the banks of the Hudson, finding that with all his exertion he is barely able to maintain his growing family, and actuated by that love of independence which animates the people of this country in an uncommon degree, resolves to emigrate to the 'western country.' Accordingly, having made all things ready, and embarked their slender store of moveables in a covered cart, drawn by a sturdy

nag, they set off one fine morning in the spring for this promised land. They pass through Jersey and Pennsylvania to the Ohio, down which they sail till they reach the spot which is destined for their settlement. Here they go through the usual adventures and operations of new settlers, population increases around them, villages and towns spring up, and in process of time Basil becomes

‘ Judge, general, congressman; and half a score  
Of goodly offices, and titles more  
Reward his worth.’

And thus the mere story of Basil ends. The narration however forms but a small part of the book. The rest is occupied with descriptions of scenery, reflections upon the history and character of the people, and the three last cantos with a kind of digression upon Indian manners and hostility. To those who are acquainted with the former works of the author, it is unnecessary to say, that the sentiments are every where those of a sincere and ardent lover of his country, of one who looks down with contempt upon the crimes and baubles of kings and nobles, and who maintains the fitness of man for the enjoyment of freedom and happiness. But the talents of Mr. Paulding for poetical description, and his sensibility to the beautiful and tranquil forms of inanimate nature, as contrasted with the feverish anxiety, the bustle and strife of intelligent beings, make the descriptive part of the book no less interesting, to those whose ‘ untravelled taste’ can admire the beautiful scenery of this delightful country.

In the first canto we are introduced to the acquaintance of the hero of the poem, and the reasons which lead to his change of residence are stated. Among these we find prominent the love of independence, which the poet has apostrophized in a beautiful manner.

‘ O! Independence! man’s bright mental sun,  
With blood and tears by our brave country won,  
Parent of all, high mettled man adorns,  
The nerve of steel, the soul that meanness scorns,  
The mounting wind that spurns the tyrant’s sway,  
The eagle eye that mocks the God of day,  
Turns on the lordly upstart scorn for scorn,  
And drops its lid to none of woman born!  
With blood, and tears, and hardships thou wert bought,  
Yet rich the blessings thy bright sway has wrought;  
Hence comes it that a gallant spirit reigns  
Unknown among old Europe’s hapless swains,  
Who slaves to some proud lord, himself a slave,  
From sire to son from cradle to the grave,  
From race to race, more dull and servile grow,  
Until at last they nothing feel or know:  
Hence comes it, that our meanest farmer’s boy  
Aspires to taste the proud and manly joy  
That springs from holding in his own dear right  
The land he plows, the home he seeks at night;

And hence it comes, he leaves his friends and home,  
 Mid distant wilds and dangers drear to roam,  
 To seek a competence, or find a grave,  
 Rather than live a hireling or a slave.  
 As the bright waving harvest field he sees,  
 Like sunny ocean rippling in the breeze,  
 And hears the lowing herd, the lambkins' bleat,  
 Fall on his ear in mingled concert sweet,  
 His heart sits lightly on its rustic throne,  
 'The fields, the herds, the flocks are all his own.'

While suffering under the evils of 'rheumatic agonies,' Basil hears of that land of plenty and happiness to which so many pilgrims have adventured, and resolves to seek a refuge there. It was spring, and he soon felt its potent influence upon his frame:

'Who can resist the coaxing voice of Spring,  
 When flowers put forth and sprightly songsters sing?  
 He is no honest son of mother Earth,  
 And shames the holy dame that gave him birth;  
 We are her children, and when forth she hies,  
 Dress'd in her wedding suit of varied dyes,  
 Beshrew the churl that does not feel her charms,  
 And love to nestle in her blooming arms;  
 He has no heart, or such a heart as I  
 Would not possess for all beneath the sky.'

Every thing being in readiness, the cavalcade leaves the birth place of the wanderers, and the second canto opens with their 'travel's history.' It was the dawn of day:

'Dark was the early dawn, dun vapours chill,  
 Cover'd the earth and hid the distant hill,  
 A veil of mist obscur'd the struggling day,  
 That seemed to grope its slow uncertain way;  
 No insect chirp'd, or wakeful twitt'ring bird,  
 Within the copse, or briery dingle stirr'd.  
 Anon, far in the East light streaks of red  
 O'er the gray mists a tint of morning shed,  
 Brighter and still more bright their hues unfold,  
 Till all the sky was fring'd with burnish'd gold;  
 Up rose the gallant Sun! the mists away  
 Vanish'd, like spectres, at the dawn of day;  
 No silence now was in the waken'd groves,  
 For every bird began to chant his loves,  
 And all the liveried rabble insect crew,  
 That crawl'd upon the jewell'd earth, or flew,  
 Muster'd their merry notes and frisk'd away,  
 In many colour'd vestments—who but they!'

They pass down the banks of the Hudson, by that romantic scenery which the events of the revolution have made celebrated.

'Here mid the piling mountains scatter'd round,  
 His winding way majestic Hudson found,  
 And as he swept the frowning ridge's base,  
 In the pure mirror of his morning face,



A lovelier landscape caught the gazer's view,  
 Softer than nature, yet to nature true.  
 Now might be seen, reposing in stern pride,  
 Against the mountain's steep and rugged side,  
 High Putnam's battlements, like tow'r of old,  
 Haunt of night-robbing baron, stout and bold,  
 Scourge of his neighbour, Nimrod of the chase,  
 Slave of his king, and tyrant of his race.  
 Beneath its frowning brow, and far below,  
 The weltering waves, unheard, were seen to flow  
 Round West Point's rude and adamant base,  
 That call'd to mind old Arnold's deep disgrace,  
 Andre's hard fate, lamented, though deserv'd,  
 And men, who from their duty never swerv'd—  
 The honest three—the pride of yeomen bold,  
 Who sav'd the country which they might have sold;  
 Refus'd the proffer'd bribe, and, sternly true,  
 Did what the man that doubts them ne'er would do.'

We have then an eloquent and indignant invective against the man who attempted to erase one of the fairest passages in his country's history, and the narrative proceeds with Basil's journey through Jersey to the Delaware, at its junction with the Lehigh, when we meet with the following graceful comparison:

' 'Twas just where rambling Lehigh—pleasant stream!  
 Fit haunt for bard to wander and to dream—  
 Ev'n like a gentle, all confiding maid,  
 By true Affection's fondest impulse sway'd,  
 Glides into Delaware's encircling arms,  
 And silently surrenders all her charms,  
 Gives up her very being evermore,  
 And that sweet virgin name of old she bore.'

The poet now leads his hero 'through Pennsylvanian landscapes, rich and gay,' till they reach the heights of the immense Allegheny. Here we have a highly poetic description of the scenery of these mountains, which we have no room to copy, and at the conclusion of the second canto, the travellers arrive at Pittsburgh. The third book opens with a spirited denial of the blunders of Fortune, who

'Plays the tyrant only with the fool.'

We then embark with our pilgrims on the broad surface of the Ohio, and their voyage is described so faithfully, and with so much of the true soul of poetry, that long as is the passage, we cannot refrain from copying it.

'As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,  
 Oarless and sailless silently they glide,  
 How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,  
 Was the lone land that met the strangers there!  
 No smiling villages, or curling smoke,  
 The busy haunts of busy men bespoke,

No solitary hut, the banks along,  
 Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song,  
 No urchin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,  
 Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,  
 While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,  
 And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.  
 Where now are seen along the river's side,  
 Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,  
 And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,  
 To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,  
 Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdu'd,  
 One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,  
 Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be  
 As level, and as lifeless as the sea,  
 They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,  
 Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own!  
 'Twas Evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,  
 Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,  
 Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,  
 And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;  
 So through the livelong night they held their way.  
 And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,  
 So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,  
 They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.  
 The Moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,  
 Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,  
 That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,  
 Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—  
 That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd.  
 That zephyr was the only sound they heard.  
 No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd,  
 No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,  
 No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,  
 To tell the wand'ers man was nestling there,  
 While even the froward babe in mother's arms,  
 Lull'd by the scene suppress'd its loud alarms,  
 And yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,  
 Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away.  
 All, all was still, on gliding barque and shore,  
 As if the Earth now slept to wake no more;  
 Life seem'd extinct, as when the World first smil'd,  
 Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.'

They at length arrive at their destined home, and the labours of  
 the new settler commence. Time and industry add to his wealth  
 and comforts, his children grow apace, and in his hours of leisure  
 he recounts to them the virtues and exploits of their countrymen

'Of virtuous Greene, whose cherish'd name shall be  
 As everlasting as thy hills, Santee,  
 And borne on Fame's untir'd, earth-circling wings,  
 Rise pure and hupid as his Kutaw springs:  
 Of Marion, by his country not half known.'

Of the hardships and courage of the soldiers of the revolution,  
of whom

Not one betray'd his suffering Country's cause,  
Not one deserted to the conq'ring band,  
Or sold his comrades, or his native land:  
Still to their glorious leader bravely true,  
The war's vicissitudes they struggled through,  
Sav'd this good land, and when the tug was o'er,  
Begg'd their way home, at every scoundrel's door.'

Then follows an eloquent eulogium on the spotless character of him who surpassed 'all Greek all Roman fame.' The canto ends with a description and vindication of the life of the frontier settlers, and here we lose sight of Basil till the conclusion of the poem. In the fourth canto the author has introduced the celebrated Prophet, by whose intrigues the war of 1812 was stirred up among the Indians. His character is drawn in a bold and masterly style, and his harangues and the war feasts of the savages communicate great interest to this part of the poem. The beginning of the fifth canto describes the preparations on both sides for hostilities, between the English and their Indian allies on one part, and the western republicans on the other. This unholy alliance between the christian and the savage, is adverted to with becoming censure and indignation; the rest of the canto is occupied with a dialogue between the Prophet and an aged pilgrim, in which the author has evinced great power and pathos. The defeat of the allied forces, the restoration of security to the American frontier, and the final happiness and prosperity of the west, are the themes of the last book. We have already made such copious selections, that we have but little room left for passages from this, which upon the whole we are inclined to think is the most striking part of the poem. The outrages committed by the British and their allies during the war of 1812, and the disinclination to defence manifested in one part of the union, call forth from the author the following animated and spirited lines:

' Could men, whose eyes first saw the blessed day,  
In this good land, at home like women stay,  
Plead conscience to escape the coming fight,  
And skulk behind some vile pretence of right?  
There have been such—oblivion shield their name,  
Better forgot, their story and their shame.  
Who would not battle bravely, heart and hand,  
In any cause for this dear buxom land;  
O, never may the heartless recreant know  
The joys from conscious rectitude that flow;  
Nor ever, for one fleeting moment, prove  
Man's dear respect, or woman's dearer love;  
Ne'er may he hold high converse with the brave,  
But live with slaves, and be himself a slave;  
Ne'er may he know the sober waking bliss,  
Of living in a freeman's home like this,

The poor man's long-sought, new-found, promis'd land  
 Where gen'rous Plenty, with a lavish hand,  
 Pays honest Labour from her boundless store,  
 And each day makes him richer than before.  
 Ne'er may the dastard know such hiding place,  
 Nor such a country stain with deep disgrace;  
 But pine on abject Afric's scorching sand,  
 Or banish'd to old Europe's dotard land,  
 Grovel beneath some tottering tyrant's throne,  
 Nor dare to call his worthless soul his own.'

After some striking passages on the alliance between danger and glory, we meet with a strong and earnest and feeling eulogium on the private soldiery, the peasantry who fight their country's battles:

'Not in the hope of glory or of gold,  
 Not in the hope their story will be told  
 In lofty rhyme, or high historic page,  
 To challenge wonder in some distant age.'

And then a lofty and contemptuous vindication of the capacity and power of these for self government. But for this and many other beautiful passages we have no room. We must conclude our extracts with a description of the march of the militia against the British and Indians.

'The nodding plume that shades the brow of war,  
 And hides the deep trench of the warrior's scar,  
 The gilded gorget, sparkling in the sun,  
 The beamy splendours of the veteran's gun,  
 The shoulder'd epaulette, the prancing steed,  
 The flashing sword, that does the bloody deed,  
 And all the fun'ral pomp of human strife,  
 That makes the very coward scorn his life,  
 And the seam'd visage of rough War appear  
 A glorious angel—all was absent here;  
 'Twas the scarr'd front of bloody baleful strife,  
 In all the naked lineaments of life.  
 No rattling drum its far-heard music made,  
 No piping hie, the noiseless march betray'd,  
 Each step they take, they pause with watchful care,  
 The forest warriors swift and wily are,  
 They come like foxes, like gaunt tigers fight,  
 And when they flee outstrip the pigeon's flight.  
 Silence and Care that never shuts his eyes,  
 Alone can guard against their quick surprise.

What we have already said is sufficient to show the estimation in which we hold this admirable performance. We consider it as one of the greatest accessions our poetry has received, whether we regard the pure taste, the sound political principles, or the descriptive talents of its author, and we hope that the success with which he has met in this work, will encourage him to other and higher exertions. To be the popular poet of a nation like this, is no mean distinction, and to direct the national taste to a source at

which patriotism and pure principles may be awakened, is an object worthy the labours of any man.

Many inaccuracies of style may be observed in the poem, which are evidently the result of haste, and a want of practice in versifying. There is a blot, however, of a more serious nature, and which we did not expect to meet with in one who advocates with so much zeal and eloquence the common cause of all. We allude to the lines in p. 39, 40, on the subject of the Germans of Pennsylvania. The reproach of selfishness and stupidity, here urged against them, has been made in other quarters, and gained so very general an assent, that we must be allowed the liberty of saying a few words in defence of so numerous a portion of our fellow citizens of Pennsylvania. The German population of this state then, we would observe, is almost entirely agricultural. The descendants of the other nations of Europe are more gregarious in their disposition, or less disposed to arrive at the means of subsistence by the most honest and independent, though perhaps the most laborious mode of life. Comparatively speaking, few Germans are to be found in our great cities, or even in the interior villages. We ask, then, in what respect the Germans differ from other agriculturists, that is not to the advantage of the former. They are admitted to be an industrious, active, steady and independent race, such in short as form the most solid foundation of the wealth and security of a state. But they are accused of intellectual dulness. If by this it is meant that the German farmers of Pennsylvania are inferior in genius and erudition to the same number of men taken from our large cities, no one will be disposed to question the truth of the position. But we doubt very much whether they would suffer in comparison with any other portion of the country population of the United States. The pursuits of agriculture have, as is well known, a tendency rather adverse to the cultivation of the mind, though we frequently find individuals breaking forth from this laborious employment. Among the Germans, men of genius and enterprise are as frequent as among any others. To say nothing of such men as Rittenhouse, and other learned mathematicians, some of the most ingenious persons in the mechanical arts, some of the best classical scholars, and some of the most able teachers of the physical sciences, have sprung from the German population of Pennsylvania, and we may safely challenge any other body of men, of like numbers and pursuits, to produce a greater proportion of honest and enlightened politicians. On the score of selfishness too, which is another frequent charge against the Germans, we believe them to be no less unjustly censured. They are occupied, it seems, mainly in the pursuit of wealth. Which of us in this country is not? The rich German farmer, it is true, seldom indulges in expensive luxuries, or disburses his hard earned gains in the acquisition of refinement, but he spares no money in the education of his children, and is as generous to others as persons in his class of life usually are. The love of glory or distinction

may not be the actuating principle of the German farm-house, but the domestic virtues, and the kindly feelings of the heart, are more frequently found in unison with the simple manners of its inhabitants. Nor are they deficient in patriotism, a virtue on which no one is more ready to bestow praise than the author of the *Backwoodsman*. By patriotism we do not mean the hollow and noisy professions of political wranglers, but a sincere and earnest devotion to the cause of the republic. When in the autumn of 1814 the city of Philadelphia was threatened with invasion, and a general gloom pervaded the country, hundreds of Germans came forth voluntarily to its defence from their remote and secluded vallies, where they might have remained in perfect security. Here, in many instances, deficient of necessary raiment, they encountered, without a murmur, the fatigues and perils of camp duty, and the inclemency of the season. Of the thousands who were assembled at that season, we have reason to know, that there were no more willing and zealous soldiers, none more patient of toil, or more faithful to the cause than the German volunteers. Most of them were ignorant of the language, and utterly unacquainted with military discipline, but in quickness of apprehension and submission to military authority, they had no superiors. The scanty pittance allotted by the government for their pay, could have been no recompence to them for their services, and the cause in which they were engaged was that of a distant portion of their fellow citizens; and in no wise affected their pecuniary interests. We know of no purer patriotism than this. Comparisons between particular portions of our population are invidious, but if they must be drawn, we can only say, that we infinitely prefer the patriotism of the Germans of Pennsylvania, with all their imputed dulness, to that characteristic acuteness which can find constitutional objections to the defence of their country, at a period of uncommon difficulty and distress.

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ART. III.—*Select, Political, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Writings of Benjamin Franklin*; published from the Originals; and forming volume 3d of the *Memoirs of Franklin*:—by his grandson, Temple Franklin. 1 vol. quarto. London, 1818.

**I**N the two articles which we devoted to the first and second volumes of these *Memoirs*, we expressed roundly our dissatisfaction with the management of Mr. Temple Franklin. We might repeat here the upbraidings extorted from us by our unbounded veneration for the philosopher, and by the reflection of what was due to his memory from an editor standing towards him in such binding and solemn relations. The mortification we experienced at receiving so imperfect a Biography, and so awkward a compilation of Letters, revives at the appearance of the third quarto: Our resentment kindles as we read in the preface, that 'with this volume the editor conceives he has faithfully discharged his trust, as the conservator of Dr. Franklin's literary remains.'



It was only by an elaborate, and skilful edition of all the works of his grandsire, that he could have fulfilled this trust, and answered the just expectation of the world. A selection made even with the nicest care and judgment, would be a very inadequate substitute; but the delinquency is incalculably greater, and unsusceptible of excuse, in the case of one which has no other sign of diligence or concern about it, than the mere distribution of the pieces chosen, under some general heads. Mr. Temple Franklin has attempted nothing more in the way of arrangement; he has supplied no dates nor explanations where these were wanted, in the compositions which he has reprinted—and he has not been at the pains to distinguish for the reader, the portion of the volume previously unpublished. On this point, he confines himself to the intimation conveyed in the following passage of his preface: 'Though some of the essays contained under the head of "Philosophical Subjects," have already appeared, by far the greater portion of the contents of this part, (among which are some of the latest and most ingenious of Dr. Franklin's philosophical writings) are now for the first time printed from his own manuscripts.'

There are, however, in the other divisions of the volume, some things entirely new; and we find much interesting matter which is not comprised in the American edition of Franklin's works, in six volumes octavo. We should remark of this edition, by the way, that it is, nevertheless, palmed upon the public as the depository of the *whole* of the philosopher's writings. We ought, perhaps, to point out some of the shameful inaccuracies and repetitions by which the first and sixth volumes of it, recently published, are marked; but we can be more agreeably employed for ourselves and our readers, in holding communion with the soul of Franklin, than in exposing the demerits of his clumsy editors.

As we glance over the table of contents of this Selection, the first consideration that presents itself is the astonishing versatility of powers which their variety implies in the author. We are reminded at once of the language of the 16th Number of the Edinburgh Review, which contains so appropriate and beautiful an oblation to his genius. 'There are not many among the thorough-bred scholars and philosophers of Europe, who can lay claim to distinction in more than one or two departments of science or literature. The uneducated tradesman of America, has left writings that call for attention, in natural philosophy—in politics—in political economy—and in general literature and morality.'—The contrast has become stronger, and the enumeration of topics might be enlarged since the publication of the correspondence of the 'American tradesman,' and of the several physical essays and humorous compositions which are brought to light in the present volume.

Mr. Temple Franklin has excluded from it the more extended tracts of his grandsire, such as the *Historical Review*, and the admirable *Canada Pamphlet*, as well as most of the papers on electricity, with which editions and translations, without number, had

rendered all the nations of Europe familiar. Some few of the less bulky productions are also omitted, among these, we particularly regret the historical dissertation on the *Liberty of the Press*, and the short essay on *Government*, to be found in the fourth volume of the American edition. The principles which they so cogently and elegantly teach, were not, we presume, in unison with those of the grandison. On the whole, however, his selection is abundant, filling about five hundred and fifty close quarto pages, and may be said to constitute a proud monument for America, while it supplies a source of the richest entertainment, and most varied instruction for all the world. The mechanical execution, the paper and type, are creditable. We sincerely wish we could say as much for the volumes of the American editor.

In noticing the contents of this selection more particularly, we shall take them, for the most part, in the order in which we find them placed.

The celebrated 'Albany papers,' form the first article, and are followed by the correspondence with governor Shirley, which grew out of the British correlate of Franklin's plan of union. We have already spoken of the Albany papers in our review of the *Memoirs of his Life*. The letters to governor Shirley, bearing date in the year 1754, combat the idea then suggested by the British ministry, of *a tax to be laid on the colonies by act of parliament*, and announce prophetically, the consequences of the attempt. These are documents which will be always consulted with interest by the historian, and can never be read without admiration of the sagacity, spirit, and patriotism of the author.

The paper next introduced is 'the plan for settling two western colonies in North America,' communicated by Franklin, in the same year, 1754,—to governor Pownall, and submitted by the latter, with a similar one of his own, to the British ministry. The American patriot long cherished the scheme of engaging the British government in the formation of colonies on the Ohio, with a view to prevent the growth of the French power in that quarter, to protect the interior frontiers of the adjoining colonies, and to accelerate splendid destinies which he distinctly foresaw. In the beginning of this paper, he writes thus: 'The great country back of the Appalachian mountains, on both sides of the Ohio, and between that river and the lakes, is now well known to be one of the finest in North America, for the extreme richness and fertility of the land, the mildness of the climate, &c. From its natural advantages, it must undoubtedly (perhaps in less than another century) become a populous and powerful dominion.' He then proposes that 'two charters be granted, each for some considerable part of the lands west of Pennsylvania and the Virginian mountains, to a number of the nobility and gentry of Britain, with such Americans as shall join them in contributing to the settlement of those lands, &c.' Associations were afterwards formed in America and England, for the purpose of obtaining such grants, and Franklin connected himself

with one of them, consisting of Thomas Walpole, an eminent banker of London, John Sargent, and Samuel Wharton, of Philadelphia, and many men of considerable fortune. They presented a memorial concerning their object to the privy council, by whom it was referred to the board of trade. The board made an unfavourable report on the petition, contrary to the anticipations of Franklin, whose plan for the new colonies when suggested in 1760, to lord Halifax, who then presided over that branch of administration, had received the highest encouragement. Franklin wrote, and adduced in the name of the association, a full, argumentative answer, from which we extract the following passage, to show the nature of the petition: ‘Consistent with our knowledge, no more than one proposition for the settlement of a part of the lands in question, has been presented to government, and that was from Dr. Lee, thirty-two other Americans, and two Londoners, in the year 1768, praying that his majesty would *grant* to them without *any purchase money*, 2,500,000 acres of land *in one or more surveys*, to be located between the 38th and 42d degrees of latitude, over the Alleghany mountains, and on condition of their possessing these lands twelve years without *the payment of any quit-rent*, (the same not to begin until the whole 2,500,000 were surveyed) and that they should be obliged to settle only 200 *families in 12 years*. But Dr. Lee and his associates did not propose, *as we do*, either to purchase the lands, or to pay the quit-rents to his majesty, neat and clear of all deductions, or to be at the whole expense of establishing and maintaining the civil government of the country.’

The report of the board of trade, and the reply of Franklin, being voluminous, do not make part of the present quarto, but they have been repeatedly published, and are inserted in the fourth volume of the American edition of his Works. In the note attached to them, they are said, with great truth, to be intimately connected with our national history, and the answer of Franklin is properly described as ‘highly interesting for the variety, extent, and exactness of the information which it contains, and the foresight which discerned at so early a period, the resources and prospects of the western country—even the building and sailing of ships on the Ohio, and thence to the ocean.’ We read also the following remarks in a biographical sketch of the philosopher, given in a well-known British compilation of 1797.\* ‘The arguments and facts contained in the answer of Franklin were found to be so strong, and the deductions from them so forcible, that when the petition and the report were taken into consideration in the privy council, their lordships decided in favour of the petition. It was not often that the privy council decided against reports from the board of trade. Lord Hillsborough, who was at this time at the head of the board of trade, and consequently had a princi-

\* Biographical, Literary, and Political Anecdotes—by the author of Anecdotes of Lord Chatham. 3 vols. octavo. London, 1797.

pal share in drawing up the report, was so much offended by the decision of the privy council, that he resigned upon it. He resigned for that reason only.'

We mention this transaction with the more minuteness, because a northern reviewer,\* observing in Franklin's correspondence with his son, something said of an application to lord Hillsborough, in 1772, for a grant of 2,500,000 acres of land, and being strangely ignorant of our anti-revolutionary history, insists that it could be no other than 'a personal favour' which our philosopher was soliciting—a favour 'inconsistent with severe integrity and disinterested patriotism!' If the accuser had not been hoodwinked by prejudice, he would have seen, from the size of the grant, the extravagance of the odious imputation which he has hazarded. When the true nature of the case, and the great public ends which Franklin had in view, are considered, when it is recollected that the province of Pennsylvania, which he represented, took a deep concern in the petition, and was to be especially benefitted by its success, all the solemn moralizing of the critic on the occasion, must appear little less than preposterous. It is, too, notorious in the state of Pennsylvania, that motives of humanity and private friendship concurred in animating Franklin in this business. Some of the petitioners,—Sargent and Wharton among the number, had been plundered of goods to a vast amount, by the Indians and French, and the Indians had been brought to consent to a cession of land as a compensation, which could not, however, be made without the sanction of the British government. We find Franklin alluding to the circumstance, in his letter to his son, of March 13, 1768. 'I shall wait on lord Hillsborough again, next Wednesday, on behalf of the sufferers by Indian and French depredations, to have an allowance of lands out of any new grant made by the Indians, so long solicited, and (perhaps still to be solicited) in vain.' This passage might have led the reviewer to more charitable conclusions.

The remarks and facts relative to the 'American paper money,' which Franklin wrote in 1764, in answer to a report of the board of trade, against it, are inserted by his grandson, and may be still read with profit, after all the more recent and elaborate discussions of this branch of political economy. The fundamental principles are contained in his essay, and stated with the utmost clearness. For those who have attended to the *bullion controversy*, the following extract will have no small degree of interest:

'If the rising of the value of any particular commodity wanted for exportation, is to be considered as a depreciation of the values of *whatever remains* in the country, then the rising of silver above paper to that height of additional value, which its capability of exportation only gave it, may be called a depreciation of the paper.—Even here, as bullion has been wanted or not wanted for exportation, its price has varied from 5s. 2d. to 5s. 8d. per ounce. This is near 10

\* See North American Review—for September, 1818.

per cent. But was it ever said or thought on such an occasion, that all the bank bills, and all the coined silver, and all the gold in the kingdom, were depreciated 10 per cent.? Coined silver is now wanted here for change, and 1 per cent. is given for it by some bankers; are gold and bank notes therefore depreciated 1 per cent.?—The fact in the middle colonies is really this: on the emission of the first paper-money, a difference soon arose between that and the silver, the latter having a property the former had not, a property always in demand in the colonies; to wit, its being fit for a remittance. This property having soon found its value by the merchants bidding on one another for it, and a dollar thereby coming to be rated at 8s. in paper-money of New York, and 7s. 6d. in paper of Pennsylvania; it has continued uniformly at those rates in both provinces, now near forty years, without any variation upon new emissions, though in Pennsylvania the paper currency has at times increased from 15,000*l.* the first sum, to 600,000*l.* or near it. Nor has any alteration been occasioned by the paper money, in the price of the necessaries of life, when compared with silver; they have been for the greatest part of the time no higher than before it was emitted, varying only by plenty and scarcity according to the seasons, or by a less or greater foreign demand. It has indeed been usual with the adversaries of a paper currency, to call every rise of exchange with London, a depreciation of this paper: but this notion appears to be by no means just. For if the paper purchases every thing but bills of exchange at the former rate, and these bills are not above one tenth of what is employed [in] purchases, then it may be more properly and truly said, that the exchange has risen, than that the paper has depreciated. And as a proof of this, it is a certain fact, that whenever in those colonies bills of exchange have been dearer, the purchaser has been constantly obliged to give more in silver as well as in paper for them, the silver having gone hand in hand with the paper at the rate above mentioned, and therefore it might as well have been said that the silver was depreciated.'

The Boston resolutions respecting manufactures, of October, 1767, which Franklin has, so unjustly, been accused of endeavouring to bring into contempt, are powerfully and cordially vindicated in the article which he published in one of the London gazettes, in 1768, under the title of 'Causes of the American discontents, before 1768.' His enumeration, in this paper, of the commercial restraints imposed upon the colonies, and sundry other grievances, is curious in a historical point of view, as illustrative of the fallacy of the opinion often proclaimed, that we struggled in our revolution, not against any positive oppression, but merely against a degrading and menacing theory. His answer of 1769, to 'Queries from Mr. Strahan, which were dictated by the British minister, is the complement of the article just mentioned. It denies broadly that *any* act of parliament should *of right*, operate in the colonies. 'At present,' said the courageous patriot, 'the colonies consent and submit to the supremacy of the British legislature, for the regulations of general commerce, but a submission to acts of parliament was no part of their original constitution. All the laws that have been made by parliament for raising a revenue in America, should

be repealed. The honour and dignity of the British legislature will not be hurt by such an act of justice and wisdom. It is the persisting in an error, not the correcting it, that lessens the honour of any man or any body of men. By the present course, the supremacy of the legislature will be disputed and *lost in the dispute*.

The Remarks on 'Pownall's Constitution of the Colonies,' and the 'Preface to the Votes and Proceedings of the Town of Boston, of 1773,' are in the same spirit, and in a tone still more irritating for the British cabinet. The piece which immediately follows, in the arrangement of the editor—'Rules for reducing a great empire to a small one,' printed in London in the beginning of 1774, has a cumulative merit as a satire, an historical induction, and a national defence, which ranks it with the most distinguished of the compositions devoted to the same cause. We know of nothing within so small a compass, superior, we might say, comparable, to it, in the writings of any satirist, whether on the score of wit, pungency, or neatness of execution. It argues the utmost intrepidity on the part of the author; and, indeed, if we look to the tenor of his previous publications in London, as early as 1768, to say nothing of his examination before the house of commons—we shall find what entirely falsifies, and renders in some degree monstrous, the charge which has been preferred against him of an undue complaisance to the ministry. His Boston accuser, in endeavouring to support this charge by passages of one of his confidential letters to his son, in which he relates his civil replies to some unmeaning suggestions of the duke of Grafton and lord North, about giving him a good place in England, has cautiously abstained from producing the concluding phrase of the letter—'I am grown so old as to feel much less than formerly the spur of ambition, and if it were not for the flattering expectation, that by being fixed here *I might more effectually serve my country*, I should certainly determine for retirement, without a moment's hesitation.'

The plan of 'an act for preventing the emigration of Englishmen to America,' having been offered in one of the London newspapers, Franklin, whose Americanism was always on the alert, wrote an elaborate essay to discourage the proposed act. The essay is inserted in the first section of this volume, and is remarkable for its general doctrines on the subject of colonization and population. The following passage may serve as a specimen, and will be found to contain the principle upon which Malthus has built his celebrated theory:

'If any country has more people than can be comfortably subsisted in it, some of those who are incommoded may be induced to emigrate. As long as the new situation shall be *far* preferable to the old, the emigration may possibly continue. But when many of those who at home interfered with others of the same rank, (in the competition for farms, shops, business, offices, and other means of subsistence) are gradually withdrawn, the inconvenience of that competition ceases; the number remaining no longer half starve each other; they find they can now



subsist comfortably, and though perhaps not quite so well as those who have left them, yet the inbred attachment to a native country is sufficient to overbalance a moderate difference; and thus the emigration ceases naturally. The waters of the ocean may move in currents from one quarter of the globe to another, as they happen in some places to be accumulated and in others diminished; but no law beyond the law of gravity, is necessary to prevent their abandoning any coast entirely. Thus the different degrees of happiness of different countries and situations, find, or rather make their level by the flowing of people from one to another, and where that level is once found, the removals cease. Add to this, that even a real deficiency of people in any country, occasioned by a wasting war or pestilence, is speedily supplied, by earlier and more prolific marriages, encouraged by the greater facility of obtaining the means of subsistence. So that a country half depopulated would soon be repeopled, till the means of subsistence were equalled by the population. All increase beyond that point, must perish or flow off into more favourable situations. Such overflowings there have been of mankind in all ages, or we should not now have had so many nations. But to apprehend absolute depopulation from that cause, and call for a law to prevent it, is calling for a law to stop the Thames, lest its waters, by what leave it daily at Gravesend, should be quite exhausted.'

The second division of the Selection, headed 'American Politics subsequent to 1776,' presents, among several valuable papers, one entitled *the Retort Courteous*, and intended as a defence of the States against the imputation of not paying their debts to English merchants. It is not contained in the American edition of Franklin's works, but is worthy of a conspicuous place among them, for the dexterity and vivacity with which the object is pursued. The drift of it may be more distinctly understood from the concluding phrases: 'If I have shewn clearly that the present inability of many American merchants to discharge their debts contracted before the war, is not so much their fault as the fault of the crediting nation, who by making an unjust war on them, obstructing their commerce, plundering and devastating their country, were the cause of that inability, I have answered the purpose of writing this paper. How far the refusal of the British court to execute the treaty in delivering up the frontier posts, may on account of that deficiency of payment be justifiable, is cheerfully submitted to the world's impartial judgment.' We shall make an additional extract to serve as a sample of the general complexion of the piece—reminding the reader that it was written when the author had nearly reached his 80th year.

'Many of the British debts, particularly in Virginia and the Carolinas, arose from the sales made of negroes in those provinces by the British Guinea merchants. These, with all before in the country, were employed when the war came on, in raising tobacco and rice for remittance in payment of British debts. An order arrives from England, advised by one of their most celebrated moralists, Doctor Johnson, in his *Taxation no Tyranny*, to excite these slaves to rise, cut the throats of their purchasers, and resort to the British army, where they should be rewarded with freedom. This was done, and the planters were

thus deprived of near 30,000 of their working people. Yet the demand for those sold and unpaid still exists; and the cry continues against the Virginians and Carolinians, that *they do not pay their debts!*

Virginia suffered great loss in this kind of property, by another ingenious and humane British invention. Having the small pox in their army while in that country, they inoculated some of the negroes they took as prisoners belonging to a number of plantations, and then let them escape, or sent them covered with the pock to mix with and spread the distemper among the others of their colour; as well as among the white country people, which occasioned a great mortality of both; and certainly did not contribute to the enabling debtors in making payment. The war too having put a stop to the exportation of tobacco, there was a great accumulation of several years produce in all the public inspecting warehouses and private stores of the planters. Arnold, Philips, and Cornwallis with British troops, then entered and over-ran the country, burnt all the inspecting and other stores of tobacco, to the amount of some hundred shiploads; all which might on the return of peace, if it had not been thus wantonly destroyed, have been remitted to British creditors. But *these d—d Virginians, why don't they pay their debts?*

Under the head of 'General Politics and Commerce,' Mr. T. Franklin has embraced all the writings of his grandsire which relate to trade and manufactures, and has furnished some interesting essays omitted in the American edition of the works.—We shall not stop to illustrate our philosopher's wonderful intuition, as we may call it, in respect to the true principles of political economy. The sagacity of his reasonings and the soundness of his conclusions in this department of knowledge, are not to be traced to the study of books or the collation of theories, but to his own enlarged and penetrating observation, sharpened by his perpetual anxiety to improve the condition of his species. It is indisputable, that he displayed the capacity to reach the highest eminence as an Economist, and that his productions, as such, may be still consulted with great advantage. We have, in this section, a series of shrewd and pleasant remarks, which he wrote with a pencil, on the margin of a report of judge Foster in favour of the right of impressing seamen in England. Franklin dissents strongly from the judge, and will admit neither the necessity nor legality of the practice. One of his notes may suffice to convey an idea of the manner in which he meets the reasonings of the advocate. When the latter observes, 'that the restraint upon natural liberty, implied in the system of impressment, cannot be complained of otherwise than as a *private mischief*, which *must* be submitted to for avoiding a public inconvenience,' Franklin replies as follows:

'I do not see the propriety of this *must*. The private mischief is the loss of liberty and hazard of life, with only half wages to a great number of honest men. The public inconvenience is merely a higher rate of seamen's wages. He who thinks such private injustice *must* be done to avoid public inconvenience, may understand *law*, but seems imperfect in his knowledge of *equity*. Let us apply this author's doctrine to his own case. It is for the public service that courts should be had

and judges appointed to administer the laws. The judges should be bred to the law and skilled in it, but their great salaries are a *public inconvenience*. To remove the inconvenience, let press-warrants issue to arrest and apprehend the best lawyers, and to compel them to serve as judges for half the money they would have made at the bar. Then tell them, that though this is to them a private mischief, it *must* be submitted to for avoiding a *public inconvenience*. Would the learned judge approve such use of his doctrine?"

We were glad to find in this volume, the letter, dated in 1785, to Benjamin Vaughan, Esq. on the practice of privateering, to which place is given in the 4th volume of the American edition of the works, and which we could wish to see republished every month in our newspapers. We shall proceed to copy some of the sentiments of the letter, and in so doing, beg it may be noted, that they come from a man not at all addicted to rhetorical exaggeration, never exceeded in love of country, profoundly acquainted with human nature, and who was always far from being disposed to put harsh constructions upon human conduct.

'*Piraterie*, as the French call it, or privateering, is the universal bent of the English nation, at home and abroad, wherever settled. No less than seven hundred privateers were, it is said, commissioned in the last war! These were fitted out by merchants, to prey upon other merchants, who had never done them any injury. Is there probably any one of those privateering merchants of London, who were so ready to rob the merchants of Amsterdam, that would not as readily plunder another London merchant of the next street, if he could do it with the same impunity? The avidity, the *alieni appetens*, is the same; it is the fear alone of the gallows that makes the difference. How then can a nation, which among the honestest of its people, has so many thieves by inclination, and whose government encouraged and commissioned no less than seven hundred gangs of robbers; how can such a nation have the face to condemn the crime in individuals, and hang up twenty of them in a morning? It naturally puts one in mind of a Newgate anecdote:—One of the prisoners complained, that in the night somebody had taken his buckles out of his shoes;—'What the devil!' says another, 'have we then *thieves* among us? It must not be suffered; let us search out the rogue, and pump him to death.'

'Methinks it well behoves merchants (men more enlightened by their education, and perfectly free from any such force or obligation) to consider well of the justice of a war, before they voluntarily engage a gang of ruffians to attack their fellow-merchants of a neighbouring nation, to plunder them of their property, and perhaps ruin them and their families, if they yield it; or to wound, maim, or murder them, if they endeavour to defend it. Yet these things are done by christian merchants, whether a war be just or unjust; and it can hardly be just on both sides. They are done by English and American merchants, who, nevertheless, complain of private theft, and hang by dozens the thieves they have taught by their own example.'

Part 3d of this selection bears the comprehensive title of 'Miscellanies,' and occupies nearly a third of the whole volume. It is a rich and entertaining medley, of which some of the ingredients

are new, and these of the finest gusto. The editor has set first in order the 'Articles of belief and Acts of religion,' to which Franklin refers in the continuation of his memoirs. There was already before the world superabundant evidence of the truth of the assertion frequently made, that our illustrious philosopher was a man of fervent and habitual piety: But we rejoice particularly at the divul-gation of these 'acts of religion,' as they show not only how deeply, but how early the great truths of theology were engraven on his heart. They were written, it would seem, when he was only twenty-two years of age, and intended as private devotional exercises. We believe it would be difficult to find another instance of a man so young, unconnected with any sect, engaged in mechanical labours, amid the turmoil of a trading community, pressed by the heaviest cares—yet retiring within himself to contemplations of the holiest cast, conceiving, under their most imposing and beautiful aspects, and adoring in secret, with the lowest humility, the power, wisdom, and goodness of God; earnestly deducing from them the ends and obligations of the human being, and framing accordingly formules of prayer and thanksgiving. The paper in question, presents Franklin thus employed, with nothing of the spirit of fanaticism, or juvenile inconstancy, but with a thoughtful and fixed enthusiasm, accompanied by the most cheerful views and generous affections. That our readers may partake of the edification which it has afforded us, and appreciate his natural feelings, we shall, without fear of startling them by the solemnity of the subject, transcribe that one of the 'acts,' which he calls his 'petition.'

'PREL. Inasmuch as by reason of our ignorance we cannot be certain that many things which we often hear mentioned in the petitions of men to the Deity, would prove real goods if they were in ~~our~~ possession, and as I have reason to hope and believe that the goodness of my heavenly Father will not withhold from me a suitable share of temporal blessings, if by a virtuous and holy life I conciliate his favour and kindness: therefore I presume not to ask such things; but rather humbly, and with a sincere heart, express my earnest desire that he would graciously assist my continual endeavours and resolutions of eschewing vice and embracing virtue; which kind of supplications will at the same time remind me in a solemn manner of my extensive duty.

That I may be preserved from atheism, impiety, and profaneness; and in my addresses to Thee carefully avoid irreverence and ostentation, formality and odious hypocrisy,—Help me, O Father!

'That I may be loyal to my prince, and faithful to my country, careful for its good, valiant in its defence, and obedient to its laws, abhorring treason as much as tyranny,—Help me, O Father!

'That I may to those above me be dutiful, humble and submissive; avoiding pride, disrespect, and contumacy,—Help me, O Father!

'That I may to those below me be gracious, condescending, and forgiving, using clemency, protecting innocent distress, avoiding cruelty, harshness, and oppression, insolence and unreasonable severity,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may refrain from calumny and detraction, that I may abhor and avoid deceit and envy, fraud, flattery and hatred, malice, lying, and ingratitude,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may be sincere in friendship, faithful in trust, and impartial in judgment, watchful against pride, and against anger (that momentary madness,)—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may be just in all my dealings, temperate in my pleasures, full of candour and ingenuousness, humanity and benevolence,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may be grateful to my benefactors, and generous to my friends, exercising charity and liberality to the poor, and pity to the miserable,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may possess integrity and evenness of mind, resolution in difficulties, and fortitude under affliction; that I may be punctual in performing my promises, peaceable and prudent in my behaviour,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may have tenderness for the weak, and reverent respect for the ancient; that I may be kind to my neighbours, good-natured to my companions, and hospitable to strangers,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may be averse to craft and over-reaching, abhor extortion, perjury, and every kind of wickedness,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may be honest and open-hearted, gentle, merciful, and good, cheerful in spirit, rejoicing in the good of others,—Help me, O Father!

‘ That I may have a constant regard to honour and probity, that I may possess a perfect innocence and a good conscience, and at length become truly virtuous and magnanimous,—Help me, good God: Help me, O Father!

‘ And, forasmuch as ingratitude is one of the most odious of vices, let me not be unmindful gratefully to acknowledge the favours I receive from heaven.’

After the papers on ‘ religious subjects,’ our editor has brought forward the essays of the ‘ Busy-Body,’ which Franklin gave to a Philadelphia newspaper in 1728—9. The youth of the writer is not betrayed in any part of them. The style is that of a practised hand; the train of ideas would imply a mature understanding; the humour is characteristic, and we may add, the morality too, which we must be permitted to illustrate by a single passage.

‘ Almost every man has a strong natural desire of being valued and esteemed by the rest of his species, but I am concerned and grieved to see how few fall into the right and only infallible method of becoming so. That laudable ambition is too commonly misapplied, and often ill employed. Some, to make themselves considerable, pursue learning; others grasp at wealth; some aim at being thought witty; and others are only careful to make the most of a handsome person; but what is wit, or wealth, or form, or learning, when compared with virtue? It is true, we love the handsome, we applaud the learned, and we fear the rich and powerful; but we even worship and adore the virtuous. Nor is it strange; since men of virtue are so rare, so very rare to be found. If we were as industrious to become good as to make ourselves great, we should become really great by being good, and the number of valuable men would be much increased; but it is a grand mistake to think of being great without goodness; and I pronounce it as certain, that

there was never yet a truly great man, that was not at the same time truly virtuous.'

These essays of the 'Busy-Body,' would be, perhaps, sufficient of themselves to refute the idea thrown out in some of the English journals, that Franklin, as a writer, was formed in Europe. His later productions of the interval between their date and his embarkation on his first mission to England in 1757, must, however, be deemed conclusive on the point, when they are fairly estimated. We might content ourselves with appealing merely to the historical dissertation on the Liberty of the Press, published in 1737, and which we have already mentioned. Let the following extract from it, be taken as a sample of his diction and literary character at the age of thirty-one:

'King Charles II. aimed at the subversion of the government, but concealed his designs under a deep hypocrisy: a method which his predecessor, in the beginning of his reign, scorned to make use of. The father, who affected a high and rigid gravity, discountenanced all bare-faced immorality. The son, of a gay luxurious disposition, openly encouraged it; thus their inclinations being different, the restraint laid on some authors, and the encouragement given to others, were managed after a different manner.

'In this reign a licenser was appointed for the stage and the press; no plays were encouraged but what had a tendency to debase the minds of the people. The original design of comedy was perverted; it appeared in all the shocking circumstances of immodest *double entrées*, obscene description, and lewd representation. Religion was sneered out of countenance, and public spirit ridiculed as an awkward old fashioned virtue; the fine gentleman of the comedy, though embroidered all over with wit, was a consummate debauchee; and a fine lady, though set off with a brilliant imagination, was an impudent coquette. Satire, which in the hands of *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Boileau*, was pointed with a generous resentment against vice, now became the declared foe of virtue and innocence. As the city of London in all ages, as well as the time we are speaking of, was remarkable for its opposition to arbitrary power, the poets levelled all their artillery against the metropolis, in order to bring the citizens into contempt: an alderman was never introduced on the theatre, but under the complicated character of a sneaking, cunning hypocrite; a miser and a cuckold; while the court-wits, with impunity libelled the most valuable part of the nation. Other writers, of a different stamp, with great learning and gravity, endeavoured to prove to the English people, that slavery was *jure divino*. Thus the stage and the press under the direction of a licenser, became battering engines against religion, virtue and liberty. Those who had courage enough to write in their defence, were stigmatized as schismatics, and punished as disturbers of the government.

'But when the embargo on wit was taken off, *Mr. Richard Steele* and *Mr. Addison* soon rescued the stage from the load of impurity it laboured under; with an imitable address, they strongly recommended to our imitation the most amiable, rational, manly characters, and this with so much success, that I cannot suppose there is any reader to-day conversant in the writings of those gentlemen, that can taste with any tolerable relish the comedies of the once admired *Shadwell*. Vice was



obliged to retire and give place to virtue: this will always be the consequence when truth has fair play: falsehood only dreads the attack, and cries out for auxiliaries: truth never fears the encounter: she scorns the aid of the secular arm, and triumphs by her natural strength.'

As we look further on in the department of 'Miscellanies,' our eye is caught by the beautiful essay *on True Happiness*, which the Philadelphia editor has carelessly printed twice, at the distance of a few pages only, in his fourth volume. How excellent in the doctrine and noble in the expression, are not the ensuing paragraphs, and who, after reading them, will venture to reproach the author on the score of his religion?

'The passions, by being too much conversant with earthly objects, can never fix in us a proper composure and acquiescence of mind.—Nothing but an indifference to the things of this world, an entire submission to the will of Providence here, and a well-grounded expectation of happiness hereafter, can give us a true satisfactory enjoyment of ourselves. Virtue is the best guard against the many unavoidable evils incident to us; nothing better alleviates the weight of the afflictions, or gives a truer relish of the blessings of human life.

'What is without us has not the least connexion with happiness, only so far as the preservation of our lives and health depends upon it. Health of body, though so far necessary that we cannot be perfectly happy without it, is not sufficient to make us happy of itself. Happiness springs immediately from the mind; health is but to be considered as a candidate or circumstance, without which this happiness cannot be tasted pure and unabated.

'Virtue is the best preservative of health, as it prescribes temperance, and such a regulation of our passions as is most conducive to the well-being of the animal economy, so that it is, at the same time, the only true happiness of the mind and the best means of preserving the health of the body.

'If our desires are to the things of this world, they are never to be satisfied: if our great view is upon those of the next, the expectation of them is an infinitely higher satisfaction than the enjoyment of those of the present.

'There is no happiness, then, but in a virtuous and self-approving conduct; unless our actions will bear the test of our sober judgments, and reflections upon them, they are not the actions, and consequently, not the happiness of a rational being.'

We pass over the inimitable 'Way to Wealth,' the instructive 'remarks concerning the savages of North America,' and other compositions long familiar to the public, to reach a paper, which we do not recollect to have seen before. It is dated in September 1789; about seven months anterior to Franklin's decease, and may suit the present times, we think, nearly as well as those for which it was written. Of this applicability our readers will judge, by the first half of it, which we proceed to copy.

'*An account of the supreme court of judicature in Pennsylvania viz. the Court of the Press.*—POWER OF THIS COURT.—It may receive and promulgate accusations of all kinds, against all persons and characters among the citizens of the state, and even against all inferior

courts; and may judge, sentence, and condemn to infamy, not only private individuals, but public bodies, &c. with or without inquiry or hearing, *at the court's discretion.*

*'In whose favour and for whose emolument this court is established.—* In favour of about one citizen in five hundred, who, by education or practice in scribbling, has acquired a tolerable style as to grammar and construction, so as to bear printing; or who is possessed of a press and a few types. This five hundredth part of the citizens have the privilege of accusing and abusing the other four hundred and ninety-nine parts at their pleasure; or they may hire out their pens and press to others for that purpose.

*'Practice of the Court.—*It is not governed by any of the rules of common courts of law. The accused is allowed no grand jury to judge of the truth of the accusation before it is publicly made, nor is the name of the accuser made known to him, nor has he an opportunity of confronting the witnesses against him; for they are kept in the dark, as in the Spanish court of inquisition. Nor is there any petty jury of his peers sworn to try the truth of the charges. The proceedings are also sometimes so rapid, that an honest good citizen may find himself suddenly and unexpectedly accused, and in the same morning judged and condemned, and sentence pronounced against him, that he is a *rogue* and a *villain*. Yet, if an officer of this court receives the slightest check for misconduct in this his office, he claims immediately the rights of a free citizen by the constitution, and demands to know his accuser, to confront the witnesses, and to have a fair trial by a jury of his peers.

*'By whom this court is commissioned or constituted.—*It is not by any commission from the supreme executive council, who might previously judge of the abilities, integrity, knowledge, &c. of the persons to be appointed to this great trust, of deciding upon the characters and good fame of the citizens; for this court is above that council, and may accuse, judge, and condemn it, at pleasure. Nor is it hereditary, as in the court of *dernier resort*, in the peerage of England. But any man who can procure pen, ink, and paper, with a press, a few types, and a huge pair of BLACKING balls, may commissionate himself; and his court is immediately established in the plenary possession and exercise of its rights. For if you make the least complaint of the *judge's* conduct, he daubs his blacking balls in your face wherever he meets you; and besides tearing your private character to flitters, marks you out for the odium of the public, as an *enemy to the liberty of the press.*'

The third section of the department of Miscellanies, is headed *Bagatelles*, and we are told in a brief preamble of the editor, that the articles contained in this section were chiefly written by Franklin for the amusement of his intimate society of London and Paris, and 'were by himself collected in a small port-folio, endorsed as above.' The collection embraced some few inedited pieces, which, with two or three exceptions, are worthy of an association with such charming effusions as the visit to the Elysian fields, addressed to Me. Helvetius, the 'Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout,' and others which had already found their way into the public prints. This true philosopher had the art and almost always the design, of couching a profound moral, in what he thus chose to designate as trifles: he could convey the most striking

lessons under the forms of the lightest pleasantry. He delighted in allegories and apologues of a jocular cast, not more from the natural hilarity of his temper, than on account of the greater facility which they afforded him of fixing the attention of mankind upon liberal principles and prudential maxims. We observe a short tale among the *bagatelles* which we shall quote by way of illustrating his benevolent policy, as well as the subtlety of his wit. The doctrine implied in what follows, may appear to be somewhat too latitudinarian, but Franklin was as ardent as he was generous in his zeal for toleration, and anxiously alive to the tendencies of the opposite system.

‘*A Tale.*—An officer named Montresor, a worthy man, was very ill. The curate of his parish, thinking him likely to die, advised him to make his peace with God, that he might be received into Paradise. ‘I have not much uneasiness on the subject,’ said Montresor, ‘for I had a vision last night which has perfectly tranquilised my mind.’—‘What vision have you had?’ said the good priest. ‘I was,’ replied Montresor, ‘at the gate of Paradise, with a crowd of people who wished to enter, and St. Peter inquired of every one what religion he was of? One answered, I am a Roman Catholic;—Well, said St. Peter, enter and take your place there among the *Catholics*. Another said he was of the Church of England;—Well, said the Saint, enter and place yourself there among the *Anglicans*. A third said he was a Quaker;—Enter, said St. Peter, and take your place among the *Quakers*. At length, my turn being come, he asked me of what religion I was? Alas, said I, poor Jacques Montresor has none. ‘Tis pity, said the Saint; I know not where to place you, but *enter nevertheless, and place yourself where you can.*’

Some of the compositions in this section are printed, as they were originally written, in French, and show that Franklin had learned to wield that language with as much ease and almost as much power, as his own. The most considerable of them is a burlesque, which fills several pages, entitled ‘An humble petition preferred to Madame Helvetius, by her cats,’ on the occasion of an order issued by the good lady, to drown her whole retinue of Grimalkins, for various instinctive depredations. Her old friend gives a loose to his playful humour, and amuses himself with a series of sarcastic allusions to the affairs of her household, and the peculiarities of her literary circle. He rallies her upon her general ignorance, her bad orthography, and her wretched penmanship, mixing with his jests the most delicate and ingenious compliments. We shall not attempt to make any extracts from this performance, because it would be necessary to accompany them with explanations, of which our limits do not allow. It must have given infinite pleasure to the parties for whom it was intended, and it stands a striking monument of that strong flow of spirits, that amiable gayety, the social exhilaration, which no employments however grave, no official cares, no weight of years, nor decrepitude of body, could in the slightest degree affect.

The papers on subjects of no IV. of this volume is devoted, of its pages. Most of them, as of novelty, besides the interest & tions of a first-rate discoverer, should be carried too far, if we contents, or to particularize the men and of general readers, w of 'notes and hints for a paper which appear to us to be hi lively regret that the paper w

In turning over the leaves a passage in one of his com he seems to have written with experience. It is as follows:

'I have now before me your February 7, April 7, May 23, by the first, that you enjoyed leisure to pursue your philosophical success which so in making experiments, have mediate pleasure by that, for the present the reputation a quantity as possible, mix think that a man so labouring creatures, could not possess but there are minds who himself even by greater nor any thing in return but will endeavour to deprive experiments, then their dispute his right to them that lived three thousand years, rather than to a and never be discouraged before you, and will afterwards say, it is worth while to in the reflection.'

Our philosopher was progress of human knowledge no man flatter the age of discoveries.' When being exclaimed in his presence asked in his turn: 'And There is a letter in this loons, from which it is to interest in the invention. If his fancy works too it is at the instigation of as you observe, to be a disc-

may, possibly, give a new turn to human affairs. Convincing sovereigns of the folly of wars may, perhaps, be one effect of it. Since it will be impracticable for the most potent of them to guard his dominions. Five thousand balloons capable of raising two men each, could not cost more than five ships of the line: and where is the prince who can afford so to cover his country with troops for its defence, as that ten thousand men descending from the clouds, might not in many places do an infinite deal of mischief, before a force could be brought together to repel them?"

The portion of these philosophical papers, hitherto unknown, recalls forcibly the remarks of professor Playfair, concerning the others. 'The most ingenious and profound explanations are suggested, as if they were the most natural and obvious way of accounting for the phenomena; the author seems to value himself so little on them, that it is necessary to compare him with others, before we can form a just notion of his merits.' Not the slightest indication of self-importance is to be detected in his most lofty and original speculations: even his 'grand results respecting the cause of lightning,' as they are styled by sir Humphrey Davy seem to have touched him only in their relation to the welfare of mankind. Had he descried the great field of discovery to which they called the attention of the philosophers of Europe—had he foreseen the advances which science is making by means of the voltaic apparatus—the theory of whose operation is founded, says the eminent chemist just mentioned, on the Franklinian idea of an electrical fluid, for which certain bodies have stronger attractions than others—we should have had no airs of self-complacency; we should have heard from him as in the case of his immediate successes—disinterested rejoicings in the increase of human knowledge, and unaffected expressions of humility at the comparative insignificance of its amount.

It is observed by Playfair, that Franklin's remarks on fire-places and smoky chimnies, are infinitely more original, concise, and scientific, than those of count Rumford. When the two names are brought together, we are led to the reflection, that our country may claim the merit of having produced the philosophers who most systematically and successfully applied physical science to the common wants and purposes of life.

The philosophical theories of Franklin; for instance, those of the earth, of light and heat—and all his conjectures in physics, bespeak an imagination of the greatest vigour and vivacity. One just rising from the perusal of the whole selection under review, fresh from the delightful fictions and ingenious illustrations, the novel turns of thought and diction with which it abounds, will allow him scarcely less of fancy than of acuteness and judgment.

We shall not dilate upon the unequalled perspicuity, the 'quick and poignant brevity,' the unremitting vividness, and rich variety of his style, about which so much has been said, with such warmth

of panegyric, by the European critics. The reproach of vulgarity thrown out against it by some of them, appears to us, we must confess, to have little foundation; not more, certainly, than exists for a similar one against almost any English writer equally voluminous. Coarse terms occur indeed, from time to time, in his practical and familiar compositions; but only, we are inclined to think, when they are indispensable, or best adapted for the occasion. The great English writers of the reign of queen Anne, have sinned against delicacy in language in a thousand instances; to one that can be proved upon the 'American tradesman;' and if we took an example among the more modern authors of celebrity, say Mr. Burk or the magnates of the Edinburgh Review, our countryman could but gain by the comparison. Franklin is eminently a moral writer, in every sense of the phrase; he indulged in no allusions or imagery, fitted to inflame and vitiate the imagination; we question whether he any where falls into grossness of expression, without having it at the same time directly in view to recommend purity of conduct.

There is a striking, perhaps exclusive distinction, which may be claimed for his writings considered as models of literary excellence—it is that this excellence though the effect of early preparation of the most laborious sort, was not immediately intentional; in no one of them, does he appear to have aimed at displaying his powers or acquiring literary fame: We are justified in supposing that he would willingly, like Socrates, have confined himself to oral discussion and exhortation, had his ends of business or philanthropy been attainable in this course. In an English journal, the Eclectic Review, we find him characterized in general, in a way which would suit him as an author specially. Franklin's predominant passion appears to have been love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*, the supremely fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not, perhaps, be extravagant to assert, he was in quest of every week or day for half a century, in whatever place, or study, or practical undertaking. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and in affairs of the most ambitious order this was still systematically his object. Whether in directing the construction of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles, or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end; the question with him being always, how to obtain the most of solid, tangible advantage by the plainest and easiest means.'

The paper respecting a plan of studies for the University of Pennsylvania, dated in the year 1789, and extant in the present volume, shews that this apostle of the useful, retained to the last, a keen solicitude for the proficiency of his countrymen in English composition. It evinces, also, how great was the variety, and refined the choice of his reading; how carefully he had investigated and practised the best modes of forming an elegant style. His writings generally afford ample proof that he had an intimate



acquaintance with the classical authors of his own tongue, and had accomplished himself in all the higher branches of an English education. His frequent and happy references to history, both ancient and modern, imply a minute knowledge of it, drawn from the best sources. It is evident also, that he was familiar with the philosophical doctrines of antiquity, and versed in the Latin language. His scholarship was not indeed, profound or critical; but he had, probably, more than is commonly imagined, and enough for his purposes.

The absence of all declamation, paradox and fine-spun, metaphysical morality—of heroics of whatever kind, from his writings, accords with his consummate character as a citizen and philosopher. Though he took the lead in a mighty revolution, there was nothing *revolutionary* in his temper or doctrines; he has left no line that gives the least countenance to anarchy, disorder, or any species of licentiousness. Nothing sets out in stronger relief the superiority of his understanding and the firmness of his principles, than his total exemption from the follies and weaknesses of the sect of politicians and philosophers, by whom he was surrounded, during his residence in France. His social, his political, his religious creed, remained the opposite of all that was preached by the oracles of the day. He returned to America without having admitted into his mind a single ray of the 'new-born light.' He lived long enough to hear of the first movements of the French revolution, and, as we are credibly informed, often expressed in conversation, serious alarms for the issue.—His letter to M. Le Roy, at Paris, of November 13, 1789, contains phrases which give an insight into his feelings and opinions on this subject. 'Tis now more than a year since I have heard from my dear friend Le Roy. What can be the reason? Are you still living? or have the mob of Paris mistaken the head of a monopoliser of knowledge, for that of a monopoliser of corn, and paraded it about the streets on a pole? Great part of the news we have had from Paris, for near a year past, has been very afflicting. I sincerely wish and pray it may all end well and happily both for the king and the nation. The voice of *philosophy*, I apprehend, can hardly be heard among those tumults.'

'He who gives glory to his country,' says an English orator, Mr. Wyndham, 'gives it that which is far more valuable to it than any acquisition whatever. Glory alone is not to be taken away by time or accident. It is that fine extract, that pure essence which endures to all ages, while the grosser parts, the residuum, may pass away and be lost in the course of time.' In this point of view thus exalted, above all others, in importance, Franklin was, if we except Washington, the greatest benefactor of America. He has won for her more and brighter trophies than any other of her sons. Europe has acquiesced, almost unanimously, in the pre-eminence of his genius, and virtue, and usefulness. To desecrate his name, would therefore, be to despoil

his country of some of her most precious honours; and the American who should attempt it, under whatever pretence, would be guilty of a sort of treason and sacrilege. We appeal, yet, to the voice of Europe, respecting Franklin, as to that of the proper tribunal, upon a principle conveyed in a passage of one of his letters of 1780, to Washington, which, for its sensibility and dignity, we delight in repeating:—'Should peace arrive, after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its most ancient and famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit.—Here you would know and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance.'

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**ART. IV.—History, Literature, Arts, and Sciences of the Moors in Spain.**

1. *A Concise History of the Moors in Spain, from their Invasion of that Kingdom to their final Expulsion from it.* By Thomas Bourke, Esq. 4to. London. 1811.
2. *The History of the Empire of the Mussulmans in Spain and Portugal; from the first Invasion of the Moors to their ultimate Expulsion from the Peninsula.* By George Power, Esq. 8vo. London. 1815.
3. *The History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain: containing a General History of the Arabs, their Institution, Conquests, Literature, Arts, Sciences, and Manners, to the Expulsion of the Moors. Designed as an Introduction to the Arabian Antiquities of Spain,* by James Cavanah Murphy, Architect. Royal 4to. London. 1816.
4. *The Arabian Antiquities of Spain.* By James Cavanah Murphy, Architect. Atlas folio. London. 1816.

[From the British Review.]

**T**HE rapid success with which the Arabic empire was established in Asia, Africa, and Europe, and the expansive power of Mohammed and his successors, form one of the most surprising and interesting events in the history of mankind. But although the progress of their eastern conquests has been frequently recorded, and is consequently well known, their successes in the west have been involved in comparative obscurity. The effects, indeed, which were produced by the Arabians while they held the sovereignty of Spain, have been sufficiently felt through Europe, to render their history an object of great interest and research. Excepting the few scattered facts related by Marmol, concerning their African conquests, our information respecting them was very unsatisfactory,

until M. Cardonne filled up their vacant annals by his entertaining *History of Africa and Spain under the Government of the Arabs*, compiled from Arabic Manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, as well as from Spanish Historians;\* and thus communicated to Europeans some idea of the conquests, power, literature, and arts, of that singular people. From this work, principally, it was, that Florian compiled the *Precis Historique sur les Maures*, prefixed to his romance of *Gonsalve de Cordoue*; an abridgment justly esteemed for its method, selection, and judgment.

Such are the materials for a history of the Moors in Spain which have hitherto been accessible to Europeans unskilled in Arabian literature; and of these materials the authors of the first two works which stand at the head of this article have liberally availed themselves. Mr. Bourke intimates, in his preface, that he has consulted Cardonne (whom, however, he does not once name or cite) in his well-written sketch; but our confidence in his statements is necessarily weakened by the total absence of references to authorities. We are, indeed, strongly induced to suspect, from a careful comparison of his volume with Florian's *Precis*, that Mr. Bourke is often as largely indebted to the latter author as to Cardonne.

Mr. Power's work, though designated by the high sounding appellation of a 'History of the Empire of the Mussulmans in Spain,' is in truth nothing more than a meagre, ill-digested, and indifferently written *sketch* avowedly compiled from the works of Cardonne, Florian, the Abbé de Marigny, and some Spanish authors.

In pursuing our inquiries into the Moorish empire in Spain, we took up the third article in our list, in the hope of obtaining some particulars more interesting and authentic respecting the dominion of the Moslem conquerors of that peninsula. The causes of the failures in preceding writers, who have attempted to illustrate this period of history, are perspicuously stated in the preface. 'Without the means of attaining to that primary and purest source of information which the records of the Arabs possess, they have, for the most part, successively followed each other in the same maze of fable and of error. The writings of the Arabs on this topic, it may be further remarked, are seldom to be met with, and the European readers of these writings are equally rare.' It might have been added, that the dryness and affectation of brevity peculiar to the historians of that nation, together with the peculiar nature of the oriental idiom, present obstacles which no common perseverance can overcome. 'For these reasons,' continues the author, 'it is hoped that the 'History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain,' which is either extracted immediately from the most approved Arabic historians, or is compiled, where these failed,

\* *Histoire de l'Afrique et de l'Espagne, sous la Domination des Arabes* 12mo. 3 tomes. Paris. 1765.

from other authorities best deserving of credit, will, on account of its authenticity, obtain a favourable reception.\*

Under these circumstances we must be severe critics indeed, if we were not to regard with some degree of complacency the work now under notice, even if it stood in need of our indulgence, which in truth it does not. It appears from the preface to this work, that the public are indebted for it to the researches of three individuals: the Introduction, which presents a concise account of 'the early history of the Arabs previously to their conquest of Spain, having been communicated by the acute and learned historian of ancient Greece.\* The first part, containing the political and military history of the Mahometan empire in Spain, together with a topographical account of Cordova, and the translation of the Arabic inscriptions in the Appendix, has been executed by professor Shakspear of the hon. East India Company's military seminary. The remainder of this part, comprising a topographical account of the principal seats of the Moorish empire in the peninsula, and the whole of the second part, which treats of the literature, sciences, arts, manufactures, and commerce, as well as of the civil and military institutions of the Arabs, were composed by Mr. Horne, sub-librarian of the Surry Institution. Of the authorities consulted by these authors it is but just to observe, that they have given ample and satisfactory accounts: and every page exhibits the reality and extent of their laborious inquiries. This volume is further illustrated by a neat and correctly engraved map, showing the principal conquests of the Arabs under the Khalifs or successors of Mohammed.

Last in order come the splendidly executed '*Arabian Antiquities of Spain*,' by Mr. Murphy, (to which the preceding work is designed as an introduction,) who is already advantageously known to the public as the author of a volume of '*Travels in Portugal*,' and some very elegant and correct architectural '*Plans of the Church of Batalha*,' in the same country, both of which were published many years before the commencement of our Review. As this work, from the interest of its subjects, as well as from the style of the engravings, has peculiar claims on the notice of our readers, we shall let the author speak for himself. 'The antiquities of the Spanish Arabs,' he observes, 'have for many ages continued unheeded or unknown. The annals of past centuries scarcely deign to mention them; and the descriptions of modern pens but imperfectly supply the place of the pencil.' Accurate delineations, so essential to render them intelligible, might have been expected from the enlightened natives of the peninsula, some of whose artists and antiquaries have vied with the most celebrated of other countries. After the lapse of many centuries, in consequence of the representations made by the learned Hoyer and Casiri, the royal academy of St. Ferdinand was commissioned by

\* Dr. Gillies.

the Spanish government to send two architects, under the direction of a captain of engineers, with instructions to make drawings of the Moorish palace of Alhamrā and of the mosque of Cordova. In the year 1780, after they had been thus employed for many years, the joint labours of the three academicians were published in a thin folio volume, intitled *Antiguedadas Arabes de Espana*, containing about sixteen plates of Arabic designs, together with a few pages of letter-press. Some of the inscriptions in this publication were translated by the accurate Casiri. 'Such,' Mr. Murphy indignantly remarks, 'was the greatest progress made to the end of the eighteenth century, in exploring the antiquities of the polished and enlightened people who occupied the peninsula during a period of nearly eight hundred years!'

The interesting but imperfect descriptions of Arabian art, exhibited in the volumes of some modern travellers as still existing in different parts of Spain, excited in Mr. Murphy an ardent desire to visit them. 'He accordingly embarked for that country and arrived at Cadiz in May, in the year 1802; whence he proceeded to Granada, through Lower Andalusia. The governor of the Alhamrā, desirous that the knowledge of its splendid architectural remains should be accurately transmitted to posterity, obligingly facilitated the author's access to that royal palace at all hours of the day, while he was employed in the agreeable task of measuring and delineating its interior works.' Equal facilities, it appears were offered at Cordova, the remains of whose celebrated mosque and bridge are delineated in the former part of Mr. Murphy's work. 'Seven years were unremittingly devoted to these delightful pursuits; and since the author's return to England in 1809, nearly seven years more have been wholly given to preparing for publication the present work.'

The high expectations which this statement is calculated to raise, we feel ourselves warranted in saying, are fully gratified by the execution of the work itself; which, in addition to singular delicacy in the style of finishing the engravings, presents a rare combination of accuracy and beauty in the original drawings. That our readers may be enabled to form a correct idea of the achievements of the Spanish Arabs, as well as of their high attainments in literature, and the arts and sciences, we shall pass quickly through Dr. Gillies' able introductory sketch of their oriental conquests, as containing a summary of events frequently recorded, and consequently well known; and, having rapidly traced the principal epochs in the history of the Moorish empire in Spain, we shall offer to our readers some account of the arts, sciences, and literature of the Spanish Arabs, of which we have such splendid specimens before us.

The Arabians having overrun Africa, and subjugated its inhabitants to the religion of Mohammed, with the exception of Ceuta a strong fortress belonging to the Gothic kings of Spain, extended their ambitious views to the conquest of that Peninsula, towards

the commencement of the eighth century. The powerful succours afforded by the Goths in the defence of Carthage, it is probable, might have provoked the invasion of Spain; the riches of that country offered a strong allurement to their cupidity, and the state of the kingdom formed an additional temptation to such an enterprise. On the death of Witiza, the Gothic sovereign, Roderic, a brave and warlike chieftain, having more influence in the state than the children of Witiza, procured them to be set aside; and, after some commotion, Roderic was elected king of the people. As the throne was properly elective, the two sons of Witiza dissembled their resentment; and while they, with some other chieftains, pretended the utmost zeal for his service, they secretly cherished the bitterest enmity against him as an usurper. To co-operate with this animosity, a secret and virulent enemy lurked in the bosom of the kingdom. From the earliest times Jews, mixed with Phœnicians, had transported themselves to the coasts of Spain: at a later period, a great emigration happened of both nations, to escape the resistless and desolating fury of Nebuchadnezzar. In the wide interval between that Assyrian king and Hadrian the Roman emperor, many adherents to the Mosaic law had exchanged the poverty or oppression which they suffered in the east, for a more honourable condition in Spain. Thither the Roman emperor transported no less than forty thousand families of the tribe of Judah, and ten thousand of the tribe of Benjamin. The population and wealth of the Jews had augmented in Spain to an extraordinary degree; but under the latter Gothic kings the vexations inflicted on them had also increased in a still higher proportion. In the reign of Sisebert, ninety thousand Jews were subjected to a compulsory baptism: and seven hundred years before the establishment of the inquisition, an inquisitorial persecution had been adopted, and systematically exercised against that unhappy people.

Such was in Spain the preparation of materials, which the smallest spark was sufficient to throw into combustion. In the lapse of two centuries and a half, the Gothic conquerors of that country no longer resembled the fierce soldiers of Alaric, who had invaded Italy, sacked Rome, and marched victorious from the shores of Scandinavia to those of the Atlantic. Enervated by long continued prosperity, they had combined with their primitive rudeness of manners the refinements of the vanquished: their youth neglected the exercise of arms, and the walls of their cities were allowed to moulder in decay, ostentatious parade, effeminate luxury, and amorous intrigue, were alike the disgraceful pursuits of the monarch and his nobility.

• It was customary for the Gothic nobles and chieftains in Spain to send their children to the residence of the king at Toledo, that they might be employed in his service, be habituated to the polished manners of his court, and obtain his patronage. When grown up, the sovereign would marry them to one another, agreeably to the dignity of



their parents, give them suitable portions, and celebrate their nuptials. In compliance with this custom, Julian the governor of Ceuta, conveyed a daughter of his, who was extremely beautiful, to Toledo: when the king beheld her, he was so enamoured of her, that he did not hesitate to obtain by violence the gratification of his passion when persuasion had failed. With this indignity the lady contrived by a secret letter to acquaint her father; who in his rage exclaimed, 'By the faith of the Messiah, I will annihilate his power, and undermine his feet;' and crossing the straits from Ceuta, though in the midst of winter, he hastened to Toledo to the presence of king Roderic; who blamed him for coming at so unseasonable a time, and questioned him as to the cause of his journey. Dissembling his real motive, he pretended that his wife being seriously indisposed, and desiring greatly to see her daughter once more before she died, had entreated him to fetch her; and that, from his desire to accomplish the wish of his wife, he requested the king to allow him to return immediately, and his daughter to accompany him. This request, so speciously urged, was promptly granted; and, after shewing Julian much favour, the king delivered to him his daughter, trusting that she would conceal what had passed from her father. On his return to Ceuta, Julian delayed not to commence the execution of his revenge: for this purpose, he hastened to the city of Ifrikia to meet the Emir Mūsa, son of Nasīr, to persuade him to invade Spain; and after the representations which he made of the riches of the peninsula, the temperature of its climate, and the abundance of its useful productions, as well as of the weakness of the Goths, and the internal dissensions prevailing among them, Mūsa became eager to seize such an opportunity as now presented itself; and formed a treaty of alliance with Julian, by which the latter was bound to join the Moslems, and to second them. But before Mūsa would actually engage in so hazardous an enterprise, he first required of Julian to evince his determined animosity against his countrymen by attacking them himself. To this requisition the count acceded; and having collected troops from his own government, and embarked them on board two ships, he made, at the close of the ninetieth year of the Hijra, a predatory incursion on the coast of Aljazīratul-l-Khazrā.\* (*Hist. of Mahometan Empire in Spain*, pp. 56, 57.)

This expedition being crowned with success, Mūsa now applied to the khalif Al-Walid for permission to invade Spain; who having commanded him to make an incursion into the country that he might previously ascertain its state, Tarīf, a Barbar chieftain under his command, successfully invaded it, and carried off much valuable plunder. At the repeated instigations of Julian, seconded by these fortunate enterprises, Mūsa commissioned Tarīk, another of his officers to proceed to Spain with an army of nearly twelve thousand men; who were transported thither at various times in merchant vessels procured by count Julian. These forces effected their landing at the rock of Gibraltar, which has derived its name

\* *The verdant island*: and the term seems applicable to either the city of Algeiras, or to that extremity of Andalusia on which Algeiras is situated; for the Arabs call a peninsula (such as they may have regarded this point), as well as an island, jazīrit.

from Tarik.\* Sensible of the impending danger, Roderic, who was engaged in the north of Spain in carrying on a war against the Bascons, immediately advanced southward to Cordova; and having concentrated an immense army, amounting it is said, to nearly one hundred thousand men, proceeded to give battle to the invaders on the plain near Xeres, in Andalusia, on the 25th of July, A. D. 711. The conflict was resolutely maintained on both sides, until the right and left wings, in which were the sons of Witiza and some other chieftains, fled, as had previously been concerted by Tarik: the centre, with Roderic, stood firm for a short time; but being panic-struck by some occurrence, the king, with the main body of his army, soon took to flight. The discomfiture was total, and Roderic is supposed to have been drowned in his flight. Spain gradually fell beneath the arms of the victorious Moslems, under Musa and other lieutenants, who for about forty-five years governed the conquered country in the name of the khalifs. A remnant of the Goths, however, withdrew to the mountains of the Asturias, under the command of Don Pelagius, where they maintained an unequal but ultimately successful conflict with the Moslems, and laid the foundation of a Christian kingdom.

On the subversion of the dynasty of Ummaiya, in Asia, by the family of Al-Abbas, Abdurrahman the son of Muavia, who belonged to the former house, fled first to Africa and thence into Spain, where he was soon invested with all the power of the Arabs in that country; and laid the foundation of the Mohammedan empire in the peninsula. From that time, Spain was detached from the government of the eastern khalifs, and had its distinct princes, first under the title of Emirs, and afterwards of khalifs; Abdurrahman III. assuming the supreme dignity of commander of the faithful, when he perceived how little power the khalifs of the house of Al-Abbas really possessed after the third century of the Hijra. Some of the successors of Abdurrahman I. were men of considerable activity and talents; but the greater part abandoned the cares of government to their ministers, who invested themselves with absolute authority. At length these khalifs became so contemptible, that they were deprived of the crown; and the consequence was, that such of the Arabs as had power or credit, possessed themselves of the sovereignty of those provinces where their influence lay, and almost every province had its prince. The strength of the Moors being thus divided, they became less formidable to the Christians, who were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity thus presented to them of endeavouring to obtain the ascendancy in Spain. The latter gained several very important victories over them: and, if they had not themselves suffered from the same division of power and dominion, and from the same conflicting interests and petty jealousies, it is most pro-

\* *Jabal-t-Tarik*, the rock or mount of Tarik.

bable that they would in no long time have effectually driven the Moors out of that country. The Christians, however, continued to advance rapidly; and the Moors being reduced to the last extremity, called in the Africans to their assistance. Yūsufu-bn-Tā-safīn, the powerful sovereign of western Africa, accordingly transported large bodies of troops to Spain; and having defeated the Christians under Alphonso, king of Castile, he removed the Moorish princes from their governments, and became master of Cordova; Seville, Badajos, Granada, and other parts of the country. The authority which Yūsuf thus acquired in Spain was retained by his successors, until the subversion of the dynasty of Matūna in Africa.

The revolution thus effected in Spain threatened the Christians with the most fatal consequences, from the vast multitude of enemies which it brought upon them. Allured by the fertility and riches of the country, the African sovereigns poured forth myriads of their subjects to maintain their possessions: but the firmness and valour of the Spaniards enabled them, notwithstanding the inferiority of their numbers, ultimately to triumph over all opposition. The civil wars which prevailed in Africa and in the little kingdom of Granada, the last of the Moorish sovereignties in Spain, at length terminated the government of the Arabs in the peninsula. The city of Granada was surrendered to Ferdinand, king of Castile, by Abū Abdillah the last monarch, on the 2d of January 1492. The conditions of the capitulation were sixty-seven in number; among which, the security of persons and property, the due execution of their laws, and the maintenance of the Mohammedan religion were particularly guaranteed to the conquered Moslems. But before six months had elapsed, recourse was had to force, torture, and every species of indignity, to compel them to embrace the Christian faith. Irritated by these cruel vexations, the persecuted and unhappy people rose upon their oppressors, hoping to exact by force what had been unjustly denied to their supplications. But their efforts were ineffectual: overpowered by the superior force with which Ferdinand marched in person against them, they were again obliged to submit; many hundreds were massacred, and fifty thousand were compelled to seek protection under the cloak of apostasy. These persecutions were zealously revived during the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II., the immediate successors of Ferdinand; every species of refined cruelty being practised for the conversion of the unconvinced Mūsulmans. Notwithstanding this persecution, it appears that some who had made a compulsory profession of Christianity exercised in secret the religion of their fathers; and these, whenever detected by the Spaniards, by whom they were most strictly watched, were burnt at the stake. Roused by these vexations, and instigated by despair, the Moors once more sought redress by arms, and amply retaliated their wrongs on the Spanish clergy, whom they justly considered as the cause of their sufferings. For

about two years they maintained themselves in the **Alpujarras** mountains, whither multitudes had fled, with various degrees of success; but were again subdued by the superior power of the Spanish monarch. Finally, Philip III. banished them entirely from Spain; and the depopulation, occasioned by this impolitic and perfidious edict, inflicted a wound on the Spanish monarchy, the effects of which, it is said, are felt to this day. Many of the unhappy fugitives withdrew to Constantinople, Egypt, and Syria, where they settled; the remainder retired to Africa, where their descendants still reside.

The beautiful *vega* or plain which surrounds the city of **Granada**, though not cultivated to the same extent nor with the same ability under the Spanish Arabs, is still one of the most delightful spots which the traveller beholds. Meadows, cornfields, rivers, forests and woods interspersed with villas, and bounded by mountains whose summits are covered by perpetual snows, while their declivities are clothed with vineyards, olive, orange, citron, and mulberry trees, are here to be seen in rich abundance; and all together present a rare spectacle of luxuriance and beauty. In this spacious vale, which is computed to be a hundred miles in circumference, spring and autumn leave no room for winter; while the heat of summer is tempered by the vicinity of the mountains, and by the crystal waters which descend from the surrounding heights and nourish the trees and plants whose images they reflect.

Of the various Khalifs, Emirs and sovereigns, who at different times held the government of Spain, none were more distinguished for their valour, magnificence, and politic skill in the conduct of their affairs, than the Khalif Abdurrahman III. and the Emir Almansur; and as the accounts of these eminent rulers hitherto published are comparatively imperfect and inaccurate, we shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted with their characters.

Abdurrahman ascended the throne of Moorish Spain, while yet a youth, in the year of the Hijra 300, A. D. 912, or 913; his uncles and grand uncle generously preferring his government to their own sway. The talents which he promptly displayed showed that he was not unworthy of their confidence. On assuming the sceptre, he found the country convulsed by intestine revolt: but he subdued the rebels, and tranquillized his dominions with such rapidity, that when he had attained to little more than twenty years of age, the Spanish Arabs every where submitted to his sway.—He reigned over them upwards of fifty years, during which period he raised the empire of the house of Ummaiya, in Spain, to the highest pitch of glory. Perceiving the declining power of the eastern Khalifs, Abdurrahman assumed the title *Amir-ul-Muminin*, Khalif or Commander of the Faithful, and the honorary name of *Annasir Lidinillah*, or Defender of the true Faith, as well as the other appendages of the Khilafat. Though sometimes discomfited by the Spanish Christians, with whom he was almost incessantly at war, his valour and his genius soon enabled him to surmount

his defeats; and at one time his court could boast the presence of ambassadors from the Greek emperor Constantine, the son of Leo, and from other Christian sovereigns in the north of Europe.

But it is chiefly as the friend of literature and the fine arts that Abdurrahman is worthy of attention. Although continually involved in war, the sumptuous splendour of his court and edifices was superior to any thing which the world had before seen. Not to mention his improvements and decorations of Cordova, the seat of his government, he caused a new city to be erected about three miles distant from that capital, at the request of Azzahra, a favourite slave, and called it after her name. Here likewise he built a palace of extraordinary grandeur. In these works the most skilful architects and masons were collected from Baghdad, Constantinople, and other parts. In this palace were 4,312 columns of various sizes; of which 1,013 were procured from Africa, 19 from the countries of the Franks, probably from Italy, 140 were presented by the emperor of Constantinople, of extraordinary beauty; and the rest were obtained from different parts of Spain. In one of the halls of this palace was placed a carved gilt fountain, of most curious workmanship, sent from Syria or from Constantinople, and surrounded with twelve figures, representing various birds and beasts. These figures which were made in the royal manufactory of Cordova, were of pure gold, set with precious stones; and the water of the fountain flowed through their mouths. But the most superb apartment was the saloon or hall of the Khilafat, in which all that gorgeous splendour with which we are so often dazzled in the Arabian Tales appears to have been fully realised. Its ceiling was of gold, supported by *transparent* blocks of marble of various colours; the walls were of similar costly materials, and in the centre was suspended the celebrated pearl, presented to Abdurrahman III. by the Greek Emperor Leo. In the middle of this saloon was a large marble bason filled with quicksilver, and on each side were eight doors 'hung on arches or axes of ivory and ebony, ornamented with gold and precious stones of various kinds, and resting on pillars of variegated marble and pure crystal.' On the admission of the sun's rays through these doors, the splendour reflected from the roof and the walls was such as to deprive the beholder of sight; and when the Khalif wished to surprise or to terrify any one in his company, he would order the quicksilver to be put in motion; the glare from which would strike the spectator's eye like flashes of lightning, and impress all present with the idea that the room was in motion, so long as the agitation of the quicksilver continued. Over the gate of this palace, Abdurrahman placed the statue of his favourite Azzahra, after whom it was named, in defiance of Mohammed's prohibition of all human representations. The length of this palace from east to west was 2700 cubits, and its breadth was 1500 cubits; but, magnificent as it was, it did not long continue in its original state, being destroyed in the disputes for the succession among the descendants of Abdurrahman, in

somewhat less than eighty years after its erection. For other particulars we must refer to Professor Shakapcar's interesting account of the city and palace of Azzahra, which he has given in the words of the native historians.

The expense of these structures exceeds all belief; and when to them we add the various costly edifices erected by this monarch in different parts of his dominions, we are at a loss to conceive how Spain could furnish the means of such extraordinary expenses.—The annual revenues of Abdurrahman III., the greatest sovereign that ever sat on the throne of Moorish Spain, have been estimated at 12,945,000 golden dinars, equivalent to more than five millions and a half sterling—an immense sum at a time when corn was sold for six-pence per bushel.

'They were derived first from a tenth of all produce whatsoever, which was paid in kind, and secondly from the *Almorarifazgo* and the *Alcavala* or *Alcabala*, two taxes which still retain their Arabic appellations. The former amounted to twelve and a half per cent. or one-eighth part of every commodity which was either imported into the kingdom, or exported thence; its collectors were termed *Almorariffazks*. The *Alcavala* consisted of one-tenth part of every species of property, when transferred by sale, and a tribute of one-fifth was levied on all property belonging to Christians and Jews. These taxes were levied on all the provinces which fell under the sceptre of the Khalifs, whether by succession or conquest. Such were the ordinary sources of revenue; but in preparing for war, erecting colleges, bridges, palaces, or other royal edifices, extraordinary contributions were levied, denominated *gabellan*, which produced considerable sums. How Spain could furnish the means of these extraordinary expenses, is a question for the political economist to decide. The fact, however, is certain.—Spain, it has been well remarked, had been the Mexico of the Romans; she was more prodigal of her revenues to her eastern conquerors, which probably exceeded the united income of all the western monarchies. Her population, notwithstanding the devastation of civil wars, was on the same grand scale; she boasted eighty great cities, three hundred of the second and third order, and smaller towns and villages innumerable. Commerce, indeed, seems to have been the fund which supplied her treasures, and sustained her population. These facts, which are related by Arabian writers, give us a clue to the hitherto unexplained magnificence of the Khalifs; and exhibit those secret foundations, on which they erected their claims to gratitude from the professors and admirers of literature, sciences and the arts.' (*Hist. of Mahometan Empire in Spain*, p. 304.)

Of this vast income Abdurrahman appropriated one-third to the army, one-third to the treasury, and the remaining third to public edifices, of which the city and palace of Azzahra were the principal.

Yet, notwithstanding all the magnificence of this great monarch, in a memorial written by him, and found after his death, he mentions the days on which he had experienced pure happiness to amount to no more than fourteen. 'Note this,' (says the Arabian historian), 'thou man of understanding, and mark how small a



portion of real happiness the world affords even in the most favourable circumstances! The Khalif Annasir, the heir of prosperity, found, in a reign of fifty years seven months and three days, only *fourteen days* of undisturbed enjoyment.'

Our notice of Muhammad-bn Aby Aamir, better known by the appellation of the Emir Almansur, must be more concise. Having been raised to high dignity by the favour of Alhakain, the son and successor of Abdurrahman III., on the accession to the throne of his grandson Hisham, then a youth of only nine years of age, this minister removed every one from the person of his sovereign that might oppose his ambitious views; and, having secured the army in his interest, he forcibly removed Hisham from the throne. Thus possessed of sovereign power, he maintained all the greatness of the Khalifs without the support of their prerogatives, and caused himself to be addressed in the royal style. Public instructions, proclamations, and commands, were issued in his name, which was impressed on all the coins and seals of state; prayers were offered up for him in the mosques, after those for the Khalif; he appointed his own ministers, and organized his own armies; so that in short, no appendage of royalty was left to the feeble Hisham, except the mention of his name in the public prayers.

His dominion being thus firmly established at home, Almansur in person led his armies into the field; and during a successful reign of twenty-six or twenty-seven years, he is recorded to have fought fifty-six battles in Spain or in Africa, without a single failure in any military enterprise, or the defeat of a single detachment of his army. Many are the anecdotes related of the strictness with which this prince caused justice to be administered, and of the astonishing subordination he introduced into his army.—Happening, it is said, one day to perceive a sword glitter at an improper time in the furthest part of the field, he immediately commanded the man who had drawn it to be brought before him; and, regardless of his excuses, ordered the culprit to be instantly decapitated, and his head to be exhibited throughout the army, proclamation being at the same time made of his offence.

Amidst all the vicissitudes which characterize the successions to the throne of Moorish Spain, in common with the oriental thrones, nothing excites our astonishment more than the uniform attention bestowed by the contending rivals for sovereignty on the promotion of literature and the fine arts. The first Mohammedan sovereigns in the East, indeed, were too fully occupied in the establishment and extension of their religion, to afford much effectual aid to literature: yet, in the early years of Islamism, the vagrant offspring of the desert had magnanimity and refinement enough to found some of the greatest cities in the world; and, in proportion as their religion was disseminated and their empire was extended by conquest, the aversion of the Moslems from literary pursuits became gradually relaxed. Our limits forbid us to trace the interesting sketch of Arabian literature in the East, which is

presented to us in the 'History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain,' let it suffice to remark, that its golden age was during the reigns of the Khalifs Almanzor, Harun Arrashid, and Al-Mamon; and that, while the Khalifs of Baghdad promoted learning in every possible way, the Khalifs of Cordova, as soon as time and policy had cemented their conquests applied themselves with equal diligence and success to the cultivation and diffusion of letters and the sciences. We have distinct accounts of not fewer than seventeen celebrated colleges, besides public academies and schools, that flourished under the dominion of the Arabs in Spain; among whom literature and philosophy found an asylum at the period when ignorance and barbarism generally prevailed throughout the Roman empire; and, by a singular revolution in the history of nations, Europe became indebted to the mortal enemies of her religion and arms for the first lessons of science and learning.

The Arab monarchs of Spain not only formed splendid libraries for their own use, but also founded and endowed them in all the principal cities of their respective kingdoms. Among the royal libraries, that of the Khalif Alhakam, one of the most liberal and encouragers of literature in Spain, is peculiarly distinguished. He engaged merchants to collect books for him in distant countries at a boundless expense, and employed in his own palace all the most eminent illuminators, copyists, and binders of books. In the knowledge of biography, history, and genealogy, this monarch eminently excelled: and his library, which consisted of four hundred thousand volumes, was not formed for idle ostentation. They were carefully examined by the Khalif, who wrote in most of them the genealogies, births, and deaths of their respective authors.—The example of the sovereign of course influenced his subjects; hence the city of Cordova, the seat of his empire, possessed a greater abundance of books and book collectors than any other city of Spain. Of this passion for books an amusing instance is recorded, from the historian Alkharazamy, which has not, we think, been exceeded by any modern bibliomaniac.

'During my residence in Cordova,' says he, 'I attended the book market for a considerable time, in the hope of finding a certain work, which I was very anxious to obtain; and, at length, to my great joy, it presented itself in an elegant hand, with an appropriate commentary. I then bid for it, and kept increasing my bidding; but still it returned to the crier,\* though the price was excessive. Surprised at this, I asked the man to show me who had outbid me for this book, at a sum so much beyond its worth: and he pointed out a person in the dress of a magistrate; to whom, on approaching, I said, may God exalt his worship the Doctor! if you are desirous of this book, I will relinquish it, for, through our mutual biddings, the price is much above its value. He replied, 'I am no doctor, neither do I know what the book contains; but I am anxious to complete a library which I am forming, that I may appear

\* Evidently a vendor, similar to the modern auctioneer, and this sale must have been conducted on the principles of an auction.'

respectable among the chiefs of the city: and, as there yet remains a vacant place capable of holding this book, which is beautifully written and elegantly bound, I admire it and care not how high I raise its price; praise to God for the means he has been pleased to grant me, which are not small.' Being at last induced to abandon the competition, I said, Well! means are not abundant, except with one like thee; and, according to the proverb, "he gives away the nut who has no teeth," I, who am not ignorant of the contents of this book, and wish to make some use of it, having but scanty means, am of necessity debarred from possessing it.' (Hist. of Mahom. Emp. in Spain p. 164.)

There is an interesting account, in pp. 215—219 of the work just cited, relative to the organization of the Arabian universities, and the course of studies pursued there, together with their modes of granting degrees. It corresponds in so many particulars with those which now obtain in our modern universities, as to afford some countenance to the conjecture of the Abate Andres and other learned antiquaries, that the modern system of university education is to be added to the many other valuable improvements for which Europe is confessedly indebted to the Arabs.

Among the studies pursued by this people, grammar and rhetoric were cultivated with singular care by all who aspired to literary honours and distinction. The Arabs boasted highly of the antiquity of their language, which is unquestionable: its copiousness, alike incontestable,\* was the object of their pride; and, according to their elevated ideas, no uninspired mortal was ever a complete master of Arabic. It is no wonder, therefore, that their writers on language, grammar, and rhetoric, were more numerous than all those of ancient Greece put together. Poetry, however, was a far more favourite object of study with the Arabs; and the distinguished honours and more substantial pecuniary rewards bestowed on the most eminent poets (many pleasing instances of which are recorded in the work now under consideration), will sufficiently account for the unremitting ardour with which it was cultivated. But, of all the various species of poetical composition, to which the Arabs directed their attention, the *didactic* appears to have been most popular: hence we find that they wrote, in verse, treatises on grammar, theology, rhetoric, and even on the abstruse sciences, with as much facility as in prose. Amid all this variety, it is a curious circumstance that they have not a single poem that is strictly dramatic (unless we dignify with that appellation a few dialogues in rhyme), or epic. But the absence of epic and dramatic poesy is abundantly compensated to the Arabs by their invention of a kind of composition, which partakes of the nature of the *epopœia*, and is with them a substitute for theatrical representations. It is to their creative fancy, to their brilliant and rich imagination, that we owe the *Alif Lila Va Lilin*, or *Arabian Nights*'

\* Of the copiousness of this language our readers may form some idea, when they learn, that it possesses 80 synonymes for honey, 200 for a serpent, 500 for a lion, and 1000 for a sword.

*Entertainments*, of which, unhappily, a small portion only has come down to our times. Allied to these interesting tales are the fables of Lokman, a celebrated sage, who is supposed to have been contemporary with David and Solomon, and the good sense, and striking morality of whose fables bear so great a resemblance to those of AEsop, that it is to this day a question, whether the latter did not derive his fables from an oriental source, if indeed AEsop and Lokman be not the same person.

Geography, statistics, numismatics, chronology, and, in short, every branch of history was cultivated with great avidity. Each Khalif had his respective historiographer, and there is extant an immense number of universal histories, annals, and chronicles, besides histories of particular kingdoms, provinces, and towns; and, in short, books of reference of every possible description, which facilitate labour, while they gratify the researches of the curious. Of the most eminent Spanish-Arab historians, we have some accounts given in the work before us; but there is one who has a special claim to notice, since all the writers on Mohammedan Spain are deeply indebted to him for important facts, we mean Lisanuddin Abu Abdillah Assalmany, usually called Ibou-l-Khatib, and by modern writers *Alkhatib*.

This illustrious writer was descended from a noble family, and was born A. H. 713 A. D. 1313. He was deeply versed in every branch of science, but excelled in the depth and accuracy of his knowledge of historical events. Promoted by the favour of several kings of Granada, he filled the highest offices for many years with great celebrity. Towards the close of his life, however, he experienced a great reverse of fortune: having been accused of treason, he was thrown into prison of order of Ibou-l-Ahmar, and was there put to death, A. H. 775. A. D. 1373: leaving behind him numerous proofs of his learning and talents. In the list of his works (forty-one in number, some of them consisting of many volumes) scarcely any topic in the useful or elegant arts is left untouched. Rhetoric and poetry, the art of love and of war, the veterinary art, political economy and history, alike exercised his prolific pen. His historical works are deservedly admired, and according to the custom of the Arabs, they are distinguished by titles which to the chastised ear of an European, sound not a little oddly. Thus, besides his *Universal History*, of whose eleven parts devoted to the biography of eminent Spanish Arabian authors, five only remain, we have a *History of Granada*, intitled *A Screen of the Sun*, &c., his *Chronology of the Khalifs and Kings of Africa and Spain*, has the lofty appellation of the *Golden Foot imbrued with the Nectar*, his lives of eminent Spanish Arabs, who were celebrated for their learning and poetry, are termed *Fragment Pearls*, a tract on *Emulation of Abel* is *Improved Hatter*, and, to mention no more, a treatise on the value of materials, is designated *Pure Gold*. (Hist. of Mahum. Emp. in Spain, p. 222.)

While, however, the Spanish Arabs cultivated poetic literature with the greatest attention, they were not the less anxious in the study of philosophy, the mathematics, and all the other exact sci-

ences. These indeed they derived chiefly from the Greeks; and by the aid of translations from the Greek writers they made no inconsiderable progress in the study of philosophy, especially that of Aristotle, many of whose writings became first known to Europeans from the Latin versions of the Arabic translations of his Greek writings. In botany, medicine, and pharmacy, their attainments are allowed to have been respectable. The celebrated naturalist Abilrihan Albiruni (who flourished in the early part of the tenth century) travelled through India for the space of *forty years*, to observe the nature and properties of the things he has described; and Ibn al Beithar, the Tournefort of the Arabs, travelled over every part of Europe, Asia, and Africa; in quest of botanical information, and is said to have inspected and *touched* every thing that was valuable in the three kingdoms of nature. To the Arabs also we owe the first application of chemistry to medicine; and the numerous pharmaceutical and chemical terms, which still exist, sufficiently attest the originality of their discoveries in the science of chemistry, of which they may be considered as the inventors. But their chemical knowledge was often misapplied and perverted; and hence originated the visionary study of alchemy, with all its magical fooleries, which continued for so many centuries to occupy and elude the attention of mankind.

In anatomy and surgery the Arabians never attained any remarkable proficiency; as the tenets of Islamism forbade them to attempt dissections. But in adopting and introducing into Europe the Indian mode of numeration (so constantly misnamed Arabic figures), they have conferred an incalculable benefit on mathematical science; and though the Arabs were not the inventors of algebra, yet they improved considerably upon the labours of their Grecian masters; and their versatile muse disdained not to sing the wonders, and to deliver the first principles of that science in verse. In optics and geometry their attainments were also respectable; but trigonometry is under peculiar obligations to this people, who imparted to it that form which it still retains: and all the modern historians of astronomy have done ample justice to the variety, extent, originality, and importance of their researches. Their jurisprudence and theology require only a brief notice; being derived from one common source, the Koran. The study of those sciences was not unfrequently pursued together, and an extensive acquaintance with them was indispensably necessary to all who aspired to fill distinguished offices in the state.

We must regret that the nature of our Journal compells us to pass by the interesting sketches of Arabian agriculture and gardening, of their high proficiency in which, it must suffice to observe, that numerous vestiges *still* remain in the peninsula. The Spaniards are indebted to the Moors, who were expelled from their country with such base perfidy in the reign of Philip IV., for the introduction of rice, the sugar-cane, and manufacture of sugar (which have since been so successfully introduced into America),

saffron, spinach, the Safary peach, and that infinite variety of other fine fruits which are now considered as almost indigenous in the peninsula, whence the use and culture of many of them have gradually been dispersed throughout Europe.

In the working of mines and metals the Spanish Arabs had made some progress; and as chemistry taught them the powers and uses of gunpowder, so are we indebted to them for the first casting of cannon. Their manufactures of iron and steel were considerable, and the latter were so excellent, that the swords of Granada were preferred, especially by the Africans, to all others in Spain. The manufactures of silk and cotton were introduced into that country by the Moors, to whom we are probably indebted for the introduction of dyeing black with indigo. With the use of cochineal they were well acquainted; and of their progress in the manufacture of porcelain we have abundant evidence in the glazed tiles which form a distinguished ornament of the Alhambra, and particularly in two superb vases, which are still preserved in that magnificent palace, and form the subjects of two beautiful engravings in the '*Arabian Antiquities of Spain.*' They are richly enamelled with gold and azure foliages and characters. But the manufacture in which the Spanish Arabs pre-eminently excelled was that of tanning, currying, and dyeing leather; which, though now lost to Spain by the expulsion of the Moors, has by them been carried to Fez, where great numbers of them settled, and to crown the catalogue of our obligations to the Spanish Arabs, it only remains that we give to them the honour they so justly claim of introducing the manufacture and use of paper from Arabia into Western Europe.

The progress of commerce in Arabian Spain was commensurate with that of literature and the sciences; but its most prosperous period was during the reign of the renowned Abdurrahmān III. Khalif of Cordova.

'Of their internal traffic no particulars have been recorded that can enable us to form any correct estimate of its extent and importance: but their foreign commerce was distributed into various channels, which brought an incredible flow of wealth into their country. Gold, silver, copper, raw and wrought silk, sugar, cochineal, quicksilver, pig and cast iron, olives,\* and especially their woollen manufactures, were the most lucrative articles of exportation. To these must be added ambergris, yellow amber, loadstones, antimony, talc, marcasites, rock crystal, oil, sugar, sulphur, saffron, ginger, myrrh, and various other drugs,—corals fished on the coast of Andalusia, pearls obtained from that of Catalonia, rubies, of which two mines had been discovered in the vicinity of Maiaga and at Beja, and also amethysts procured from

\* 'Seville was the principal mart for olives under the Moorish dominion in Spain; and so extensive was the trade in this article, that in the Axarafe or olive plantations with which that city was surrounded, the number of farm-houses and olive-presses amounted to one hundred thousand.'



a mine near Carthagenā. All these last enumerated articles, though inferior in value and quantity to the other exports, nevertheless produced clear and ample returns. Barbary, Egypt, and the east, were the countries with which they principally carried on their extensive commerce. Throughout Africa the Spanish arms, raw and wrought silks, and woollen cloths of various colours, were in very great demand; and with Egypt they bartered their different exports, to a still greater amount, for such commodities as were in the greatest request in Spain. and the luxuries of India were brought from Alexandria to Malaga, to supply the wants of the court. In this lucrative commerce, which was almost entirely conducted by the Jews, Almeria, Barcelona, and Valencia, chiefly participated: and these places, under the Moorish dominion, were as eminent emporia as the Hanse Towns. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the port of Almeria was principally celebrated; and in the fourteenth century the trade of Barcelona was immense. That city had armed vessels for protecting the coasts of Catalonia, and the safety of her commerce; she had a factory on the Tanaīs, where a consul resided, who in 1397 offered presents to Timūr, or Tamerlane. At the period now referred to, the Arabs had a numerous marine; their ships were built from the woods and forests of Spain; and they are said to have possessed upwards of one thousand merchant vessels. But the immensity of their traffic with the east is scarcely to be conceived. From motives of policy, the khalifs of Cordova endeavoured to preserve amicable relations with the Greek emperors, with a view to check the enterprises of the khalifs of Damascus; who ceased not to repine at the dismemberment of their empire by Abdurrahmān I. All the ports of the Grecian dominions were open to the Spanish traders, who brought rich cargoes of merchandize, adapted to the calls of that refined luxury by which the court of Constantinople was then distinguished.' (Hist. of Mahom. Empire in Spain, p. 271, 272.)

It will readily be conceived that the profits, derived from these successful speculations must have been prodigious; and that, while they afforded ample remuneration to the merchants, the customs and other duties imposed would yield an ample revenue to the sovereigns. By these principally the khalifs appear to have been enabled to raise those magnificent edifices, the mosque and bridge at Cordova, the Alhamrā and Generaliffe at Granada, with all their various splendid ornaments, which after the lapse of nearly ten centuries still continue to excite the astonishment and delight of the inquisitive traveller, and of which we are now to present our readers with a brief account from Mr. Murphy's splendid '*Arabian Antiquities of Spain.*'

I: *The Mosque of Cordova* was begun by Abdurrahmān I. and finished by his son and successor Hishām: subsequent khalifs of Cordova enlarged the building as often as the increase of population required, until it assumed the general form in which it now

appears. This noble specimen of Arabian architecture is of a quadrangular form, 620 feet in length from north to south; and 440 feet in breadth from east to west: it was originally surrounded by four streets, which were designed to prevent any other building from coming in contact with it. Of the twenty-one doors which it is said originally to have had, five only are now remaining; they were all covered with the choicest Andalusian brass plates, in the greatest profusion, and of the most delicate workmanship. Nineteen aisles, each about 340 feet in length, by fourteen in breadth, ran parallel from north to south; and a similar number, not quite so broad, extends from east to west. These aisles are formed by an immense number of columns, the arrangement of which produces a very striking effect, and must have been still more magnificent before the building underwent any alterations. After the conquest of Cordova, in 1236, St. Ferdinand converted the mosque into a cathedral; and it preserved its ancient plan until the time of the emperor Charles V. In the year 1528 the Spaniards began to disfigure its symmetry by modern erections, which continued to be added by the chapter of the cathedral in succeeding reigns, regardless of all the remonstrances made at different times by the lovers of the arts, and even by royalty itself. By this injudicious scheme, both the Moorish and Christian architectures are deprived of every thing like unity of design. The noble Gothic choir, erected in the centre of the edifice, were it in any other church, would deserve great praise for the grandeur of its plan, the loftiness of its dome, the exquisite carving of the stalls, and the elegance and high finishing of the arches and ornaments: but, placed as it now is in the middle of the Arabian structure, it destroys all congruity, and renders confused every idea of the original general effect of the building. This perversion of taste, however, were pardonable, if the Spanish clergy had contented themselves with erecting no other additions: but the passion for alteration, once indulged, knew no bounds.

‘Hence,’ says Mr. Murphy, ‘many are the chapels erected in various parts between the pillars; which indeed form so many distinct churches in the midst of the old cathedral, interrupt the enfilade, and block up the passage. In one place, columns have been removed, in order to adorn these same chapels: in another, we are credibly informed, *pieces of the beautiful timber-work, that supports the roof, have been taken away for the purpose of making musical instruments, especially guitars, for which use this kind of wood has been recommended, as being peculiarly proper!!!* It may readily be conceived, how much vile spoliations as these, repeated too for successive centuries, must have altered the original simplicity of the mosque; yet, notwithstanding all these impediments, the spectator cannot fail to be struck with admiration, on beholding the interior of this magnificent structure, in which the oriental style is every where the prevailing characteristic. No *coup-d’œil*, it has justly been remarked, can be more extraordinary than that taken in by the eye, when placed in such parts of the church as afford a clear view down the aisles at right angles, uninterrupted by

chapels and modern erections. Equally wonderful is the appearance, when the spectator looks from the points, which present to him all the rows of columns and arches in an oblique line.' (Arabian Antiq. of Spain, p. 2.)

Each of the four fronts of this edifice exhibits low walls, remarkable for their solidity, which are crowned with crenated battlements: and each front differs from the other by its height and ornaments. But, to form any correct idea of the peculiar genius of Moorish architecture, it is necessary to inspect Mr. Murphy's highly finished general view of the interior of the Mosque at Cordova.

But, splendid and imposing as our readers will readily conceive the mosque at Cordova to have been, it falls greatly short of the architecture and ornaments of the *Zancarron*, or sanctuary of the Korān; on which all the skill and taste of the Moors appear to have been lavished in the richest profusion. An elevation of the gate or entrance door of this sanctuary is given by Mr. Murphy, to which we must refer our readers, and to its corresponding description, in order that they may form a correct idea of the gorgeous beauty of the *Zancarron*; which, when illuminated on certain high festivals of the Moslems, must have surpassed every thing which we can possibly conceive of splendour or magnificence. In this sanctuary, as well as in other parts of the mosque, (and we may also state, to avoid repetition, throughout the palaces of *Alhamrā* and the *Generaliffe*) there are numerous inscriptions in Cūfic characters,\* which are faithfully delineated by Mr. Murphy, and translated by Mr. Shakspear, and present some of the finest specimens of that style of writing which we have ever seen.

2. *The Bridge of Cordova* was erected by the Moors, on the site of a moon ancient structure, over the Guadalquivir, in the year of the Hijra 101, A. D. 720 or 721: it is a noble edifice, 1000 feet in length and 22 feet 8 inches within the parapet. The passage over the bridge is a straight line from one end to the other; the arches are sixteen in number; and the buttresses are stated to be much stronger and better adapted for similar purposes, than the modern tri-lateral cutwaters. The durability of these buttresses is not a little worthy of note: for nearly eleven centuries have they withstood the rapid floods of the Guadalquivir, without sustaining any material injury.

3. *The royal Palace and Fortress of Alhamra, at Granada*, all travellers who have visited it concur in stating to be, even in its present comparatively neglected state, one of the noblest specimens of human art. Mr. Murphy has appropriated to it *seventy-nine* engravings, which consist of views of the building in general,

\* The Cūfic characters are an improvement of the old characters in use among the Arabs; and derive their name from *Cāfa* or *Cufah*, a city of Arabian Irak.  
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the various apartments it contains, and the costly mosaics and other ornaments with which these are decorated.

The Alhamrā, usually but erroneously denominated the Alhambra,\* is a vast pile of building, about 2,300 English feet in length, and its breadth, which is the same throughout, is about 600 feet. It was founded towards the close of the thirteenth century by Mūhammad Abū Abdillah, the second sultan of Granada; who defrayed the expense of its erection by a tribute imposed upon his conquered subjects. He superintended the building in person; and, when it was completed, he made it the royal residence. The same monarch also fortified the mountain on which it stands: and, during the whole of his generally prosperous reign, appropriated an ample portion of his revenue towards improving and perfecting it. Subsequent kings delighted to contribute to the embellishment of this favourite mansion of royalty, which was not ultimately finished until the middle of the fourteenth century. The situation of this edifice is the most delightful and commanding that can well be conceived. Like Windsor castle, the Alhamrā is situated on the northern brow of a steep hill, commanding a most extensive prospect over the surrounding country. On the north and west, as far as the eye can reach, a lovely plain presents itself, which is covered with an immense number of trees laden with fruits or blossoms; while on the south it is bounded by mountains, whose lofty summits are crowned by perpetual snows, whence issue the springs and streams that diffuse both health and coolness through the city of Granada. The massive towers are connected by solid walls, constructed according to the system of fortifications which usually prevailed in the middle ages: and, previously to the invention of gunpowder and artillery, this fortress must have been impregnable. These external walls and towers followed all the turnings and windings of the mountain; but they have been so dilapidated or incumbeted with modern buildings, that very few traces of them are now to be seen. The exterior, however, of this palace, agreeably to the invariable usage of the Arabs, massive and durable as it confessedly appears to have been, was the object of comparatively little attention: while, upon the interior, every thing was profusely lavished, that could tend to promote luxurious ease and personal gratification. Hence it is that the internal remains of the Alhamrā are in a state of tolerable preservation, and present a striking picture of the romantic magnificence of its former kings.

We shall now conduct our readers through such of the principal apartments as are more particularly interesting. Entering, then, by the ancient Gate of Judgment,† of which Mr. Murphy

\* Or the *Red City*: for which appellation various reasons have been assigned, none of which appear to us sufficiently satisfactory to be transcribed. The various hypotheses accounting for its name are enumerated in the *History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain*, p. 191.

† The marble with which it was constructed, we are informed, was originally of white, but has now become of a gray or yellowish cast. 'This gate is termed the

has given several views, we pass through the *Plaza de los Algibes*, or Square of the Cisterns (so called from the spacious subterranean cisterns constructed beneath it for the purpose of furnishing the inmates of the palace with a constant supply of cool water), and enter the Hall of the Baths. This noble apartment derives its appellation from the circumstance of its leading to the baths of the Alhamrā, a most curious and interesting part of the edifice; which, being nearly entire, afford us a competent idea of the Moorish manner of constructing, lighting, and warming these luxurious apartments. The arched ceiling of this hall rests on very slight columns, in a style of architecture totally differing from that of every order to which the European eye is accustomed: but, notwithstanding their apparent slenderness, they have proved fully adequate to support the superincumbent weight of the massive stone work above them. These columns, as well as the floor, are of white marble: the Mosaic tilings reach up to the cornices, and are exceedingly beautiful, and the respirators, or ventilators, which are of baked earth and glazed of a delicate green colour, admit both light and air, and diffuse a most refreshing coolness through the hall. From this apartment we proceed to the two baths appropriated to the sovereign and his consort: both are finished in an exquisite style, but the queen's bath is the most richly ornamented with gilding and porcelain. The basins containing the water are of white marble; the walls are covered to the height of the cornices, with beautiful black and white Mosaics; and the vaulted stone roof is perforated with ventilators, similar to those just noticed, through which a soft and skilfully managed light is admitted into this voluptuous retreat. Inscriptions in the Cūfic character further ornament the king's bath, and the adjoining concert room: they consist of the following sentences, elegantly cut, which are repeated times without number in various parts of the palace:—‘*There is no conqueror but God,*’ and ‘*Glory to our Lord, the Sultān Abū Abdillāh!*’

Nearly in the centre of the Alhamrā is the *Pateo del Agua*, or Great Fountain, (surrounded by noble porticoes), of which Mr. Murphy has given four beautiful engravings: one of them is an elevation of an alcove, tastefully ornamented with Mosaics and Cūfic inscriptions.

Contiguous to the Lions' Court is the *Sala de dos Hermanas*, or Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two large and singularly beautiful pieces of marble, that form part of its pavement, and are to be seen on either side of the fountain: they measure fifteen feet in length by seven and a half in breadth, and are entirely free from flaw or stain. This apartment, though not so large as the Hall of Ambassadors, (presently to be noticed), is

*Puerta de la Justicia*, that is, Gate of Law or Judgment, because it was erected to serve as a tribunal, in conformity with the practice of the ancient Arabs, who, as well as the Jews, held their courts of justice at the gates of the cities.’ *Arab. Antiq. of Spain*, p. 9.)

said to display more ingenuity of construction: the domes in particular are among the most curious productions of architecture, and are in excellent preservation. The eye is lost in contemplating the prodigious assemblage of ornaments, which appear in every part of this noble hall. Every possible variety of combinations, which can be devised by ingenuity or executed by patience, is employed to decorate the walls and ceiling. The hall appears to have been a central saloon communicating with the other apartments of the palace. The lines regularly cross each other in a thousand forms, and after manifold windings return to the spot where they first begin. As no abridgment that we can offer of the descriptions, which accompany the engravings of this magnificent saloon, will enable the reader to form a correct idea of its diversified ornaments, we pass to the last and principal apartment in the Alhamrā, by the Arabs denominated the *Golden Saloon*, from the profusion of its gold ornaments. Being appropriated to the reception of ambassadors, it was further called the *Hall of Audience*; and, from the same circumstance, the Spaniards have given it the appellation of *Sala de los Ambaxadores*, or *Hall of Ambassadors*.

‘ On entering this most magnificent apartment, the eye is lost in astonishment, at the variety of ornament, the elegance of execution, and exquisite taste, which characterise every part of it: and, if thus superb even in its present deserted state, how resplendent must this “Golden Saloon” have been, when the sovereign, arrayed in all the pomp of oriental magnificence, assembled his brilliant court to give audience to the representatives of the neighbouring monarchs! The whole floor is inlaid with mosaic: the same kind of ornament, but of different patterns, covers every part of the walls, interspersed with flowers and Arabic inscriptions, executed in porcelain with exquisite skill, so as to unite and harmonize exactly with the stucco ornaments which every where abound. On the cornices above the mosaics, and beneath the usual inscription, “there is no God but God,” the piety or superstition of the modern Spaniards has led them to introduce the crucifix: it is however so dexterously inserted as not materially to injure the general effect. The height and boldness of its arched ceiling are particularly worthy of observation: and the almost innumerable chiligon mosaics, knot and other ornaments, must be seen, to form a tolerable idea of their splendour. Gold, silver, azure, purple, and other brilliant colours, all seem to strive which shall appear most conspicuous on the stuccoed facets. Inscriptions occur every where, so that the Alhamrā in general, and this apartment in particular, has not improperly been called a collection of *fugitive pieces*.’

Mr. Murphy has delineated such of these inscriptions as have best survived the ravages of time and neglect, in several engravings: and by comparing them with his ‘perspective view of the Golden Saloon,’ the lover of antiquities will be enabled to form some faint idea of the departed glories and splendours of the *Hall of Ambassadors*.

‘ This noble apartment is situated in the lofty tower of Comares or Comaresch, and is thirty-six feet square, and sixty feet four inches high.



from the floor to the highest part of the ceiling. The walls are of pebble and clay intermixed: they “are, on three sides, fifteen feet thick, and on the fourth side nine; the lower range of windows is thirteen feet in height. The ceiling itself is of a very curious constructure: it is composed of strong pieces of wood in admirable preservation, which are keyed and fastened together in such a manner, that, on pressing the feet on the centre of the summit, the whole vibrates like a tight rope. Above the ceiling is the roof, which could not be exhibited in our plate: it is formed of strong scantling of ten inches square deal, and laid close together, with cross braces at the angles. Upon these rafters the bricks are laid, and upon them is a coating of lime, over which the bricks and tiles are placed, that form the exterior of the roof. The windows command a most delightful and extensive prospect. At the foot of the palace, the Darro winds its fertilizing streams: and from this place the view takes in the greater part of the city, together with the verdant mountains which rise above it, and of the charming hill which forms its base. Well might Charles V. exclaim, as he is reported to have done, on his first entering the Tower of Comares, when he visited this sumptuous hall, and beheld the magnificent prospect from its windows:—“I would rather,” said he, “have this place for a sepulchre, than the Alpujarras for an inheritance!”—Alluding to the last Moorish king of Grenada; who, on the surrender of this fortress, stipulated for a residence in the Alpujarras mountain, which lies on the east side of the Sierra Nevada.’ (Arabian Antiq. of Spain, p. 14, 15.)

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of the Alhamrā, in consequence of the imperfect accounts given of this celebrated palace by the generality of travellers, that our notice of the remaining specimens of Arabian architecture in the Peninsula must necessarily be very brief. Passing, therefore, Mr. Murphy’s numerous plates of mosaics, paintings, Arabesques, inscriptions, columns, and other ornaments, we now proceed to

4. *The royal Villa of Al Generalife, or Generaliffe*, as it is variously written. The import of this name is the *House of Love* or *of Pleasure*, than which appellation no term more appropriate, perhaps, could be given. This villa is finely situated on the side of a steep and lofty mountain, opposite to the Alhamrā,—a spot favoured by nature and art. Concerning the time of its foundation, historians and antiquaries are by no means agreed; but the most probable conjecture is, that it was erected during the seventh century of the Hijra, corresponding with the thirteenth century of the Christian æra. The situation of the Generalife is healthy, and the prospect it commands is truly delightful. The distribution of the edifice, and of the gardens annexed to it, is admirably adapted to the shelving ground. Externally, nothing more than mere convenience seems to have been regarded; but, internally, the same attention has been given to the gratification of voluptuous ease as in the Alhamrā, to which its interior decorations are in no respect inferior, in point of elegance and splendour. The gardens of this palace of love still retain their original features: they are disposed in the form of an amphitheatre, and are irrigat-

ed by streams issuing from the summit of the mountain; which after forming numerous cascades, lose themselves among the trees and flowering shrubs. The ancient cypress-trees still exist, whose foliage overshadowed this spot when it was the abode of pleasure and of luxury.

The protracted length of this article forbids us to enter into the authentic and curious details, relative to the history and progress of Moorish architecture, recorded in the 'History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain;' we can only remark that the modern Spaniards are indebted to their Moslem conquerors for their present mode of roofing their houses, and that the same attention to personal comfort and gratification was bestowed on the interior of the private Moorish dwellings, which we have seen so conspicuously displayed in the structure and arrangement of the Alhambra. In Granada, we are informed that there was a garden attached to every house, planted with orange, lemon, citron, laurel, and other odoriferous trees and plants, whose fragrance purified the air, and promoted the health of the inhabitants. All the houses were supplied with running water: and, in every street, through the munificence of successive sovereigns, there were copious fountains for the public convenience, as well as for the performance of religious ablutions.

From the architecture and fine arts of the Spanish Arabs the transition to music is natural and easy. For this art they cherished the same passionate attachment which characterised the eastern Arabs, during the reigns of Almansûr, Harûn-ar-Râshid, and other khaliffs, who have been most celebrated for their encouragement of literature, the sciences, and the fine arts. Of the sovereigns of Moorish Spain, Abdurrahmân, II. was the most eminent for his love of music; and, of his veneration of its most eminent possessors, we have a memorable instance in his riding forth from his palace to meet and welcome the illustrious musician Zaryâb, who in the year of the Hijra 206 (A. D. 821,) came from Irâk into Spain. Under this monarch's auspices, Zaryâb founded the famous school of music at Cordova, which afterwards produced so many celebrated professors.

But, marvellous as were the effects of Arabian music, it is to be regretted that little is known with certainty, either of the different kinds of their melody, or of their rules for singing. The late learned and industrious historian of this art (Dr. Burney) has not taken the slightest notice of Arabian or of Moorish music, and the little we have been able to collect concerning this interesting topic, is, that the Arabians 'had four principal modes or harmonic phrases, which they termed roots; and to which they gave the names of different countries. These modes further had a certain number of derivatives, each adapted to one particular kind of poetry, or to the expression of one distinct passion. Thus the mode, termed *Ishak*, was that appropriated to love, and the *Dang-hiah* to grief: and their most learned accompaniments were con-

fined to playing in the octave. There is a very striking resemblance between the Arabian gamut and that of the Italians, which renders it highly probable that the old mode of teaching music by what is usually called sol-faing, was borrowed from the Arabs, or Moors of Spain, whose notes are named, *A lu mi re; B fa pe mi; C sol fa ut, &c.* We are, at least, indebted to the Arabians for the invention of the lute, which they accounted the most pleasing of all musical instruments, they also made use of the organ, flute, harp, tabor, and mandoline, a small species of guitar. This last mentioned instrument was a great favourite with the Arabian conquerors of Spain; who appear not only to have introduced it, but also the custom of serenading with it their mistresses, still retained by the Spaniards; on which occasion, the words of their songs, the airs of the music, and even the colour of their habits, were expressive of the triumph of the fortunate, or the despair of the rejected lover.' (Hist. of Mahom. Emp. in Spain, p. 296.)

Of the Moorish government, succession to the crown, army, and military tactics, we have a concise account in the work just cited; but on these topics there is the less occasion for remark, as a great similarity appears to have subsisted between the manners of the Moors in Spain, and those of the Arabians, which have so often been described. Hence we find the same generous hospitality, the same high resentment of injuries, the same devoted obedience to the khaliffs, and in domestic life, the same veneration for parents and for the aged; together with the same unqualified submission to the head of each family, which characterises the patriarchal times. From the interesting portrait, however, of the inhabitants of Granada, which has been drawn by the accurate historian Ibnū-l-Khatib or Alkhatib, it would appear that the manners of the Spanish Arabs were much softened by the cultivation of literature, and the arts.

We shall notice only that part of his account of the Granadian ladies, which we have taken the trouble to compare with those of some modern writers; who, *professing* to have consulted original authorities, have blindly copied each other, and have made the historian, who is remarkable for the simplicity and gravity of his narrative, to describe things and persons which never existed. We shall only premise that the representation of the Arabian author, as given us in 'the history of the Mahometan empire in Spain,' is a faithful version of the literal translation into Latin by the learned and almost proverbially correct Abbé Casiri.

'According to Ibnū-l-Khatīb, the women of Granada were handsome, and mostly of a middle stature, affable, and suffered their hair to grow to a considerable length. They were lavish in the use of the most fragrant perfumes, and their teeth were beautifully white; their gait was light and airy, their wit acute, and their conversation smart. In this age, the historian concludes, the vanity of the sex has carried the art of dressing themselves out with elegance, profusion, and magnificence, to such an excess, that it can no longer be called luxury,

but has become almost a madness.' (Hist. of Mahom. Emp. in Spain, p. 299.)

It is impossible for any reflecting mind to contemplate, without surprise, the very low rank which the natives of Arabia now hold, as a nation, in the republic of letters. 'Their climate has undergone no change; their religion, their government, their manners, and their sentiments generally, have undergone no change: what, then, can be the cause of the existing ignorance which prevails among the Saracens?' This is a question of no common interest and importance, both in a literary and in a philosophical point of view, which we have neither room nor leisure to discuss; and it would have been more satisfactory to us, if, instead of proposing this query as many learned men have done, they had applied themselves to its investigation and solution.

Long as our account has been of Mr. Murphy's splendid volume, it can convey but an inaccurate idea of it to our readers. The engravings are one hundred in number, and we have seldom seen so many and such various specimens of art executed in such a style of beauty, and with so much fidelity. It forms a valuable appendage to the works of Dawkins and Wood, of Stuart and Revell; and we trust that the proprietors will be remunerated for their spirited expenditure.

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ART. V.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature and Politics.*

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THE CARACCAS.

*From the third volume of Humboldt's Personal Travels.*

SCENERY OF SOUTH AMERICA.

When a traveller newly arrived from Europe penetrates for the first time into the forests of South America, nature presents herself to him under an unexpected aspect. The objects that surround him recall but feebly those pictures, which celebrated writers have traced on the banks of the Mississippi, in Florida, and in other temperate regions of the new world. He feels at every step that he is not on the confines, but in the centre of the torrid zone: not in one of the West India islands, but on a vast continent, where every thing is gigantic, the mountains, the rivers, and the mass of vegetation. If he feel strongly the beauty of picturesque scenery, he can scarcely define the various emotions, which crowd upon his mind; he can scarcely distinguish what most excites his admiration, the deep silence of those solitudes, the individual beauty and contrast of forms, or that vigour and freshness of vegetable life, which characterize the climate of the tropics. It might be said that the earth, over-

loaded with plants, does not allow them space enough to unfold themselves.—The trunks of the trees are every where concealed under a thick carpet of verdure; and if we carefully transplanted the orchidæ, the pipers, and the pothos, which a single courbaril or American fig tree nourishes, we should cover a vast extent of ground. By this singular assemblage, the forests, as well as the flanks of the rocks and mountains, enlarge the domain of organic nature. The same lianas creep on the ground, reach the tops of the trees, and pass from one to another at the height of more than a hundred feet. Thus by a continual interlacing of parasite plants, the botanist is often led to confound the flowers, the fruits and leaves, which belong to different species.

We walked for some hours under the shade of these arcades, that scarcely admit a glimpse of the sky; which appeared to me of an indigo blue, so much the deeper as the green of the equinoctial plants is generally of a stronger hue, with somewhat of a brownish tint. A great fern tree, very different from the polypodium arboreum of the West

Indies, rose above masses of scattered rocks. In this place we were struck for the first time with the sight of those nests in the shape of bottles, or small pockets, which are suspended to the branches of the lowest trees, and which attest the admirable industry of the orioles, that mingle their warblings with the hoarse cries of the parrots and the macaws. These last, so well known for their vivid colours, fly only in pairs, while the real parrots wander about in flocks of several hundreds. A man must have lived in those climates, particularly in the hot valleys of the Andes, to conceive how these birds sometimes drown with their voice the noise of the torrents, which rush down from rock to rock.

There is something so great, so powerful, in the impression made by nature in the climate of the Indies, that after an abode of a few months we seemed to have lived there during a long succession of years. In Europe, the inhabitant of the north and of the plains feels an almost similar emotion, when he quits even after a short abode the shores of the bay of Naples, the delicious country between Tivoli and the Lake of Nemi, or the wild and solemn scenery of the Higher Alps and the Pyrenees. Yet every where under the temperate zone, the effects of the physiognomy of the vegetables afford little contrast. The firs and the oaks that crown the mountains of Sweden, have a certain family air with those, that vegetate in the fine climates of Greece and Italy. Between the tropics on the contrary, in the lower regions of both Indies, every thing in nature appears new and marvellous. In the open plains, and amid the gloom of forests, almost all the remembrances of Europe are effaced; for it is the vegetation that determines the character of a landscape, and acts upon our imagination by its mass, the contrast of its forms, and the glow of its colours. In proportion as impressions are powerful and new, they weaken antecedent impressions, and their strength gives them the appearance of duration. I appeal to those, who, more sensible of the beauties of nature than of the charms of social life, have long resided in the torrid zone. How dear, how memorable during life, is the land where they first disembarked! A vague desire to revisit that spot roots itself in their

minds to the most advanced age. Cumana and its dusty soil are still more frequently present to my imagination, than all the wonders of the Cordilleras. Beneath the fine sky of the south, the light and the magic of the aerial hues, embellish a land almost destitute of vegetation. The sun does not merely enlighten, it colours the objects, and wraps them in a thin vapour, which, without changing the transparency of the air, renders its tints more harmonious, softens the effects of the light, and diffuses over nature that calm, which is reflected in our souls. To explain this vivid impression, which the aspect of the scenery of the two Indias produces, even on coasts where there is little wood, it will be sufficient to recollect, that the beauty of the sky augments from Naples toward the equator, almost as much as from Provence toward the south of Italy.

While we take in at one view the vast landscape, we feel little regret, that the solitudes of the New World are not embellished with the images of past times. Wherever, under the torrid zone, the earth, studded with mountains and overspread with plants, has preserved its primitive characteristics, man no longer appears as the centre of the creation. Far from taming the elements, all his efforts tend to escape from their empire. The changes made by savage nations during the lapse of ages on the surface of the globe disappear before those, that are produced in a few hours by the actions of volcanic fires, the inundations of mighty floods, and the impetuosity of tempests. It is the conflict of the elements, which characterizes in the New World the aspect of nature. A country without population appears to the people of cultivated Europe like a city abandoned by its inhabitants. In America, after having lived during several years in the forests of the low regions, or on the ridge of the Cordilleras; after having surveyed countries as extensive as France, containing only a small number of scattered huts; a deep solitude no longer affrights the imagination. We become accustomed to the idea of a world, that supports only plants and animals; where the savage has never uttered either the shout of joy, or the plaintive accents of sorrow.

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*A man giving suck.*—In the village of Arenas, on the road from San Fer-

nando to Cumana, lives a labourer, Francisco Lozano, who presented a physiological phenomenon, highly calculated to strike the imagination, though it is very conformable to the known laws of organized nature. This man has suckled a child with his own milk. The mother having fallen sick, the father, to quiet the infant, took it into his bed, and pressed it to his bosom. Lozano, then thirty-two years of age, had never remarked till that day that he had milk; but the irritation of the nipple, sucked by the child, caused the accumulation of that liquid. The milk was thick and very sweet. The father, astonished at the increased size of his breast, suckled his child two or three times a day during five months. He drew on himself the attention of his neighbours, but he never thought, as he probably would in Europe, of deriving any advantage from the curiosity he excited. We saw the certificate which had been drawn up on the spot, to attest this remarkable fact, eye-witnesses of which are still living. They assured us, that, during this suckling, the child had no other nourishment than the milk of his father. Lozano, who was not at Arenas during our journey in the Missions, came to us at Cumana. He was accompanied by his son, who was then thirteen or fourteen years of age. Mr. Bonpland examined with attention the father's breast, and found it wrinkled like those of women who have given suck. He observed, that the left breast in particular was much enlarged, which Lozano explained to us from the circumstance, that the two breasts did not furnish milk in the same abundance. Don Vicente Emparan, governor of the province, sent a circumstantial account of this phenomenon to Cadix.

It is not a very uncommon circumstance, to find, both among human-kind and animals, males whose breasts contain milk, and the climate does not appear to exert any marked influence on the more or less abundance of this secretion. The ancients cite the milk of the he goats of Lemnos and Coscia. In our own time, we have seen in the country of Hanover, a he goat, which for a great number of years was milked every other day, and yielded more milk than a female goat. Among the signs of the pretended weakness of the Americans, travellers have mentioned the milk contained in the breasts of

men. It is however improbable, that it has ever been observed in a whole tribe, in some part of America unknown to modern travellers, and I can affirm that at present it is not more common in the new continent, than in the old. The labourer of Arenas, whose history we have just related, is not of the copper-coloured race of Chiriquia Indians; he is a white man, descended from Europeans. Moreover, the anatomists of Petersburg have observed, that among the lower orders of the people in Russia, milk in the breasts of men is much more frequent than among the more southern nations; and the Russians have never been deemed weak and effeminate.

There exists among the varieties of our kind a race of men, whose breasts at the age of puberty acquire a considerable bulk. Lozano did not belong to this class, and he often repeated to us, that it was only the irritation of the nipple, in consequence of the sucking, which caused the flow of the milk. This confirms the observation of the ancients, "that men, who have a small quantity of milk, yield it in abundance when their breasts are sucked." These singular effects of a nervous stimulus were known to the shepherds of Greece, those of Mount Oeta rubbed the dugs of the young goats, that had not yet conceived, with nettles, to make them produce milk.

When we reflect on the whole of the vital phenomena, we find, that most of them is entirely isolated. In every age examples are cited of young girls not marriageable, or women withered by age, who have suckled children.—Among men these examples are infinitely more rare, and after numerous researches, I have not found above two or three. One is cited by the anatomist of Verona, Alexander Boudinot, who lived toward the end of the eighteenth century. He relates the history of an inhabitant of Syria, who, to calm the uneasiness of his child, after the death of the mother, pressed it to his bosom. The milk immediately came with such abundance, that the father could take on himself the nourishment of his child, without assistance. Other examples are related by Santarelli, Paria, and Robert, bishop of Cork.—The greater part of these phenomena having been noticed in times very remote, it is not uninteresting to place



logy, that we can confirm them in our own days. Besides, they bear very strongly on the long disputed question respecting final causes. The existence of the nipple in men has long puzzled philosophers; and it has even been recently affirmed, "that nature has refused to one of the sexes the faculty of sucking, because this faculty would not accord with the dignity of man."

*Tobacco of Cumana.*—Next to the tobacco of the isle of Cuba, and of the Rio Negro, that of Cumana is the most aromatic. It excels all the tobacco of New Spain, and of the province of Varinas. We shall give some particulars of its culture, as it is essentially different from that which is practised in Virginia. The prodigious expansion which is remarked in the *solanaceous* plants of the valley of Cumanacoa, especially in the abundant species of the *solanum arborescens*, of *aquartia*, and of *cestrum*, seems to indicate how favourable this spot is for plantations of tobacco.—The seed is sowed in the open ground, at the beginning of September; though sometimes not until the month of December, which is less favourable for the harvest. The cotyledons appear on the eighth day: and the young plants are covered with large leaves of *heliconia* or plantain to shelter them from the direct action of the sun. Great care is also taken to destroy the weeds, which, between the tropics, spring up with astonishing rapidity. The tobacco is transplanted into a rich and well prepared ground, a month or two after it has risen from the seed. The plants are disposed in regular rows, three or four feet distant from each other. Care is taken to weed them often, and the principal stalk is several times *topped*, till greenish blue spots indicate to the cultivator the maturity of the leaves.—They begin to gather them in the fourth month, and this first gathering generally terminates in the space of a few days. It would be better to pluck the leaves only as they dry. In good years, the cultivators cut the plant when it is only four feet high; and the shoot, which springs from the root, throws out new leaves with such rapidity, that they may be gathered on the thirteenth or fourteenth day. These last have the cellular texture very much extended; and they contain more water, more al-

bumen, and less of that acrid, volatile principle, which is but little soluble in water, and in which the stimulant property of tobacco seems to reside.

The preparation which the tobacco, after being gathered, undergoes at Cumanacoa, is what the Spaniards call *cura seca*. Monsieur de Pons has very well described it, as it is practised at Uritucu, and in the valleys of Aragua. The leaves are suspended by threads of *cocuiza*: their ribs are taken out, and they are twisted into cords. The prepared tobacco should be carried to the king's warehouses in the month of June; but the laziness of the inhabitants, and the preference they give to the cultivation of maize and cassava, commonly prevent them from finishing the preparation before the month of August.—It is easy to conceive, that the leaves, so long exposed to very moist air, must lose some of their flavour.

The soil of Cumanacoa is so proper for this branch of culture, that tobacco grows wild, wherever the seed finds any moisture. It grows thus spontaneously at Cerro del Cuchivano, and around the cavern of Caripe. Besides, the only kind of tobacco cultivated at Cumanacoa, as well as in the neighbouring districts of Aricagua and San Lorenzo, is the tobacco with large sessile leaves, called Virginia tobacco. The tobacco with petiolate leaves, which is the *yetyl* of the ancient Mexicans, is unknown, though it is designated in Germany under the singular name of *Turkish tobacco*.

If the culture of tobacco were free, the province of Cumana might furnish a great part of Europe. It even appears that other districts would not be less favourable to this branch of colonial industry, than the valley of Cumanacoa, in which the too great frequency of rains often injures the aromatic property of the leaves.

*The Cocoa-Tree.*—The contrary winds and rainy weather forced us to go on shore at Pericantral, a small farm situate on the south side of the gulf.—The whole of this coast covered with beautiful vegetation, is almost without cultivation. There are scarcely seven hundred inhabitants: and, except the village of Mariguitar, we saw only plantations of cocoa-trees, which are the olives of the country. This palm-

tree occupies on both continents a zone; of which the mean temperature of the year is not below 30°. It is, like the chamærops of the basin of the Mediterranean, a true palm-tree of the coast. It prefers salt to fresh waters; and flourishes less inland, where the air is not loaded with saline particles, than on the coasts. When cocoa-trees are planted in Terra Firma, or in the Missions of the Orinoko, at a distance from the sea, a considerable quantity of salt, sometimes as much as half a bushel, is thrown into the hole that receives the cocoa-nut. Among the plants cultivated by man, the sugar-cane, the plantain, the mammee apple, and alligator-pear (*Laurus persea*), alone have the property of the cocoa-tree; that of being watered alike with fresh and salt water. This circumstance is favourable to their migrations, and if the sugar cane of the shore yield a syrup that is a little brackish, it is believed at the same time to be better fitted for the distillation of spirit, than the juice produced from the canes in the interior.

The cocoa tree, in the rest of America, is in general cultivated around farm-houses, to be eaten as fruit, in the gulf of Cariaco, it forms real plantations. At Cumana, they talk of a *hacienda de coco*, as of a *hacienda de caña* or *de cacao*. In a fertile and moist ground, the cocoa-tree begins to bear fruit in abundance the fourth year; but in dry soils it yields produce at the end of ten years only. The duration of the tree does not in general exceed eighty or a hundred years; and its mean height at this period is from seventy to eighty feet. This rapid growth is so much the more remarkable, as other palm-trees, for instance, the *moriche*, and the palm of Sombreno, the longevity of which is very great, frequently do not reach above fourteen or eighteen feet in sixty years. In the first thirty or forty years, a cocoa-tree of the gulf of Cariaco bears every lunation a cluster of ten or fourteen nuts, all of which however do not ripen. It may be reckoned that, on an average, a tree produces annually a hundred nuts, which yield eight *flascos* of oil. — The *flasco* is sold for two rials and a half of plate, or sixteen pence. In Providence, an olive-tree thirty years old yields twenty pounds, or seven *flascos* of oil, so that it produces something less than a cocoa-tree. There are in

the gulf of Cariaco *haciendas* of eight or nine thousand cocoa-trees. They resemble, in their picturesque appearance, those fine plantations of date-trees, near Elebe, in Munier, where in one square league are found upwards of 70,000 palms. The cocoa-tree bears fruit in abundance till it is thirty or forty years old, after this age, the produce diminishes, and a trunk a hundred years old, without being altogether barren, yields very little produce. In the town of Cumana a great quantity of oil of cocoas is made, which is as pale, without smell, and very fit for burning. The trade in this oil is not less brisk than that on the coast of Africa for palm oil, which is obtained from the *elays guineensis*, and is used for fuel.

At Cumana I have often witnessed the arrival of canoes laden with 3000 cocoa nuts. A tree in full bearing yields an annual revenue of two piastres and half (eleven shillings and tenpence half penny). But in the *haciendas* of cocoa, trees of different ages being mixed, the capital is estimated by appraisers only at four piastres.

**Port of Barcelona.**—The port of Barcelona, of which the name is scarcely to be found on our maps, has had a very active commerce ever since 1773. From it is exported great part of the produce of those vast steppes which extend from the south side of the chain of the coast as far as the Orinoko, and which abound in cattle of every kind, almost as much as the Pampas of the *noe Ayres*. The commercial industry of these countries depends on the demand in the great and little West India islands for salted provision, oxen, mules, and horses. The coasts of Terra Firma being opposite to those of the Island of Cuba, at a distance of fifteen or eighteen days' sail, the merchants of the Havannah prefer, especially in time of peace, drawing their provision from the port of Barcelona, to the risk of a long voyage in another hemisphere to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Of a black population amounting to 1,300,000, which the antislavery of the West India islands now consists in, Cuba alone has more than 250,000 slaves, who are fed with vegetables, salt provision, and dried fish. Every vessel, that trades in salt meat, or *lucio* from Terra Firma, carries twenty or thirty thousand *arobas*, the sale price of which

is more than forty-five thousand piastres. The situation of Barcelona is singularly advantageous for the trade in cattle. The animals have only three days' journey from the Llanos to the port, while it requires eight or nine days to reach Cumana, on account of the chain of mountains of the Brigantine and the Impossible. According to the best information I could obtain, eight thousand mules were embarked at Barcelona, six thousand at Porto-Cabello, and three thousand at Carupano, in 1799 and 1800, for the Spanish, English, and French islands. I am ignorant of the precise exportation of Burburata, Coro, and the mouths of the Guarapiche and the Oroonoko; but I believe, notwithstanding the causes that have diminished the quantity of cattle in the Llanos of Cumana, Barcelona, and Caraccas, those immense steppes did not furnish less at that period than thirty thousand mules a year for the West India trade. Estimating each mule at twenty-five piastres (the cost price) we find that this branch of trade alone produces nearly 3,700,000 francs, without reckoning the profits on the freight of the vessels. Mr. de Pons, in general very exact in his statistical computations, estimates them at a much smaller number. But as he could not himself visit the Llanos, his place of agent to the French government obliging him to reside constantly at the town of Caraccas, the proprietors of the *Hatos* perhaps communicated to him too low estimations.

*La Guayra.*—La Guayra is rather a roadstead than a port. The sea is constantly agitated, and the ships suffer at once by the action of the wind, the tideways, the bad anchorage, and the worms. The lading is taken in with difficulty, and the heights of the swell prevents embarking mules here, as at New Barcelona and Porto Cabello. The free mulattos and negroes, who carry the cocoa on board the ships, are a class of men of very remarkable muscular strength. They go up to their middles through the water, and what is well worthy of attention, they have nothing to fear from the sharks, which are so frequent in this harbour. This fact seems connected with what I have often observed between the tropics, relatively to other classes of animals

that live in society, for instance, monkeys and crocodiles. In the missions of the Oroonoko, and the river of Amazons, the Indians, who catch monkeys to sell them, know very well, that they can easily succeed in taming those which inhabit certain islands; while monkeys of the same species, caught on the neighbouring continent, die of terror or rage when they find themselves in the power of man. The crocodiles of one pool in the Llanos are cowardly, and flee even in the water; while those of another attack with extreme intrepidity. It would be difficult to explain this difference of manners and habits, by the aspect of their respective localities. The sharks of the port of La Guayra seem to furnish an analogous example. They are dangerous and blood-thirsty at the island opposite the coast of Caraccas, at the Roques, at Bonayre, and at Curassao; while they forbear to attack persons swimming in the ports of La Guayra and Santa Martha. The people who, in order to simplify the explanation of natural phenomena, have always recourse to the marvellous, affirm, that in both places a bishop gave his benediction to the sharks.

The situation of La Guayra is very singular, and can only be compared to that of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. The chain of mountains, that separates the port from the high valley of Carracas, descends almost directly into the sea; and the houses of the town are backed by a wall of steep rocks. There scarcely remains one hundred or one hundred and forty toises breadth of flat ground between the wall and the ocean. The town has six or eight thousand inhabitants, and contains only two streets, running parallel to each other, east and west. It is commanded by the battery of *Cerro Colorado*; and its fortifications along the sea-side are well disposed, and kept in repair. The aspect of this place has something solitary and gloomy; we seemed not to be on a continent, covered with vast forests, but in a rocky island, destitute of mould and vegetation. With the exception of Cape Blanco, and the cocoa-trees of Maiqueta, no view meets the eye but that of the horizon, the sea, and the azure vault of heaven. The heat is stifling during the day, and most frequently during the night. The climate

of La Guayra is justly considered as more ardent than that of Cumana, Porto Cabello, and Coro; because the sea breeze is less felt, and the air is heated by the radiant caloric, which the perpendicular rocks emit from the time the sun sets.

At the time of my abode at La Guayra, the scourge of yellow fever, or *calentura amarilla*, had been known only two years; and the mortality had not been considerable, because the confluence of strangers on the coast of Caraccas was less than that at Havannah and Vera Cruz. A few individuals, even Creoles and mulattos, were sometimes taken off suddenly by certain irregular remittent fevers; which, from being complicated with bilious appearances, hemorrhages, and other symptoms equally alarming, appeared to have some analogy with the yellow fever. They were generally men employed in the hard labour of cutting wood; in the forests, for instance, in the neighbourhood of the little port of Carupano, or the gulf of Sante-Fé, west of Cumana. Their death often alarmed the unseasoned Europeans, in towns that were regarded as eminently healthy; but the seeds of the sporadic malady by which they had been attacked, were propagated no farther. On the coast of Terra Firma, the real typus of America, which is known by the names *vomito prieto* (the black vomit) and of yellow fever, and which ought to be considered as a morbid affection *sui generis*, was known only at Porto Cabello, at Carthagena, and at Santa Martha, where Gastelbondo had observed and described it in 1729. The Spaniards who had recently disembarked, and the inhabitants of the valley of Caraccas, were not then afraid to reside at La Guayra. They complained only of the oppressive heat, which prevailed during a great part of the year. If they opposed themselves to the immediate action of the sun, they dreaded at most only those inflammations of the skin or eyes, which are felt every where in the torrid zone, and which are often accompanied by a febrile affection, and powerful congestions in the head. Many individuals preferred the ardent but uniform climate of La Guayra, to the cool but extremely variable climate of Carac-

cas; and scarcely any mention was made of the insalubrity of that port.

Since the year 1797, every thing has changed. Commerce being opened to other vessels than those of the mother country, seamen born in colder climates than Spain, and consequently more sensible to the impressions of the climate of the torrid zone, began to frequent La Guayra. The yellow fever declared itself; North Americans, seized with the typhus, were received in the Spanish hospitals; and it was affirmed, that they had imported the contagion, and that, before they entered the road, the disease had appeared on board a brig, which came from Philadelphia. The captain of the brig denied the fact; and asserted, that, far from having introduced this malady, his sailors had caught it in the port. We know from what happened in Cadix, in 1800, how difficult it is to elucidate facts, when their uncertainty serves to favour theories, that are diametrically opposite. The more enlightened inhabitants of Caraccas and La Guayra, divided in opinion, like the physicians in Europe and the United States, on the principle of contagion of the yellow fever, cited the instance of the same American vessel to prove, some, that the typhus came from abroad, and others, that it took birth in the country itself.

Since the years 1797, and 1798, the same in which there was a dreadful mortality at Philadelphia, Santa Lucia, and St. Domingo, the yellow fever has continued its ravages at La Guayra. It has proved fatal not only to the troops newly arrived from Spain, but also to those which had been raised far from the coasts, in the Llanos between Calabozo and Uritucu, in a region almost as hot as La Guayra, but favourable to health. This latter phenomenon would surprise us more, if we did not know, that even the natives of Vera Cruz, who are not attacked with the typhus in their own town, sometimes sink under it in the epidemics of the Havannah and the United States. As the black vomit finds an insurmountable limit at the Encero, (four hundred and seventy-six toises high) on the declivity of the mountains of Mexico, on the road to Xalapa, where the oaks, and a cool and deli-

cious climate begin; the yellow fever scarcely ever passes beyond the ridge of mountains that separates La Guayra from the valley of Caraccas. This valley has been exempted from it for a long time; for we must not confound the vomito and the yellow fever with the irregular and bilious fevers.

Since the yellow fever has made such cruel ravages in La Guayra, the want of cleanliness in that little town has been exaggerated, like that of Vera Cruz, and of the quays or wharves of Philadelphia. In a place where the soil is extremely dry, destitute of vegetation, and where a few drops of water scarcely fall in seven or eight months, the causes that produce what are called miasmata, cannot be very frequent. The streets of La Guayra appeared to me in general to be tolerably clean, with the exception of the quarter of the slaughter-houses. The sea-side has no beach, on which the remains of fuci and of molluscæ are heaped up; but the neighbouring coast, which stretches to the east toward Cape Codera, and consequently to the windward of La Guayra, is extremely unhealthy. Intermitting, putrid, and bilious fevers often prevail at Macuto, and at Caravalleda; and when, from time to time, the breeze is interrupted by a westerly wind, the little bay of Cotia, which I shall often have occasion to mention, sends an air loaded with putrid emanations toward the coast of La Guayra, notwithstanding the rampart opposed by Cape Blanco.

The irritability of the organs being so different in the people of the north and those of the south, it cannot be doubted, that with a greater freedom of commerce, and a more frequent and intimate communication between countries situate in different climates, the yellow fever will extend its ravages in the New World. It is even probable, that the concurrence of so many exciting causes, and their action on individuals so differently organized, may give birth to new forms of disease, and new deviations of the vital powers. This is one of the evils, that inevitably attends a rising civilization. To point it out is not to regret barbarism; it is not to partake the opinions of those, who would break the bands that unite nations, not in order to render the ports of the colonies more healthy, but

to thwart the introduction of knowledge, and slacken the progress of reason.

The yellow fever and the black vomit, cease periodically at the Havannah and Vera Cruz, when the north winds bring the cold air of Canada toward the Gulf of Mexico. But from the extreme equality of temperature, which characterizes the climates of Porto Cabello, La Guayra, New Barcelona, and Cumana, it may be feared that the typhus will there become permanent, whenever, from a great concourse of strangers, it has acquired a high degree of exacerbation.

*Character of South American Population.*—Although I had the advantage, which few Spaniards have shared with me, of having successively visited Caraccas, the Havannah, Santa Fe de Bogota, Quito, Lima, and Mexico, and of having been connected in these six capitals of Spanish America with men of all ranks, I shall not venture to decide on the various degrees of civilization, which society has attained in the different colonies. It is easier to indicate the different shades of national improvement, and the point toward which the unfolding of the intellect tends in preference, than to compare and class things that cannot be investigated under the same point of view. It appeared to me, that a strong tendency toward the study of the sciences prevailed at Mexico and Santa Fe de Bogota; more taste for literature, and whatever can charm an ardent and lively imagination, at Quito and Lima; more accurate notions of the political relations of countries, and more enlarged views on the state of colonies and their mother countries, at the Havannah and Caraccas. The numerous communications with commercial Europe, with that sea of the West Indies, which we have described as a mediterranean with many outlets, have had a powerful influence on the progress of society in the island of Cuba, and in the five provinces of Venezuela. Civilization has in no other part of Spanish America assumed a more European physiognomy. The great number of Indian cultivators who inhabit Mexico and the interior of New Grenada, have impressed a peculiar, I might almost say an exotic character, on



among the whites has penetrated every bosom. Wherever men of colour are either considered as slaves, or as having been enfranchised, what constitutes nobility is hereditary liberty, is the proud boast of having never reckoned among ancestors any but free-men. In the colonies, the colour of the skin is the real badge of nobility. In Mexico, as well as Peru, at Caraccas as in the island of Cuba, a barefooted fellow is often heard exclaiming: 'Does that rich white man think himself whiter than I am?' The population which Europe pours into America, being very considerable, it may easily be supposed, that the axiom, every white man is noble, *toto blanco es caballero*, must singularly wound the pretensions of a great number of ancient and illustrious European families. But we may observe farther, that the truth of this axiom has long since been recognized in Spain, among a people justly celebrated for probity, industry, and national spirit. Every Biscayan calls himself noble; and there being a greater number of Biscayans in America and the Philippine Islands, than in the peninsula, the whites of this race have contributed in no small degree, to propagate in the colonies the system of equality among all men, whose blood has not been contaminated by the African race.

Moreover, the countries of which the inhabitants, even without a representative government, or any institution of peerage, annex so much importance to genealogy, and the advantages of birth, are not always those where the aristocracy of families is the most offensive. We should seek in vain among the natives of Spanish origin that cold and assuming air, which the character of modern civilization seems to have rendered more common in the rest of Europe. Conviviality, candour, and a great simplicity of manners, unite the different classes of society in the colonies, as well as in the mother country. We might even venture to say, that the expressions of vanity and self-love are less offensive, when they retain something of simplicity and frankness.

I found in several families at Caraccas, a taste for instruction, a knowledge of the master-pieces of French and Italian literature, and a particular

predilection for music, which is cultivated with success, and which, as it always happens in the pursuit of the fine arts, serves to bring the different classes of society nearer to each other. The mathematical sciences, drawing, painting, cannot here boast of any of those establishments, with which royal munificence, and the patriotic zeal of the inhabitants have enriched Mexico. In the midst of the marvels of Nature, so rich in productions, no person on this coast was devoted to the study of plants and minerals. In a convent of St. Francis alone, I met with a respectable old gentleman, who calculated the almanac for all the provinces of Venezuela, and who possessed some precise ideas on the state of modern astronomy. Our instruments interested him deeply, and one day our house was filled with all the monks of St. Francis, begging to see a dipping-needle. The curiosity that dwells on physical phenomena is augmented in countries undermined by volcanic fires, and in a climate where nature is at once so overwhelming, and so mysteriously agitated.

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DANIEL BOONE.

*From Marshall's History of Kentucky.*

Daniel Boone, now an obscure resident in the forests of Louisiana, old and needy, was a native of Virginia. More of a Nimrod, than a Joshua, he hunted the wild game; and found out the place for the city, which he built and peopled, before he ruled.

From his infancy, Daniel Boone discovered a predilection for hunting, and ranging the uncultivated parts of the country. And to this disposition, may be ascribed his removal from his native place to North Carolina, then recently settled, where he went, and abounding with wild game of different kinds.

Without the incumbrance of worldly goods to give him local attachments; and without the illumination of science to make him shine in society, at the age of manhood, he found himself possessed of high health, and a vigorous constitution; supported by great muscular strength, and nervous activity. He delighted to chase the wild deer: and this propensity often led him to places remote from the habitations of men. Accustomed to be much alone, he acquired the habit of contemplation,



and of self-possession. His mind was not of the most ardent kind; nor does he ever seem to have sought knowledge, through the medium of books. His natural sagacity was considerable: and as a woodsman, he was soon expert, and ultimately supereminent. Far from being ferocious, his disposition was mild, humane, and charitable; his temper conciliating, kind, and hospitable! Yet his most remarkable quality, was an induring, and unshaken fortitude. He was a man of the most undoubted courage—cool, temperate, and firm: yet of the most inoffensive deportment. —For seven years his life was that of a soldier in fact, and every summer, to him an active campaign. Such was the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens, that he was raised by intermediate grades, to the rank of colonel in the militia; and several times elected a member to the Legislature, although quite illiterate; purely as a reward for his personal merit.

It was on the first of May, 1769, that Daniel Boone, then the father of a family, made a temporary resignation of his domestic happiness, to wander through the rough and savage wilderness bordering on the Cumberland mountains—in quest of the fair-famed, but little known country of Kentucky. In this tour he was accompanied by John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, William Coole, and James Monay. On the 7th of June following, after a journey of great labour and fatigue, through a mountainous country, of one hundred and fifty miles in extent, and without a path to guide them, they arrived on Red River, north of the Kentucky, where John Finley had formerly been, as an Indian trader. Here the party determined to take some repose, and made themselves a shelter of bark, to cover their heads from the occasional showers of the day, and the cold dews of night. It was in his excursion from this camp, that Daniel Boone first saw with wonder the beauties, and inhaled with delight the odours of a Kentucky summer. It was also in one of his peregrinations from a second camp, that he and John Stewart, rising the top of a hill, encountered a host of savages.

They made Boone and his companion prisoners, and plundered them of what supplies they had. Seven days were

they detained in custody by these Indians, nor had they a prospect of voluntary discharge, when as a consequence of their well-dissembled contentment, the captors without a guard on their prisoners, resigned themselves to sleep, and they made their escape. Boone and his companion returned to their camp, found it plundered; and the residue of the party having been driven from it, had fled the country, to their former habitations—whither Daniel Boone, and his fellow-wanderer, most soon have followed, or perished, had not squire Boone, the brother of Daniel, pursuing their tract from North-Carolina, come up with them about this time, and furnished them a few necessities.

Soon after this period, John Stewart was killed by the Indians; and the two Boones, remained, the only white men in the wilderness of Kentucky. The winter succeeding, they continued in the country, the only tenants of a cabin, which they erected to shelter themselves from the cold.

In May, 1770, squire Boone returned home, leaving Daniel without bread or salt; and not even a dog to keep his hut. Never was man in greater need of philosophy to sustain his reflections; nor ever were reflections more philosophical than those of Daniel Boone. The chirping of the birds solaced his ears with music; the numerous deer, and buffaloe, which passed him in review, gave dumb assurance that he was in the midst of plenty—and cheerfulness once more possessed his mind. Thus in a second paradise, another Adam was seen, giving names to springs, to rivers, and to places, before unknown to civilized man.

In July of that year, squire Boone returned, as it had been agreed; and a meeting was effected between the brothers at the old camp. The two, in this year, traversed the country to the Cumberland River, and in 1771, returned to their families, determined to remove them to Kentucky.

In 1773, about the month of September, Daniel Boone sold his farm on the Yadkin, bade farewell to his less adventurous neighbours, and commenced his removal to Kentucky, with his own, and five other families. In Powell's Valley, he was joined by forty men, willing to risque themselves under his

guidance. The party were proceeding in fine spirits, when on the 10th of October, the rear of the company was attacked by a strong party of Indians, who killed six of the men; and among them the eldest son of Daniel Boone. The Indians were repulsed, and fled; but in the mean time the cattle appertaining to the sojourning party were dispersed; the relatives of the deceased greatly affected; and the whole of the survivors so disheartened, that it was thought best and most prudent to retreat to the settlements on Clinch River, about forty miles from the scene of action.

This being accomplished without any further disaster, Daniel Boone remained with his family until June 1774, when he was solicited by the governor of Virginia, to repair to the Rapids of the Ohio, to conduct from thence a party of surveyors, whose longer stay was rendered peculiarly dangerous, by the increasing hostility of the Indians. This service was undertaken by Boone, who with Michael Stoner, as his only companion, traversed the pathless regions between—reached the place of destination with great celerity, and thence safely conducted the surveyors home.—Having in the short space of sixty-two days, completed a tour of eight hundred miles on foot.

This year there were open hostilities between the Virginians and the Indians, northwest of the Ohio. Daniel Boone, being then in Virginia, was ordered by the governor to take the command of three contiguous garrisons on the frontier, with the commission of captain. The campaign of that year, after a battle, terminated in peace, and the militia were discharged from the garrisons. Captain Boone being now at leisure; and colonel Henderson and company, of North Carolina, having matured their project of purchasing the lands on the south side of the Kentucky, from the southern Indians, he was solicited by them to attend the treaty, proposed to be held at Wataga, in March, 1775; and to negotiate and conclude a purchase of the country south of Kentucky River, the bounds of which were described to him. This service was accepted, and executed by Boone—who soon afterwards, at the request of the same company, undertook to make a road from the settle-

ments on Holston to the Kentucky River, by the best practicable route. This duty was also performed with great promptitude and despatch, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the way, and the repeated attacks of the Indians, in which Boone had four of his men killed, and five wounded. Arrived on the southern bank of the Kentucky, in the first of April, 1775, Boone, with the survivors of his party, began to erect a fort at a salt-spring, where Boonesborough now stands. While building this fort, which employed the feeble party till the succeeding June, one man was killed by the Indians, who continued to infest the party, until the fort was completed.

This fort consisted of a block-house, and several cabins, enclosed with palisades. This being done, capt. Boone returned to Clinch River, and soon after moved his family to the first garrison in the country, as his wife and daughter were the first white women ever known in Kentucky.

Captain Boone, having given to the new population of Kentucky a permanent establishment, and placed his own family in Boonesborough, felt all the solicitude incident to his situation, to insure its defence, and to promote its prosperity. We find him in 1776, pursuing with eight men only a party of Indians, who had made several prisoners at Boonesborough, and gallantly rescuing them from captivity.

In 1777, he sustained two sieges in Boonesborough, with all the determined firmness of inherent courage, and all the vigilance of an active and enterprising officer.

It would be unnecessary, were it practicable to particularize the assistance which he gave to emigrants, either on the road, or after their arrival, when the activity of his zeal and the humanity of his character are recollected and duly appreciated. Suffice it to say, that he was accustomed to range the country as a hunter, and as a spy; and that he frequently would meet the approaching travellers on the road, and protect, or assist them into the settled parts of the country.

Captain Boone, relieved from one kind of service, was ever ready to engage in another, for the relief of the garrisons, or the service of the country—on the first of January, 1778, he

with thirty men, went to the Blue Licks, on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country; who were now in great want of that article, without the prospect of supply from abroad.

On the 7th of February following, as captain Boone was out hunting meat for the salt-makers, he met with a detachment of one hundred and two Indians, on its march to attack Boonesborough: that being a particular object of Indian resentment and hostility, probably on account of its being the first settlement made in the country, by 'the white intruders,' as the Indians would naturally call them. At this time they wanted a prisoner, from whom to obtain intelligence; and while Boone fled, some of their swiftest warriors pursued, and took him. After eight days they brought him to the Licks, where they made twenty-seven of his men prisoners, by previous capitulation; in which they promised life and good treatment. The other three men had been sent home, with the salt which had been made.

The Indians were faithful to their engagements, and treated the prisoners well, as savages could, both in their journey, and after their arrival at their town of Chillicothe, on the Little Miami. They were three days in making this march through the woods, in cold, bad weather.

In the month of March following, captain Boone, and ten of his men, were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where the escort arrived the thirtieth, and presented the ten men to governor Hamilton, the British commandant at that post, who treated them with great humanity and civility.

In the course of this time, the Indians had conceived an uncommon respect and affection for captain Boone: and utterly refused to leave him with the governor, who offered them one hundred pounds sterling for their prisoner, on purpose to liberate him on parole. It is more easy to conceive than express the vexation and embarrassment, which these circumstances occasioned to captain Boone; he could not extricate himself; and he dared not excite the jealousy or suspicion of the Indians. Several English gentlemen present, sensibly affected by his situation, generously offered a supply to his want

of necessities and conveniences; but which he, with thanks for their friendship, declined; alleging that it might never be in his power to requite such unmerited generosity.

Another event now approached, which put the sensibility of captain Boone to a severe trial. He was told by his inflexible conquerors that he must prepare to accompany them back to Chillicothe, while his ten faithful companions were to be left prisoners at Detroit.

This journey was soon afterwards undertaken, and performed in fifteen days. At Chillicothe, captain Boone was adopted into one of the principal families, as a son; and judiciously accommodated himself to his situation, increased the confidence and affection of his new relatives and old friends.

They challenged him to the shooting match, in which he found it more difficult to avoid their jealousy, and to suppress their envy, than to beat them at an exercise, in which they thought themselves invincible. They invited him to accompany them on hunting parties, and frequently applauded his dexterity in killing the wild game. The Shawanese king took particular notice of him, and always treated him with the most profound respect. While Boone on his part, took care to improve these favourable impressions, by frequently bestowing on him the spoils of the woods, and otherwise expressing duty to him, as THE KING.

The first of June in that year, a party of these Indians set out for the Scioto Salt Licks, and took Boone with them, in order to make salt. After effecting this object, they returned to Chillicothe, without affording to their prisoner a suitable opportunity to escape.

He there found four hundred and fifty Indian warriors, armed and paraded, in a most fearful manner, ready to march against Boonesborough. For once he derived pleasure from his captivity, as it possessed him of information, which he determined by immediate escape, to convey to his garrison; and which might save it from destruction.

On the sixteenth of the same month, captain Boone, at the usual time of hunting in the morning, was separated, apparently from the woods, but

really for Boonesborough, which he reached on the twentieth. By a currency of one hundred and sixty miles, during which, he ate one meal of vegetables.

He found the fortress in a bad state of defence, but the intelligence which he brought, and the activity which he inspired, soon produced the necessary repairs, and the garrison began to wait with impatience the reception of intelligence from the enemy, who at length one of the other prisoners, escaping from them, arrived with information that the Indians had, on account of Boone's escape from them, postponed their march for three weeks. In the mean time, however, it was discovered they had their eyes in the country, watching the movements of the different garrisons, and whatever was their report, but his information was derived from the increase of strength in the forts, and of course to the perilousness of the country in general, and of Boonesborough in particular.

The enemy, in delaying their contemplated attack on Boonesborough, Captain Boone, with a party of four men, but the garrison on the first of August, with a view to surprise Point Creek Town on Scioto. Advanced within four miles of the town, Captain Boone met a party of thirty Indians, on their march to join the grand army, from Chillicothe, then moving towards Boonesborough. An action ensued between these detachments, which terminated in the flight of the Indians, with one man killed, and two wounded without any loss on the part of Boone, who took three horses, and all the Indian plunder.

Captain Boone then dispatched two spies, for intelligence, who returned with a report that the town was evacuated, upon which he marched for Boonesborough, with all possible dispatch, that he might gain the van of the enemy's army, place his party in a state of security, give timely intelligence to the garrison, and prepare for the approaching storm. On the sixth day he passed the Indian army, and on the seventh, arrived in safety at Boonesborough. On the eighth, the Indians, commanded by Captain Desquesne, eleven other Indian Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, invested the place, with British colours

dying, at the head of four hundred and fifty painted, stage warriors.

This was the first battle ever arrayed against Boonesborough, and which, as upon comparison, was calculated to fill the garrison with alarm. But the equanimity of Captain Boone's temper was not thus affected by it, when he received a message in the name of the Indians, saying, "to surrender the fort." Two days of deliberation was requested, and granted. This was an aerial interval. The Indian garrison was estimated to consist of not fifty men appeared, the case was stated to the men—a manly decision, with the chance of success, or of being taken by storm, and devoted to destruction, on the one hand, was presented to their consideration, on the other, a surrender upon articles of capitulation, in which the most favourable terms were, to be made prisoners, and stripped of their effects. The deliberation was short, the answer, though not the same. "We are determined to defend our fort as long as a man of us lives." The garrison then required, to collect their cattle and horses, which they secured within their walls. And being now, prepared for the conflict, and the two days requisite expired, Captain Boone from one of the battlements of the fort, announced to the Indians, that under of the necessity to the destruction, soon of the garrison, to which he added his own personal thanks, for the notice of their intended attack, and he thus allowed her defence. Evident superposition was seen to depart itself on the countenance of the Indians, who, however, instead of an immediate attack, in concert with others, formed a scheme to deceive the garrison, by declaring, it was their order from Governor Hamilton, to take the garrison captives, and not to destroy or rob the people. That if none of the principal persons in the garrison would come out and treat with them, they would forthwith depart from the walls of the fort, and return peacefully home with the prisoners—not literally so, if they would swear allegiance, and accept of his Britannic Majesty's protection. This, said Boone, sounded gratified in our ears, and we agreed to the proposal to treat but not without strong suspicions of Indian honour. The treaty was opened within sixty yards of

the fort-gate, and the articles formally dictated, and signed by the parties, in the presence of many Indians, who were standing about with an unusual appearance of soberness. But this was the moment for crowning the stratagem with success. Boone and his companions, were told by the leaders of the opposite party, that among Indians, it was customary for them upon occasions like the present, to evince the sincerity of their friendship, by two Indians shaking each white man by the hand. This was also assented to, and immediately two Indians approached each white man, and taking his hand, instantly grappled him, with intent to drag him off a prisoner. On this occasion the defensive instinct required not to be prompted, by the effect of deliberation, but each man at the same moment, by an instantaneous effort, extricated himself, and from the midst of hundreds of the savages, who discharged a heavy fire, all escaped into the fort without injury, except one man, who was wounded.

Having failed in this stratagem, the enemy commenced the premeditated attack on the fort, which they kept up with little intermission, for nine days, and which was well returned by the garrison, directed by captain Boone.

In the meantime, the enemy began to undermine the fort, which stood on the bank, about sixty yards from the margin of the Kentucky River, and this new mode of attack may without doubt, be ascribed to the Frenchmen, who were with them. This mine was commenced in the bank of the river, and was discovered by the muddy water, which continued to pass down from the place, indicating the solution of new earth thrown into it. The object of this measure could not be doubted, and captain Boone ordered that a trench should be opened inside of the fort, so as to intersect the subterranean canal of the enemy; and the earth, as taken up, was thrown over the fort-walls. By this the enemy were apprised of what was going on within, and desisted from their mining project. Being now convinced that they could not effect the conquest of the place, by either open force or secret fraud, and their stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, on the 20th of August they raised the siege, and aban-

doned the object of their grand expedition, and with it, the last hopes of the campaign.

During this siege, the most formidable that had ever taken place in Kentucky—from the number of Indians, the skill of the commanders, the fierce and savage countenances of the warriors, made even more dreadful by art, than by nature, the effect of which was augmented ten-fold, by the yell, and the war hoop there were only two men killed in the garrison—and four others wounded. On the part of the savages, they had thirty-seven killed, and many wounded, who were, agreeably to custom, immediately removed.

After the siege, the people of the garrison picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, that had fallen on the ground, besides those which stuck in the fort.

This seems to have been the last effort of the Indians to take Booneborough. In the autumn of this year, captain Boone went to North Carolina in pursuit of his wife, who during his captivity with the Indians, desiring of his return, had removed to her father's house. In 1781, he returned and re-settled himself at Booneborough.

#### REPORT FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE COPYRIGHT ACTS

The Select Committee appointed to examine the Acts 8 Anne, c. 19, 11 Geo. III. c. 53, 41 Geo. III. c. 103, and 54 Geo. III. c. 116, respecting Copyright of Books, and to report any or what Alterations are requisite to be made therein, together with their Observations thereupon, to the House, and to whom the Petitions regarding the Copyright Bill, and all Returns from Public Librarians, and from Stationers Hall, presented in the present Session, were referred, and who were empowered to report their Opinion thereupon to the House,—Have examined the matters to them referred, and have agreed upon the following Report and Resolutions.

The earliest foundation for a claim from any Public Librarian, to the gratuitous delivery of new publications, is to be found in a deed of the year 1713 by which the Company of Stationers of London, at the request of Sir Thomas Bodley engaged to deliver a copy of

every book printed in the company (and not having been before printed) to the University of Oxford. This however seems to be confined to the publications of the Company in its Corporate capacity, and could in no case extend to those which might proceed from individuals unconnected with it.

Soon after the Restoration, in the year 1662, was passed the 'Act for preventing Abuses in printing seditious, treasonable, and unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for regulating of printing and printing presses;' by which, for the first time, it was enacted, that every printer should reserve three copies of the best and largest paper of every book new printed, or reprinted by him with additions, and shall, before any public vending of the said book, bring them to the Master of the Company of Stationers, and deliver them to him; one whereof shall be delivered to the keeper of His Majesty's library, and the other two to be sent to the vice chancellor of the two Universities respectively, to the use of the public libraries of the said Universities.\* This Act was originally introduced for two years, but was continued by two Acts of the same Parliament till 1679, when it expired

It was, however, revived in the 1st year of James II.; and finally expired in 1695.

It has been stated by Mr. Gaisford, one of the curators of the Bodleian Library, 'that there are several books entered in its register, as sent from the Stationers Company subsequent to the expiration of that Act;' but it is probable that this delivery was by no means general, as there are no traces of it at Stationers Hall, and as Hearne, in the preface to the 'Reliquiæ Bodleianæ,' printed in 1703, presses for benefactions to that library as peculiarly desirable, 'since the Act of Parliament for sending copies of books, printed by the London booksellers, is expired, and there are divers wanting for several years past.'

During this period, the claim of au-

\* Upon reference to the continuing Act of 17 Ch. II, c. 4, the clauses respecting the delivery of the three copies appear to be perpetual; yet it should seem that they were not so considered, not being adverted to in the Act of Anne.

thors and publishers to the perpetual Copyright of their publications, rested upon what was afterwards determined to have been the common law, by a majority of nine to three of the Judges, on the cases of *Millar* and *Taylor* in 1769, and *Donaldson* and *Becket* in 1774. Large estates have been vested in Copyrights; these Copyrights had been assigned from hand to hand, had been the subject of family settlements, and in some instances larger prices had been given for the purchase of them (relation being had to the comparative value of money) than at any time subsequent to the Act of the 8th of queen Anne†. By this Act, which in the last of these two cases, has since been determined to have destroyed the former perpetual Copyright, and to have substituted one for a more limited period, but protected by additional penalties on those who should infringe it, it is directed, that nine copies of each book that shall be printed or published, or reprinted and published with additions, shall, by the printer, be delivered to the warehouse keeper of the Company of Stationers, before such publication made, for the use of the Royal Library, the libraries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the libraries of the four Universities of Scotland, the library of Sion College, in London, and the library belonging to the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh.

From the passing of this Act until the decision of the cases of *Beckford* and *Hood* in 1793, and of the University of *Cambridge* and *Bryer*, in 1813, it was universally understood, that neither the protection of copyright, nor the obligation to deliver the eleven copies, attached to the publication of any book, unless it was registered at Stationers Hall, an act which was considered as purely optional and unnecessary, where it was intended to abandon the claim for copyright; and in conformity to this construction, the Act of 41 Geo. III. expressly entitled the libraries of Trinity College, and the King's Inn, Dublin, to copies of such books only as should be entered at Stationers Hall.

† Biren, in his *Life of Archbishop Tillotson*, states, that his widow, after his death in 1695, sold the copyright of his unpublished sermons for 2,500 guineas.



In *Beckford versus Hood*, the Court of King's Bench decided, that the omission of the entry only prevented a prosecution for the penalties inflicted by the statutes, but it did not in any degree impede the recovery of a satisfaction for the violation of the copyright. The same Court further determined, in the case of the University of Cambridge against *Bryer* in 1812, that the eleven copies were equally claimable by the public libraries, where books had not been entered at Stationers Hall as where they had.

The burthen of the delivery, which by the latter decision was for the first time established to be obligatory upon publishers, produced in the following year a great variety of petitions to the House of Commons for redress, which were referred to a committee; and in 1814 the last Act on this subject was passed, which directed the indiscriminate delivery of one large paper copy of every book which should be published (at the time of its being entered at Stationers Hall) to the *British Museum*, but limited the claim of the other ten libraries to such books as they should demand in writing within twelve months after publication, and directed that a copy of the list of books entered at Stationers Hall should be transmitted to the librarians once in three months, if not required oftener.

It appears, so far as your committee have been enabled to procure information, that there is no other country in which a demand of this nature is carried to a similar extent. In America, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, one copy only is required to be deposited; in France and Austria two, and in the Netherlands three, but in several of these countries this is not necessary, unless copyright is intended to be claimed.

The committee having directed a statement to be prepared by one of the witnesses an experienced bookseller, of the retail price of one copy of every book entered at Stationers Hall between the 30th July, 1813 and the 1st of April, 1817, find that it amounts in

the whole to £,419. 3s. 11d. which will give an average of 1522. 1s. per annum, but the price of the books received into the Cambridge University library from July 1814 to June 1817, amounts to £1,143 10s. the average of which is 1381 16s. 8d. per annum.

In the course of the inquiry committed to them, the committee have proceeded to examine a variety of evidence, which, as it is already laid before the House, they think it unnecessary here to recapitulate, but upon a full consideration of the subject they have come to the following Resolutions.

1. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this committee, That it is desirable that so much of the Copyright Act as requires the gratuitous delivery of eleven copies should be repealed except in so far as relates to the *British Museum*, and that it is desirable that a fixed allowance should be granted as lien thereon, to such of the other public libraries, as may be thought expedient.

2. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this committee, That it should not be thought expedient by the House to comply with the above recommendation, it is desirable that the number of libraries entitled to claim such delivery should be restricted to the *British Museum*, and the Libraries of *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Edinburgh*, and *Dublin* Universities.

3. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this committee, That all books of prints, wherein the letter press shall not exceed a certain very small proportion to each plate, shall be excepted from delivery, except in *The Museum*, with an exception of all books of mathematics.

4. *Resolved* That it is the opinion of this committee, That all books in respect of which claim to Copyright shall be expressly and effectually disclaimed, be also excepted.

5. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this committee, That the obligation imposed on Printers to retain one copy of each work printed by them, shall cease, and the copy of *The Museum* be made evidence in lieu of it.









